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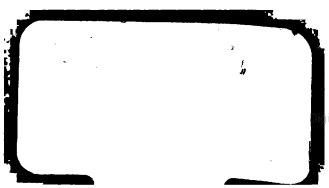
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THE

MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

J. J. REGNAULT WARIN,

AUTHOR OF

ROMEO AND JULIET, THE CASTLE OF STROZZI, &c.

TRANSLATED

BY SAMUEL MACKAY, A. M.

EX-PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN WILLIAMS' COLLEGE.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms,
"And startles thousands, with a single fall."....*Young.*

...led in the

Boston;

PUBLISHED BY HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE AND BLISS,
NO. 8, STATE STREET,
AND AT THEIR OFFICE IN CHARLESTOWN.

1809.

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BE it remembered, that on the twenty first day of April, in the thirty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Samuel Mackay, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Magdalen Churchyard, from the French of J. J. Reg-
"nault Warin, author of Romeo and Juliet, The Castle of
"Strozzi, &c. Translated by Samuel Mackay, A. M. Ex-pro-
"fessor of the French Language in Williams' College.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms,
"And startles thousands, with a single fall."....*Young.*

"VOL. III."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

WM. S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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THE

MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

"GREATNESS of origin, might of thrones, majesty of supreme power, are you then but the tinsel chimera of seducing delusion; the fantastical fabric of accumulated clouds, piled in the horizon at the decline of day, dazzling our imagination with the vivid tints of their dying colours, and which a ray of the setting sun dispels? The sweeping hand of the revolution has rent the veil, the monarch, who was formerly lulled to sleep by the enchanting melody of music, who voluptuously pressed the down of a royal couch,

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and slumbered undisturbed under silken undulating curtains, awakes now at the dismal sound of bars and bolts, surrounded by savage keepers, in the horrors of a sepulchral prison, and threatened by cruel executioners.

"The lightning, darting on his stripped brow, gives additional horror to this mansion of grief. But hope, that soothing necromancer, dwells secretly under the horrid vaults; it strews flowers around, and softens the rigor of captivity; it hovers round the unfortunate king, and solaces his poignant sorrows, mingling the delusions of dreams with the reality of sleep! Sleep then, wretched monarch, rest in peace! Hope has closed thy modest curtains, a good conscience watches at the head of thy bed, sleep, monarch, sleep!....Those, who plot against thy life, are awake; an implacable fury shakes her serpents among them; the thirst of ambition devours them; the shades of September haunt them; these are frightful, they are bloody; they vociferate, the just sleeps!.....Ye shall sleep no more!"

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More now than in any part of my narration I quit the path of history. It does not belong to my feeble pencil to attempt the majestic task reserved for the future historian, that of a captive king defending the remnants of an embittered existence against an accusing senate. Once more, history will judge whether the monarch was guilty, for my part I shall only present him as unfortunate.

But, as all communications had ceased between him and me from the day, on which his deliverance was attempted, until that which preceded his death; the keepers having redoubled their vigilance, Clery not being allowed to quit the tower, every object introduced being scrupulously examined, and large blinds being fixed before his majesty's windows, which defeated the object of the telegraphical apparatus, I must give up the recital to M. de Malesherbes. This venerable old man, who had been twice the minister of Louis during his prosperity, claimed, as an inestimable honour, the privilege of being his counsel during this prosecution. Each evening, when he returned from the Temple, he recorded on his faith-

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ful tablets what he had observed, heard or felt. He permitted me the next day to extract what I should find entertaining. Those extracts will enable me to conclude my recital respecting Louis XVI. I shall be careful to omit what is already well known. But besides the sensations experienced by a heart endowed with a deep and lively sensibility, besides the sentiments expressed by a mind profoundly versed in meditation, there are important details, not mentioned or known to Clery and those writers, who recorded the last days of the king. How precious will those details be to your heart, if you consider, that while you read them, we tread under foot the ashes of the man, whom they concerned, who traced them with his dying hand.

"MEMOIRS OF THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XVI."

COPIED FROM M. DE MALESHERBES' TABLETS.

"After the famous results of the conferences held in the street of the Dry Tree; and my liberty decreed by the tribunal of the seventh of August, I had retired into the country, convinced, that my presence in Paris could no longer be useful to him, who was

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once my master, and that it might be dangerous to myself.

" But, as soon as I heard, that the convention had determined, that Louis should be tried, and, that they would try him, I resolved to consecrate to his defence the few days of an expiring life ; too happy, if, at the expense of my life and health, I could guard my country against a crime by saving from the axe the best of men, the most wretched of kings.

" I supposed that my devotedness would be so much the more useful to him, who was the object of it, that being looked upon for a long time as a member of the philosophical sect, a denomination invented by prejudices to disgrace true philosophers, who never form sects, I should be above all suspicion of royalism. I presumed, that they would not believe, that an old man, grown grey in the robes of the ministry, could assume the defence of the accused, if he thought him guilty. Since old Malesherbes offered to defend the king, it was to be supposed, that Louis was innocent."

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This was the conclusion drawn by the worthy, when they were made acquainted with my letter of Dec. 11th. The assembly gave it a favourable reception, and the king expressed his thanks. I record a fact here, which does more honour to those, who supported me, than it gave me pleasure. The first time, that I presented myself before the commission of the *twenty one*, charged, as it is well known, to report on the king's business, my arrival was noised about, and spread through the groups of the Tuileries and St. *Honoré's* street, through which my carriage passed. When I alighted, I was surrounded and embraced, pressed by a multitude of good citizens, and feeling women, who wished me to promise that I would save the king. One of those women presented me her child, three years old, and asked the liberty for him to kiss me, a request, which I granted with extreme pleasure. I did not feel, without the liveliest emotion, and the public did not observe with indifference, those little hands pressing my wrinkled face, and the flaxen locks of this lovely infant mingled with the grey hair of an old man withered with years.

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Before I wrote this letter of the 11th. of December, I called on Vergniaud, the man of all the deputies, whose virtues are the most eminent. His simplicity of manners and superior talents had inspired me with confidence. I intrusted him with my project and he approved it. But the fury of anarchy had already excited his apprehensions, although it could not inspire him with fears. The writings of philosophers, which they always mutilate, when they quote them, said he to me, have only left, in their mind, this terrible maxim of Raynal; *When old nations wish to regenerate themselves, it must be in a bath of blood.* On the 10th. of December, in the evening preceding the first appearance of the king at the bar, a servant boy deposited in his majesty's antichamber several tapers, in one of which I had secreted the following letter, written on velum with indelible ink, so that the melting of the wax could not alter the words. Clery handed it to Louis.

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ANONYMOUS LETTER ADDRESSED TO LOUIS XVI.

(VOUCHER, No. 14.)

"SIRE,

"Allow an old servant of your majesty to express his attachment to your person, by advising you how to conduct in the prosecution, intended against you.

"A great majority of the nation, and of the assembly, are alike convinced, that the convention have no right to try you. Several representatives act in the triple capacity of accusers, witnesses, and judges; a certain class of them is composed of your immediate servants, and under pay; others are your personal enemies; one of them is your relation. I will say nothing here of this corps, which has no affinity to a tribunal.

"Those are all favourable grounds to deny the competency of your judges. Answer to the first question, that you do not acknowledge the competency of the tribunal, before which you are cited; that, having professed and proclaimed the sovereignty of the nation, you are ready to answer a tribunal appoint-

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ed by the people; provided, that tribunal, satisfied with exercising judiciary powers, which consist in the application of the laws to defined cases, may not make of this affair a general question, and an object of legislation.

"This, sire, is the best shield, which you can oppose to the shafts of crime, error, prejudice, and ignorance. The convention, arrested by this insurmountable obstacle, will be compelled, if they receive your plea, to convocate a high court, and, if they resist it, to restore, if not your liberty, at least your repose. But, if notwithstanding this claim, they proceed in the trial, as it would be contrary to reason and justice, they would be exposed to the ridicule and execration of mankind."

"*Dec.* 12*th*. Yesterday Louis was led from the Temple to the bar of the national convention.

"That day will long be impressed on the remembrance of the present generation, on which, preceded by twenty field pieces, and guarded by one hundred thousand men, Louis traversed the vast circumference of the Boulevards to present himself before the

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convention. It was about noon, the universal silence, which prevailed, gave it the appearance of midnight. Methinks I yet behold this file of armed men; I can hear the regular steps of their methodical march; I yet hear the grinding of the sand, crushed by the heavy weight of the wheels of the cannon carriages. One hundred thousand soldiers advance, and yet but one step is heard! In the centre of their sad phalanxes, is observed a modest dark coloured coach, whose wheels revolve slowly. Who is the man possessed of the diabolical face, seated on the first seat, whose sardonic smiles are partly concealed? The attorney of the communes, Chaumette, is the man. Hebert is seated near him, whose open countenance gives the lie to the coarse and scandalous publication called *Père Duchesne*. The king of France, their prisoner, is placed in front of them!

"What has become of the joyous shouting, the loud blessings, which formerly hovered round the triumphal car of the monarch, when he used to display, before the enchanted people, the eclat of his sovereign majesty? They are supplied by rank hatred,

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humiliating disdain, and a mournful stupor. If a few tears, excited by gratitude or pity, find their way to the eye of the beholder, let him beware to conceal them. The people no longer manifest the friends; they have assumed the gravity, the severity of judges; or rather they wait with anxiety, that the many kings, who have succeeded the accused monarch, may allow the citizens to manifest their opinions.

"What a lesson for governments! It is then true, that they can effect all with the people, and nothing without them. Government of my country! hadst thou always been the friend of the people, the people would befriend thee on this awful day. But thou, oh Louis! best of men, but weak king, how cruelly art thou punished, for having been alike unable to commit crime, or to practice virtue, on all occasions.

"Being disguised with a large cloak, and a large brimmed hat, which the sheriff allowed me to wear on account of my age and infirmities, I saw Louis present himself to the convention with the serenity of a man, whose conscience knew no guile. He did not shew the pride, which a recollection of his past gran-

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deur might have inspired, nor the fear, which the danger of the moment might have excited.

"Barrère, who as president interrogated him, began with a tremulous voice. Silence prevailed in the galleries, and had chained all tongues. D'Orleans, secreted in a corner, on the side of the mountain, and standing behind Danton, looked incessantly at the accused, who answered every question with much presence of mind and coolness.

"Whether the king feared, that my letter might conceal a snare, whether he wanted facility to express himself, or whether his easy disposition overruled the dangers which threatened him, instead of challenging the competency of the assembly, he acknowledged their pretended right, not only by answering every question addressed to him, but by acknowledging the various vouchers, produced by secretary Valazé. Oh Louis! you have become the accomplice of your murderers, and, if there is any dependence on the calculations of probability, you have prepared the footsteps of your scaffold!

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"No memorable event signalized that day. I observed a severe attitude in the members; the people manifested a great uniformity of sentiment, very different from the fierce orators, whose gall flows daily from the rostrum. Insane men! they fancy themselves great men, because they tread under foot humbled greatness! I fancy I behold gladiators, as vile as ferocious, priding themselves for the wounds inflicted on a dead carcase.

"Freedman, my faithful servant, witnessed a scene, I believe, fit to give an idea of the public opinion. At the moment, when the coach of the unfortunate monarch turned the corner of Vendome square, a villain, hired for the purpose, exclaimed, *To the guillotine!*.....This bloody cry, heard at that silent moment, excited universal horror and indignation. Coward, said a mechanic to the villain, wait until the law has pronounced whether he deserves it, and learn to respect misfortune."

Dec. 14th. an hour before I went to the Temple.

I have often reflected with philosophers on the insignificance of sublunary enjoyments; fed with the

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writings of the sublime Young, I have thought, that on this heap of mud, called the earth, kings were but light straws loosened from the sheaf, which composes mankind, and which shine, because the sun gives them a brighter tint; I have studied historians, and especially for three months past, I have reviewed all those, who treat of the revolutions of empires; and, reckoning from the sanguinary laws of Draco, the refined tortures invented by Phalaris, the anarchy of the thirty tyrants of Athens, down to the tyranny of Louis XI. of devout and bloody memory, I have examined the gallery of despots, ambitious and factious men, of demagogues and kings, who have borne down mankind; I must have accustomed myself to contemplate the revolutions of the globe, sometimes a prey to deceivers, and sometimes to the wicked. Here I have observed nations without control impelled to crimes by their passions, to slavery by their licentiousness; there usurpers without humanity, penning up, like vile cattle, the children of nature, enumerating their devoted heads, and sacrificing them to satiate their cruelty, or to solace their weariness; finally, I have

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observed all the movements of the miserable race of men, and they are not less known to me, than the most celebrated conflagrations, the irruptions of volcanoes, the most dreadful earthquakes, and the most remarkable shipwrecks. My heart ought to be hardened, my eye should behold without a tear calamities so dire and so common. Yet, oh pusillanimity! I feel a drop of sympathy, my heart is rent, when I behold the original of these sad pictures, of which I have hitherto known a copy only! He is detained in a tower, he, whom I have seen as a sovereign in a palace! Sad jailers have succeeded his brilliant guards! With a nod, he could arm millions of sinews, cover the seas with fleets, pour streams of riches into his coffers, distribute liberally life, or scatter death widely; a *savoyard* on the new bridge enjoys more liberty! Among those, who command him, some were born his meanest subjects, they reign now! Fortune, with one turn of her wheel, levelled the monarch in the dust, and raised the peasant on the throne. The tatters of misery protect the limbs once covered with purple; *and the astonished purpureal robes deck the mean dem-*

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agogue, who stole the royal mantle! What a dream!..... Yet, whilst tyranny, intoxicated with delight, slumbers in blood, the people watch to suffer. They have been promised liberty, but they are only permitted to enjoy pillage! They are told, here is bread; they look and behold mangled carcases!.....Ought one to detest the cause of those shameful results? Is the revolution one of those storms dealing the thunderbolt, which destroys, and the dew, which fertilizes? Wo to the stupendous mountains! Wo to the superb edifices! Wo to the lofty oak, when the thunder roars!.....Oh! age of reason and folly, of wisdom and error, of heroic virtues and of unheard of crimes! Happy he, who may feed on the fruits promised by the volcanic irruption of our torn up soil! Happy above all since enjoying benefits, he shall not have witnessed, he shall not have felt, the horrors of their origin!.....But away with those shocking reflections, let us only think how we shall justify the confidence shewn us by Louis.....I beheld him again; to reach his prison, I passed nine iron gates, three wickets, and a guard house filled with drunken soldiers smok-

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ing. I went through a throng of jailers, through a motley crew of sinister looking men, decorated with scarfs, and passed also a perpetual succession of sentinels. He met me with hilarity on his face; the sight of this monarch, loaded with shackles, made on me so painful an impression, that I could not refrain from prostrating myself at his feet. It was the first time. When he commanded from the height of the throne, my pride would have revolted at the idea; people might have thought I humbled myself before power, but now I render a sincere homage to misfortune and virtue.

My age and my heart are still susceptible of the most lively emotions. That, which I experienced, overwhelmed me so completely, that Louis was obliged to console me. He took hold of my hand, squeezed it repeatedly with tenderness, he even embraced me; but all this augmented my agitation, and I found much difficulty in summoning the resolution necessary on this sad occasion; my soul was rent, when I looked at the king, and I shed a flood of tears!.....They

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now flow on this paper and obliterate this painful record!

Clery shut us up, that we might converse more freely, but a municipal officer reprimanded him severely for it. The king, who heard his reproof, arose at once and went into a small angular tower, which served him as a closet, where I followed him. There we commenced the most interesting conversation.

Before I copy it, I shall remark, that study and reading constantly solaced the sad solicitude of Louis, and gave charms to his captivity. This closet was filled with books, of which he had read more than two hundred since his confinement.

Speak frankly, said he to me, what do you think of my trial?.....Sire, the mode adopted for it is in open contradiction with good sense and justice.....This is not what I ask; I wish to know what you think they will do with me.....Sire, the majority of the assembly, as well as a majority of the nation, desire to see you triumph over your misfortunes and your enemies..... Ah! my enemies, how can I have any? I am nobody's

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enemy.....Sire, disastrous events are imputed as crimes to government.....In that case I am guilty !.....I remained silent ; Louis observed a moment after ; do you think I ought to make a defence ?.....I had taken the liberty to advise your majesty to object to the competency of the convention to try you ; but, since you acknowledged it, my opinion is, that you ought to prepare your defence.....Whom shall we charge with that business ?.....Sire, you cannot have a more learned man than M. Tronchet.....Yes, but the defence must be argued, and M. Tronchet is an old man, we want a young man with a good voice.....Your majesty might ask for M. Desèze, he is a man of merit, and a celebrated-advocate.....We shall think of that by and by..... At that moment, the king's door was opened, and a deputation of the national convention was announced. It was composed of Cambacérès, Thuriot, Salicetti, and Dupont de Bigorre. The first addressed the king in decent and polite language ; he came to inform Louis, that Target had refused to undertake his defence, and of the offer made by several citizens to undertake that task. The king thanked them for, and re-

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fused their assistance. Then addressing the committee in a more particular manner; gentlemen, said he, for two days I have been deprived of my family, it cannot be the intention of the assembly. I request you to transmit my complaints, and I have no doubt, that the representatives will afford me redress.....Rest assured, answered Cambacérès, that they will always unite the rights of humanity with the duties of justice. I also wish to obtain again the necessary implements for writing.....It is astonishing, replied Cambacérès, as he turned towards his colleagues, and the two municipal officers, to see vexations of this nature practised upon the accused. The convention has no wish of this kind, and they reflect little honour on the communes, who practise them.....One of the municipals thought himself obliged to answer, he muttered a few words, which made no impression on the deputy.....In an hour, added he, the convention shall have decided this miserable debate between a prisoner and his keepers; we hope you will conform to their order.....The municipal officer blushed, cast down his eyes with spite, and he muttered in a half whisper; this Cambacérès is a tyrant!.....

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He is much worse, answerd the other, he is a *quid nunc*....Louis could not refrain from smiling. The deputation having retired, we attempted to renew our conversation, but it was all in vain, the hope of seeing again, and embracing his family, had melted down the king to a degree as delightful to his heart, as it was prejudicial to his situation. He dwelt incessantly on the elevated character of the queen, on the virtues of Madame Elizabeth, on the graces of Maria Theresa, and on the wit and amiableness of the Dauphin. He afterwards conversed about abbé Fermont, whom he seems to know particularly, and whose praises he dwelt upon with complacency. He also inquired concerning Toulan, whose arrestation he had learnt. "On the eve of his accident, said he, I had absolutely forbidden him to undertake any thing, because I was aware of the result. Such attempts ought not to be made without the support of one hundred thousand men, and one hundred millions of money."

Dec. 14. I spent the whole night in examining the numerous papers, which related to the king's trial, and in reading the published opinions of some repre-

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sentatives, who apparently perverted strangely the powers of logic and eloquence.

The last, whose tendency ought to be to rectify ideas and define them methodically, has become under their fallacious or erroneous pen, the organ of sophistry, and the instrument of ambition; under the seducing smiles of the second, they have concealed the most ferocious designs, and the most impolitic reasonings. In each line of their writings, passions are visible, and the demon, which possesses them, agitates and exhales his fury. They attack, with as much determination as rage, a prostrated man; they, who not long since were prostrated below the footstool of his throne, and humbly begged for a look! And they believe themselves judges! They style themselves the friends of liberty! Cruel and deplorable abuse of words! Justice is a severe but mild virgin, seeking with benignity and zeal for innocence, and always sorry to meet the guilty. Liberty is not a raving fury, shaking flaming torches, or armed with daggers; she is the daughter of nature, an emanation of divinity; she conceives none but noble and proud projects,

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executes none but great and sublime actions; and leads men to happiness through the path of virtue.

Those ideas, which lulled me to sleep, were represented to me again by delusive dreams; Freedman awoke me. It was in order to hand me a billet from a gentleman demanding immediately a private interview relating to my present engagement; I ordered the person to be admitted, and when introduced he was unknown to me.

We remained alone, I was not a little astonished, when he mentioned his name. It was Dumouriez, whom I thought in camp, and who is conspiring *incognito*, in Paris. I know not why I do not esteem the man, he is amiable and speaks with grace and facility. They say, that he is as skilful in the cabinet, as he is brave at the head of armies, and personally until then, I had no reason to complain of him. If I am not mistaken, however, my antipathy has a cause; is it not owing to a discovery, which I have made, that Dumouriez with an enlightened mind is possessed of a false heart?.....What follows proves that I was not mistaken. I shall analyze our conversation.

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Dumouriez. I should thank my destinies, which afford me an opportunity to tender my respectful homage to the man in France, whom I esteem most, did not the motive, which introduces me to him, diminish the price of this favour.

Malesherbes. Can I know, sir, whom I have the honour to address?

Dum. I am, sir, one of those individuals unfortunate enough not to belong to themselves any longer. *(He cast down his eyes, and I believe he blushed, and seemed overwhelmed with the weight of his own fame.)* There is not much advantage in exchanging the real enjoyments of an obscure fortune for the brilliant inconveniences of celebrity. I am Dumouriez. *(This name was pronounced with an affected negligence, which, I feigned not to remark; my indifference surprised the general, and excited some slight discontent.)*

Mal. I will wait, until you impart the motive of the visit, with which you honour me, citizen general.

Dum. Citizen!.....I thought it would have been difficult for M. de Malesherbes' tongue to utter that

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expression; it is really cruel to share this title with.... *(he hesitates)* citizen Marat!

Mal. Rousseau adopted it.....but after all, to cut short and prevent interlocutions, what can I do to serve you, general?

Dum. Allow me first to compliment you on the heroic resolution, which, at the moment when cowardice and treason combine for the destruction of the king, made you step forth in his defence. It is a moving scene to see the most unfortunate of monarchs defended by the most virtuous of men.

Mal. Were he not a military man, who addresses me, I should be afraid he means to deceive me, since he flatters.

Dum. The public opinion, which never flatters, agrees with me on that point, or rather I am only its echo. *(A moment of silence.)* Sir, when you claimed as an honour the painful task of defending the king, your intention, no doubt, was to avert from his head the imminent dangers ready to crush him.

Mal. My intention was to demonstrate the truth to the members of the convention, who are to judge

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him, and to France, which will judge the convention. From this simple demonstration flows the innocence, and consequently the triumph of the king.

Dum. You reason, sir, from your hopes. Allow me to suggest the reflections of my fears. From the truth's being proved respecting Louis, will undoubtedly result his innocence, and consequently his condemnation.

Mal. If the members of the convention are not the greatest villains in the world, tell me, sir, what epithet ought to be added to your name ?

Dum. Wish to God I might deserve the most infamous ! I could even sacrifice my honour to save the days of him, who was once my king.

Mal. He was mine also, and I have never deserted him.

Dum. You make his eulogium and your own. I feel worthy of having been his friend, and I come to prove it.

Mal. You, sir ?

Dum. Although your astonishment is unjust, I shall barely answer it by proving, that I ought not to excite

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it. Let us speak frankly. The king will be condemned.

Mal. Sir, you alarm me; what leads you to think?.....

Dum. He will be so I tell you, if the trial continues. We must, no matter by what means, suspend this trial.

Mal. What means can be opposed to a power, so much the more despotic, that it is new, uncertain, and which its fears may render terrible?

Dum. These very fears will lead the monarch to the scaffold. The dagger is held over the breasts of the voters, and there are so few of them, who would prefer being victims to becoming executioners!

Mal. What is to be done then?

Dum. The fate of Louis is still in his own hands.

Mal. I do not understand you. *(My involuntary alteration of voice encouraged the interlocutor.)*

Dum. All may be reduced to a question; is the king afraid to die?

Mal. The king fears nothing but to do wrong.

Dum. I judged of him as you do, but you did not do me the favour to answer my question.

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Mal. Sir, the king is a man.

Dum. That is to say, possessed of feelings. He loves the queen, he cherishes his children, his family doat on him, he must be attached to life.

Mal. You misunderstood me, sir; if the king were a modern philosopher, he might not only fear nothing from death, but, by meeting it voluntarily, he might put an end to his misfortunes. He is a christian, that is to say, resigned to the will of God, and without fearing death, he would know how to endure it.

Dum. On a scaffold?

Mal. An innocent man makes it an altar.

Dum. His blood would foment revenge, an incalculable source of misfortunes.

Mal. It is to prevent them, that the king stoops to a defence. If the fate of the French nation, that of the present generation, and perhaps, of those unborn, was not connected with his own, he would demand executioners, not judges.

Dum. There are more executioners than judges among his accusers.

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Mal. Once more, sir, he is resigned.

Dum. Once more, sir, allow me to tell you, that his head is not his own, that he ought to defend it, he ought to save it.

Mal. I have told you, sir, that he would not lay it under the axe without attempting to ward the blow.

Dum. But, sir, I offer him the means to do it.

Mal. Can you intrust me with the secret ?

Dum. Sir, it is but too plainly demonstrated, that the weakness of the king, which plunged him into the horrors of captivity, and exposed him to the dangers of this trial, has covered his person with a contempt, which would no longer allow him to mount the throne, even admitting that a powerful party could lead him out in triumph. It is not less demonstrated, that the canker of anarchy makes daily such ravages, that, in less than six months, it will devour the vitals of the country, unless a hand, alike tender and firm, oppose to it the prudence of the laws and the strength of administration. To attain this desirable end, which saves, regenerates, and renovates France, a word from Louis is sufficient. This word being pronounc-

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ed, the heads of the hydra of democracy will hide in humiliation, and its poison will be neutralized; the convention will avoid its bloody foam, and become worthy of representing the first people on earth; the people, happy under a rational liberty, will enjoy their rights, and respect their duties; the coalesced kings will sue for peace, a firm government will be established, and will take deep root in a soil hitherto torn up by factions, which overwhelm and smother it; and the first act of its power will be to release the august prisoner, and his interesting family from the horrors of a dungeon.

Mal. This is truly a most engaging prospect; and what is that mighty word of the king, which can release him?

Dum. He is only requested to do legally and in form, what he has done in fact. LET HIM ABDICATE.

Mal. Abdicate!....*(Reflecting a moment.)* But, sir, if it is in favour of the nation, the act will be nugatory, since they have dethroned him, and since a monarch ceases to be a king the moment a whole people ceased to acknowledge him as such. If it is in

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favour of an individual; who would be daring enough to propose it to him? How long has the crown become a private property, which can be disposed of? Sir, those ages of despotism and of ignorance have passed away, when such monstrous errors were asserted by tyrants, propagated by flatterers, admitted and consecrated by the credulity of the people. Louis XVI. never professed them, and now, that he is palpitating under the axe, he will not betray his conscience, good sense, justice, and morals, by purchasing the sad remnant of a wretched life at the expense of glory, probity and honour.

Dum. (After a long pause.) Would you injure me so much as to suppose I speak in favour of the duke of Orleans?

Mal. I am frank enough to confess, that I thought so.

Dum. You would not shew so much reluctance perhaps, should I name him, who.....

Mal. Spare me the shame of hearing his name. Whoever he may be, can he prevent Louis XVI.

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from violating every principle? Sir, the king will know how to die, but never how to be disgraced.

Dum. Remember, sir, that the scaffold is erected.

Mal. (With vehemence and anger.) Well, sir, since you put up your sovereign's head at vendue, fix the price in a manner, that may drain the purse without wounding conscience and hearts.

Dum. (He blushes, and resumes with affected dignity.) I excuse, sir, and even respect that zeal. I only pity the king, for it will be of little service to him.

Mal. Sir, the king alone is the judge of that question. He thinks I shall always be useful to him, while I obey my conscience by conforming to his intentions.

Dumouriez left me, through his courtly politeness I discovered his displeasure. He again attempted to stimulate my curiosity respecting the name of the person, who sent him; I should have been glad to have known him, but I refrained from asking. I am going to the Temple, and I am afraid that I may have injured the king by the austerity of a badly regulated zeal.

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Dec. 16*th.* According to the promise of Cambacérès, the prisoner obtained pens, paper, and ink, and he is much pleased with this indulgence. He will make use of them to class a multitude of notes relative to his trial, and scattered confusedly in his memory. He shewed me the project of a will, which he has confided to abbé Fermont, and which I returned to him by desire of that worthy clergyman. I could not peruse this instrument without being deeply moved. To speak as a philosopher, it might be said to savour of superstition; but who knows not, that feeling hearts united to weak characters, have a natural tendency to mystical researches, and that one of the great advantages of religion is to afford consolation to those, who are unfortunate enough to believe its pretended chimeras?* The cold contemplations of a philosopher, who analyzes, and unravels nature, will never be worth those charming illusions, which animate the superstitious, as miraculous, and surround them with the mysteries, that pour ecstasy into their

* Malesherbes was a modern philosopher.

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simple and credulous minds, wandering through the enchanted regions of fable in search of happiness.

When the king's children were permitted to visit their father, they were interdicted every communication with their mother and aunt, until the trial was concluded. In the cruel alternative of being deprived of their presence, or of depriving the queen and his sister of their innocent company, he concluded to suffer alone. This painful sacrifice, said he to me, prepares me for another.....I entertain the same apprehensions. Yet minds seem to revolt to see, not a king, but an innocent man led to the scaffold. The mediation of the European powers is mentioned, as well as an exile in Spain. The king is less engaged on this point, pregnant with his fate, than in devising means to correspond with his family. Clery has already invented some. It is a pitiful thing to see a great prince reduced to the intrigues of an antichamber, to secure the privilege of writing or receiving a letter. How low the communes appear in the exercise of their cruelty ! in attempting to revile

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the king, they demean themselves ! He is pitied, and they are detested.

While I was examining a file of papers, the king came to interrupt me. With tears in his eyes and unable to speak, he shewed me a card, on which Madame Elizabeth had pricked some words with a pin. Louis pressed the card on his heart, and on his lips, and bedewed it with tears. Poor sister, said he, what tenderness !.....My greatest sorrow is to see her share my misfortunes !

Clery has found means to maintain among the prisoners a frequent, certain, and rapid correspondence. The window of Madame Elizabeth, being directly over his own, affords this princess the facility of letting letters down with a thread, and the *valet de chambre* receives them. He sent up to her, in a small bundle, an inkstand, pen, and paper. Louis, is much engaged to learn the success of this attempt, and is entirely taken up with it, and leaves me the care of managing the prosecution commenced against him.

Freedman has just delivered me the following message, which was brought for me during my absence.

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DECLARATION OF THE DIPLOMATIC BODY, RESIDING IN PARIS, IN DEC. 1792.

(VOUCHER, No. 15.)

"The foreign ambassadors, residing in Paris, considering, that the dignity of the powers, which they represent, and their own opinions do not allow them to observe with indifference the intended trial of Louis XVI. cidevant king of France, have consented to grant the request made to them by citizen Dumouriez, general of the French armies, to assemble a special congress, formed among themselves, to deliberate on the means to terminate in a manner equally honourable to the nation, advantageous to Louis XVI. and satisfactory to themselves, this important affair.

"In consequence of which, said congress is convocated, and will assemble at the mansion of the ambassador of Spain, who is requested to transmit to the persons concerned a copy of the present declaration.

"*Done at Paris, Dec. 15th.* 1792.

(Signed) "LE CHEVALIER D'OCARIZ."

To this message was subjoined a letter of invitation to *citizen Lamoignon....Malesherbes, officious de-*

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fender of Louis XVI. The congress was to assemble on the 17th.

Dec. 17. The spirit of party manifests itself more and more in the assembly. The friends of the duke of Orleans, who are determined to sacrifice the king, are in their turn attacked by the republicans, who insist upon the exile of the Bourbons. Each factious member veils his secret motive of ambition or revenge with the pretence of the general good. The country never was more forgotten; and at the same time more outraged; never was its name so loudly invoked. Such as call themselves its priests resemble those of Teutates, who, drenched in blood, clamourously claimed the heads of the human victims, which they intended to sacrifice to their infernal deities.

Louis reads with a seeming indifference all the horrid paragraphs printed against him. The *Evening Journal*, and the *Moniteur* excite his feelings astonishingly. Since the success of Clery's device, he sends those papers every night to the princesses, and he writes to them regularly twice in twenty four hours, and receives answers, which he carefully burns.

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The arrangement of the papers for the trial, proceeds with as much exactness as celerity. The superior knowledge of M. Tronchet, the zeal and expedition of M. Desèze, make up the deficiencies of my great age, and the incapacity of my mind.

Dec. 18. I was opposed to communicating to the king the interview, which I had with Dumouriez, and the invitation of the ambassadors. M. de Tronchet, who was also invited, thinks that the king ought to be informed in order to know his mind on the subject..... Never mention Dumouriez to me, answered the king, he is false, he is a traitor, whose intrigues I should fear as much, were I a republican, as I did when a king, and do now, when I am proscribed. He will forsake the duke of Chartres, as he has forsaken me, and since, the duke of Orleans. You will see him caress all parties, and smother them in his embrace, until he falls a sacrifice to his own duplicity. With respect to the congress of ambassadors, you may, and even you ought to attend it. But diplomatic discussions will not snatch me from my impending fate. I experience cruelly the truth of what my father often repeat-

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ed to me, *that kings had no friends, and princes no relations.* The king of Spain is my cousin, the emperor is my brother in law, and they will see me led to the scaffold ; on the next day, they will implore the alliance of the new republic. Who knows ? perhaps even the cabinet of St. James excites the warmth manifested in my prosecution. George III. will not easily forgive me for having rescued North America from his monopoly, and the duke of Orleans is the friend of Mr. Pitt.

I received from Mr. Bertrand, ex-minister of marine, now a fugitive in London, several pieces published in favour of Louis XVI. The defence of this prince, ably written by M. Malonet, the speech of M. Lally..... Tolendal, penned with the sweeping diction, which distinguishes this celebrated man, and the address to the French people by the cidevant chevalier de Graves, have impressed strangely on my mind, the innocence of the king. If I add to these pleas Mr. Neker's pamphlet, Vergniaud's elegant speech, and the wise observations of Rabant de Saint-Etienne, I shall have the most glorious refutation of Mailhe and Valazé's reports, and

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the most peremptory and luminous documents respecting this interesting and unfortunate affair.

Dec. 19. On my way to the congress of the ambassadors, I learnt, that the debate on the exile of the royal family was adjourned. This triumph of the mountain to favour Orleans makes me tremble for the king. Kind Providence, protect him !

I have left the congress terrified at what I have seen and heard. It is all over, my master is lost ! The powers seem to combine with the deputies to send him to the scaffold. Dumouriez's project has found partisans, and the crimes of d'Orleans advocates. Excepting chevalier d'Ocariz, who is endowed with depth of mind, sensibility, and impartiality, all those diplomatic agents are speculating upon the misfortunes of my country to augment the riches and power of their own. I am now convinced, that the succours promised to the emigrant princes are mere chimeras ; that the threats of the emperor are more intended to enrich him, than to save the king ; that the hopes entertained by Toulan's party, and which M. de Fermont detailed to me, are vain and illusory, and, that

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the object of the coalition, which seems to be forming, is much less intended to restore order in France, and assist Louis XVI. than to make a partition of the bloody fragments of my lacerated country.

Detestable cabinet, animated by the devastating genius of Pitt, horror of nature, curse of the human race, may all the crimes on which thou meditatest, recoil on thy guilty head ! May Europe, awakened to its own interest, surround thine island with a zone of flames and steel, pour on thy dried up Downs innumerable and invincible phalanxes, rushing with fury to prostrate thy proud throne, audacious freebooter of the seas ! Thy existence is a monstrosity, which accuses Providence, may thy downfal justify it ! *

* This horrible imprecation, if accomplished on the all devouring ambitious empire of France, might ensure the world that repose, so truly to be wished for.

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NINTH NIGHT.

M. DE MALESHERBES' MEMOIR CONTINUED.

Dec. 20. WHILST attentive Europe contemplates the drama exhibited in France, whilst the Almighty, who does not disdain to look down upon it, abandons the unravelling of the plot to the secondary causes of human passions, Paris, where the awful scene is displayed, seems to view it with indifference. No new bustle seems to interfere with the daily movements, uniform and incessant in this great metropolis. The same periodical ebb and flow of thoughts, speeches, and actions, which constitute its existence, prevails. The administrator deliberates, the manufacturer fills his ware house, the labourer toils, fashion gives youth

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to worn out dresses, voluptuousness refines its delights, ambition extends the field of its hopes and insatiable desires. The destiny of the people, the life of the king, will be finally decided upon tomorrow! To day they crowd to the new opera, and a thousand throats warble the last fashionable air. Such are the perceptions of those superficial and inattentive observers, who carelessly skim the surface. But he, who meditates on objects, observes their gradual transformation, and sees hearts rancle with a sentiment of terror and hope, which finally influence all the actions of life, more than one man shudders at the reflection, that his name sounded under certain circumstances, that his signature attached to certain deliberations, will irrevocably fix his final destiny! The quarrel, subsisting between nations and governments, appals the well drilled diplomatic character, and excites a sigh from the ardent student. The magic cry of *liberty*, which resounds from the Rhine to the Pyrennees, and from the Var to the Calvados, this cry awakes all the affections, animates every soul, sees things in a different light,

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and staggers every mind. The brows have yet a peaceful aspect, adolescence still murmurs favourite airs, but the fermentation has commenced, and opinion vacillates briskly. Will the impending crisis plunge the age in the abyss of barbarism and ignorance, or will it make it soar towards the source of virtue, knowledge, and happiness! What a problem! in the resolving of which all passions are about to enlist! What flood of tears, how much blood is to purchase the political regeneration of man, now commenced in France! A personage, virtuously murdering, considers the sacrifice of an individual to the species, as a mere arithmetical subtraction. But the man, who sets a higher value on the blood lavished by dazzling visions, on the tears, which dogmatical theories cause to flow, and on the sweet repose thus interrupted, beholds with awe the flood of misery and torrent of crimes about to overflow this wretched kingdom, to sweep away its former and ancient errors; this reflection breaks the heart of a feeling man, who sees a brother in each fellow creature.

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My mind was engrossed with these sad reflections on my way to the Temple !.....The Temple, which yet retains the last link of that chain, that still confines the revolutionary demon. The clearness of the sky, the sharpness of the cold, induced me to perform on foot this sacred duty to the king. From the magnificent bridge, Peronnett's masterpiece, from that monument to which Louis XVI. gave his name, I contemplated, for some time, a playful band of schoolboys, whose feet, provided with skates, slid rapidly forward, and fancifully traced innumerable curves on the polished crystal of the frozen Seine. The most prudent, whom they called timorous, confined their gambols to the same circle, the most courageous, whom I denominated rash, fled, with the vivacity of the bird cleaving the air, even to the confines of the consolidated element. The gazing crowd, mistaking rashness for heroism, applauded these dangerous experiments, which apalled me. All of a sudden, under the multiplied weight of the imprudent skaters, the ice cracks, breaks, and opens a dreadful gap. O grief ! I saw the hope and love of

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several families reel, plunge, and roll with the waves of this liquid abyss. Weep disconsolate mothers, young sisters, beloved brothers, amiable friends, endeared companions, and worthy rivals! Weep! and lament the sad destiny of the objects of your tenderness! But, above all, deplore their rash imprudence. They desired to shine a moment on a fragile theatre.....They were intoxicated with applause.....they are no more!.....O revolution! is not thy foundation brilliant, but devoid of solidity? Tremble, ambitious men, whom a delusive enthusiasm hurries on its surface! Tremble, the abyss gapes under your feet!

The king seemed supremely happy, when I entered his room, when the door was shut, he ran and opened that of the small tower, and young Charles came out, whom he presented to me. Far from being frightened with the wrinkles on my forehead, and the whiteness of my hair, the lovely child cast himself into my arms, and lavished his innocent caresses on my withered form. It is you, said he, with as much reason as good sense, who have undertaken papa's defence against the wicked men, that accuse

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him? My dear sir, tell them, that he is the best papa in the world! How can so good a father be a bad king? This remark excited tears from Louis. Mine flowed abundantly, and bedewed the hands of the lovely and unfortunate child. You cry, said this charming boy, as he leaped on his father's knee, and wiped his eyes, and you also, said he, sir, as he turned towards me. Great God! have I any thing to fear, will they be cruel enough to deprive me of my good papa?..... No, no. I will pray God!.....I will pray them, if it is necessary!.....and.....even.....Tison himself.....though his looks frightened me!.....My dear papa, they will not tear you from your poor little Charles!..... Our tears flowed abundantly, the little boy cried with us, and we could not be composed for some time.

Louis spoke first, and observed, this rending scene is not without consolation for me; I relish that bitterness, which gives me proofs of the affection of those I love.....You cannot guess how my son came here. It was one of Clery's plots, who conspired with my sister to bless me with this enjoyment. Yesterday completed the fourteenth year since God made

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me a father; my daughter, who was born in a palace, and who now groans in a tower, wished to present me with a *bouquet;* this morning by means of a basket, I saw my dear Charles sent down from the chamber of his aunt; judge of my surprise and of my delight! But in order to improve the few moments, which I can spend with him, I will read to him before you some counsels, which I think necessary for the happiness of his future existence. My son is very young, added the king, as he took out of his pocket a small manuscript; but misfortune renders reason premature, and in him aids nature, which endowed him with remarkable intelligence. If he cannot today understand all that this writing contains; at least, during his whole life, he will recollect, that within these sad walls, his captive father left him the last and most unequivocal marks of his tenderness, in presence of the most respectable man and the most sincere of friends, I should blush to copy a praise I so little deserve, if it were not still more honourable to him, who bestowed, than for him, who was the object of it.

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This is the paper of which his majesty granted me a copy.

MY LAST ADVICE TO MY SON LOUIS CHARLES.

(VOUCHER, No. 16.)

" You see by my example, my dear child, how vain and fleeting is human greatness ; I was born on a throne ; I have enjoyed sovereign power, and, after languishing in a dungeon, no doubt, I am doomed to die on a scaffold. My family as well as those, whom gratitude and friendship attached to my destiny, have not met with less tremendous reverses. You, my son, who was the cherished son of the first king in Europe, you are, though young, confined in a prison, fed with humiliation and disdain. Let that great lesson teach you a contempt for power and opulence, to appreciate only goodness of heart, rectitude of judgment, a moderation of conduct, and all the virtues, which ensure peace on earth, and a lasting happiness hereafter.

" I know not what will be your fate ; if the decrees of Providence, and the will of the nation, restore to

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my son the throne, of which they have deprived me, refuse not to mount it. It is a misfortune and a heavy burthen, but your country's good must always be your first object.

"Keep sacred in your memory the pardon, which I grant to all my enemies. You would infringe my orders, and oppose my absolute will, should you ever exercise your authority in the display of your vengeance. God alone knows the hearts of men; perhaps the authors of my misfortunes sincerely believed they served their country, when persecuting me. Respect in them the instruments which Providence has thought fit to select to inflict punishment on me.

"While I recommend clemency to you, my son, I would have you beware of weakness. Let your name, and the acts of your authority be invested with full and sufficient powers, my assassination commenced by the contempt shewn for me.

"The riches of the kingdom are within itself, in it then must you seek for them. Protect, encourage, and reward agriculture. Commerce is also entitled

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to the vigilance of a government, but it is a secondary object.

" Use every exertion to extirpate beggary, the cry of the mendicant accuses a king, and must afflict him more, than the songs of one hundred thousand happy men can rejoice him.

" Place in your mother, and have in your aunt, the most unbounded confidence. The first deserves it for her greatness of mind, the other for her sweetness of disposition, both for their attachment to me, their tenderness towards you, and the sufferings they have endured.

" Make up the deficiency of my last advice by consulting the respectable M. de Malesherbes, who after consecrating his talents to my defence, will employ his virtue in directing your conduct.

" I will admit another hypothesis, and suppose, what is besides the most probable in the actual state of things that you will be brought up, treated, and considered as a private individual ; deserve to be distinguished by your acquired talents, and still more by your virtues. Although you no longer wear a crown,

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let every one confess, that you are worthy of one. Whether you stay in France, or whether she exiles you among her allies, this is the sentiment, which you must inspire, and the judgment, which you must command.

" As to your private life, let it be governed by a spirit of meekness ; humanity ought to direct your public life. You cannot judge how domestic jars will augment your enemies ; but without alleging this motive, does not justice require, that we should lift up and bear a part of the chain, which necessity imposes on so many wretched victims ?

" Mingle, above all, in all your actions the spirit of a pious justice, which may conciliate the glory of Heaven, to the interest of mortal men. Be mild without weakness, religious without superstition, equitable without severity, a king without despotism, or a subject without meanness or regret.

" Oh God of heavens ! cast thine eye on this unfortunate and beloved child ! Thou hast thought fit to fortify his heart by severe trials. May he leave this earthly mansion with a heart replete with wisdom

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and good will ! Vouchsafe, oh my God ! not to abandon him upon the ocean of calamities, on which thou hast cast him ; let him there find new incitements to virtue, and a new pledge of future celestial rewards !

" Farewell, my dear son, my lovely, my tender Charles ! Farewell, remember sometimes your poor father, who finds a solace in your love, be as happy as I have been unfortunate, it is the constant wish, the last prayer of your loving father."

" *In the tower of the Temple, Dec.* 15, 1792.

(Signed) " Louis."

The reading was frequently interrupted by the sobs of the young prince, who cast himself at his father's feet, and bedewed his hands with his innocent tears. The king seems to acquire a new degree of firmness, as the danger approaches. His innocence and his entire submission to the will of Providence, sufficiently account for this supernatural courage.

I gave an account to his majesty of what I had heard and observed, in the congress of the ambassadors, and I expressed at the same time my displeasure. " Nothing astonishes me now, answered the

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king; but your friendship melts me down and solaces me. Continue, I shall meet death with less bitterness."

He read to me three letters, which young Charles had brought down. The first was from the queen, and contains, besides consolations and an invitation to display firmness, the grounds, at least she thought them such, of future hopes. The second letter, written by Madame Elizabeth, is less replete with complaints, and more filled with consolations. That of young Madame expresses a sweet and tender filial piety. A note added to Antoinette's letter, informs the king of the treatment of the princesses. The communes exercise as much cruelty over them, as upon his majesty. They have been deprived of their needles and scissors, and consequently of the means of beguiling the protracted time of their sufferings. Madame Elizabeth had embroidered an allegorical piece for the cidevant dutchess of Serent, her friend; the commissioner confiscated the work under a pretence, that it concealed a mysterious correspondence.....This kind of tyranny, this killing by inches, swells my breast

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with shame and indignation. How humiliating it is to share with beings capable of such low and vulgar crimes, the condition of man! But this title is still glorious since Louis gives it lustre.

The presence of the little prince, whose charming tenderness made the king forget the sorrows of his sad situation, suspended our labour. It would have been barbarous to have deprived the wretched monarch of those caresses, become too rare; I could not forbear my own occasional absence of mind.

From the 21st. to the 26th. of Dec. Messrs. Tronchet, Desèze, and myself, have been engaged in the arrangement of the vouchers relative to the examination, in comparing the papers necessary on the trial, and in preparing answers to them. On the 24th. in the evening, Desèze, who prepared a speech, which contains what we think the most favourable to his majesty's cause, read his work before the king and before us. The king appeared very much pleased, but I am not so much so. This defence appears to me more verbose than eloquent, too methodical and without warmth, barren of those vanquishing and

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pathetic traits, which shake the soul in its inmost recesses, leave it no longer at liberty to calculate its feelings, and command conviction. Never was a better cause; but the orator, who does not want genius, is not vehement enough, he is cold when he ought to melt his audience, he is but lukewarm, when he should inflame the mind. It is in a heart deeply and warmly moved, that we ought to look for genius; what an opportunity to give it full scope! Oh! that I were twenty years younger! I never was endowed with the rare and powerful talent of eloquence, but this moment would have created it. I would have excited at once surprise, terror, and pity, and overwhelmed the hearts of the judges with sensibility; I would have plunged into their souls the sharp arrows of despair and remorse. I would have provoked tears from their eyes. My speech would have manifested the innocence of the king, and insured his liberty. O Vergniaud! why does your opinion, why does your office preclude you from the national bar, from whence your voice, heard on the summit of the mountain, might have apalled the conspirators? Oh! Lally To-

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lendal! why have the disasters of the times, and the distance of place, prevented you from pronouncing your moving speech, your poetical and living picture of Louis XVI. compared with which, the argument of Desèze is a mere schoolboy's performance.

Dec. 26th. evening. Abbé Fermont was at my house at daybreak in order to impart to me the design of his pupil, a design after all, said he to me, on which experience teaches me not to put too much reliance. The project was to divide so generally the guards, which should accompany Louis during his second translation from the Temple to the convention, that at the corner of some one of the solitary streets terminating towards the Boulevards, and which was in his route, his carriage might be surrounded, and he introduced into a house with a double door, the back part being in the vicinity of a large garden, planted with groves, which might afford, to the disguised monarch, the means of an escape.

Lord Fitz-Asland, brought to Paris by his tenderness for his son, whose return he had vainly solicited

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during three months, approved Edwin's project, and engaged to cooperate in its execution.

The attempt was in fact made. Partly through the engagement of abbé Fermont, partly by that of his pupil, and of Miss Fanny, the scattered chiefs of Toulan's party had met and concerted together. Placed among the different legions, which formed the escort, they succeeded by degrees in checking the progress of its march, which upon a given signal became a general rout. The moment was favourable; the agents and chiefs of the enterprise presented themselves; in the twinkling of an eye, they surrounded the king's carriage, when Edwin rapidly informed him of the design, its end and the absolute necessity of the enterprise. But Louis, who had no previous knowledge of it, refused and even rudely, the services offered to him, which, on the one hand, discouraged the small troop under Edwin's orders, and, on the other, gave time to the members of the communes, who accompanied the king, to alight from the carriage, and to call upon the commanding officer of the escort. M. de Fermont's pupil pressed his majesty once more. He even spoke

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with warmth and boldness to Chaumette, the attorney of the communes, who had remained in the coach, and who seemed very much embarrassed. All this interview was longer than the time requisite to accomplish the design, but Louis was in vain solicited, supplicated, exhorted, and warmly pressed; he lost the most favourable, the most unforeseen, the only opportunity, to secure his liberty, his life, and perhaps his future prosperity. Meanwhile upon the notice given by the municipal officer, the general had despatched his aide-de-camp to collect the scattered troops, until they were assembled, he ordered two cannons to be pointed on the king's carriage, two on each side of the Boulevards, and two towards the street, through which the royal conspirators had sallied. The latter, convinced of the inutility of the attempt to serve the king, had returned in good order, and had dispersed immediately to screen themselves from the researches of a justly alarmed police. The escort being again formed was progressing peaceably towards the convention, the king applauded himself for having shewn a generosity, laudable in itself, but ill timed,

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at the moment, that it was indispensable, to save innocence from the plots and daggers of the unprincipled.

The convention listened to Louis with calm and attention. Desèze was heard patiently; I saw the moment, when the majority of the representatives forgetting their revolutionary phrenzy, and the oaths, which bound them to the regicide faction, were inclined to obey the dictates of their hearts by applause. A scattered clapping of hands escaped here and there, and seemed to have given the signal, but some threatening gestures, and murderous looks from the mountain repulsed by fear the ascendancy of persuasion, and the expression of truth.

All the various affections, which fermented in the hearts of those, who witnessed the trial of Louis XVI. would form a curious book, could they be recorded in one volume. If eighty years' life, and a constant study of the human heart have exercised and improved me in its intellectual faculties, I think I may assert from my observations, without even excepting pity, that vanity was the prevalent sentiment of every individual

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present....." He, who was once the greatest among the great, embraces my knees, his head trampled upon by my disdaining foot, can fall at my pleasure ; I can say unto that man, reign, and he shall reign, die, and he shall die. How weak he ! How powerful I am ! What a blessed age is this, when we can bid kings descend from the throne, to seat ourselves on it !".....Such is the literal translation of the *patriotically* inflated expression of the proud silence, the sanguinary clamours, and the secret throes of ambition, which rivetted my attention on this memorable day. Humanity, country, idols of great souls ! pride invoked your sacred names, even louder than cruelty ; your images received the incense of those, who wished to receive it themselves, and the wounded vanity of a vile histrion, hissed from the boards, was avenged by murders !.....

After the conclusion of Desèze's argument, Louis made a short but pathetic address to the assembly, which, be it a delusion, or that it really contained the secrets of rhetoric, affected me much more than the long harangue of the orator. While he was

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speaking, I observed the principal members of the assembly, and especially on the left side; Marat was restless as usual, Billaud de Varennes, with his head resting on his clenched fist, appeared to be sleeping; Robespierre, livid and trembling, stared vacantly; d'Orleans, holding an opera glass before his eye, looked attentively on the accused, his defender, and some members on the right, and on young Montpensier seated in the gallery; Vergniaud, and in general, all those of the Gironde party, had a pensive, sad, and sorrowful aspect. I saw tears escape Manuel and Kersaint. As to the galleries, although filled with atrocious, and foreign countenances, the prospect of this solemn scene overawed them so completely and so forcibly, that they did not permit themselves even a sign of disapprobation. The return of the accused to the Temple was not interrupted.

Dec. 27th. The serenity spread on Louis's face seemed a forerunner of his approaching beatification. The devout will address him as a saint, the philosopher will admire him as a sage, and the people will rank him among heroes. Already several of his keepers

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forgetful of the injunction put upon them to shew him contempt, have requested of him some pledge of remembrance. Vincent, the municipal officer, who seasoned the severity of his duty with the tender pity due to misfortune, received the cravat, which his majesty wore on the 10th. of August. What recollections must ever accompany this trifling gift !

Louis learnt from him, that Toulan, from the horrors of his dungeon, inspired his partisans with the hope, which still animated him. By means of an inexplicable intrigue, which may prove very useful to the king, in lieu of the detained municipal officer, the communes have appointed Michonis, his reputed enemy, but in fact united with him in sentiment, and intrusted with his projects. The first conversation, which this magistrate held with the queen, revived her despondent hopes, and she hastened to impart to the king the most flattering information.

The ambassadors assembled yesterday for the second time at the Spanish hotel, occupied by chevalier d'Ocariz. Dumouriez attended. He said nothing of his former design, and read an address from his

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army against the trial, and in favour of the accused. It is a pity that the thirty thousand men, who have signed this address, are not encamped under the walls of Paris, for, at the distance from which they threaten, they are not dangerous. The general, bearer of their sentiments, will lose his command, and may even be arrested; such was the apprehension manifested by Lebrun, minister of foreign affairs, who also was present.

Chevalier d'Ocariz communicated to the assembly a ministerial letter, which he had written to the executive council, and which will be submitted to the convention. Through his ambassador, his catholic majesty promises to the French government to preserve the most exact neutrality in the war about to commence, provided the convention guarantee the life and liberty of his cousin, the *cidevant king*. In his diplomatic despatch, conceived with as much justness as it is expressed with dignity, this phrase was remarkable; "If total changes in political constitutions release a country from that respect which they once entertained for their kings, no revolution can ever

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release honest men from the respectful pity, which they owe to grief and misfortune."

I learn today that this letter was presented to the assembly, where it excited warm debates, which ended in a call for the order of the day.

End of December, beginning of January. It would be difficult to delineate in suitable colours the present state of affairs. Each day, each hour, alters the complexion of the trial. Opinions, fluctuating more than ever, are tossed on an ocean of uncertainty. The warfare of the pen has reached its achme ; Neker on one side, and Robespierre on the other, have commenced a warm contest. At times, the courage of the royalists seems to revive, but that of the demagogues is most constant. With respect to the republicans, who fear both parties, they seem to be mere spectators of the struggle, and take no other share in it, than recording the blows, and occasionally recalling principles ; but how can they invoke them with success, when they themselves have given the example of their violation.

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I receive many letters from a variety of individuals, and from different countries, all relating to the king's trial. I received one this morning from M. Bertrand, minister of marine, now retired to London. Among other resources, which he indicates as of great utility to the king, that of consulting with Danton, to whom he has written, astonished me. Whatever reluctance I experience to meet this too famous man, I must make an effort, and see him.

I have just left him, I have seen him, and we conversed a long time together. He seems to me in every respect undeserving of his great fame. If I am not mistaken, his character, inclining to indolence, will not allow him to conceive great projects of virtue, or perpetrate great crimes ; and, if his name is connected with the most horrible epochs of the revolution, it is because he had not sufficient energy to realize it. The most terrible thing about him is his colossal stature, the most ferocious, the sentiment avowed in his speeches. He views all revolutionary oscillations, as the speculative changes on a

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commercial exchange; his principal aim is to sell himself dearly, and the substance of his philippics amounts to this only; "*I am for sale!*"

I stirred with disgust the dregs of this negotiation. I obtained as a result the removal of a certain individual and other persons, who were pledged not to vote. But it is impossible to obtain the absence of Robespierre, Marat, d'Orleans, or Barère. Their influence excite my apprehensions.

Chaumette, who has equal pretensions to literature and philosophy, consented in favour of both, that M. de Penthièvre might send a person to compliment the accused, and to tender him his best wishes, as he could not offer his services, provided the amiable author of Numa, M. Florian, might be chosen to deliver this sentimental message. This charming writer discharged that duty with as much decency as sensibility. Louis appeared delighted with his presence, he conversed about the author's works, as if he had read them profitably. "What an immense distance there is from the walls of this dreary dungeon to the enchanted vallies of Beaurivage, said he to him, ah!

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sir, if you inclined to draw another pastoral scene, confess, that you would not borrow your shades from the present age."....Sire, answered Florian, the French ears cannot be delighted with the sounds of a pastoral pipe; they ought to be apalled with the recital of the crimes, which desolate my country. Why am I denied to exercise frankly the noble profession of letters! I should no longer guide my flighty pen over fanciful regions; armed with the hardened engraver of history, I should trace in deep strokes the horrid pictures of the executioners, and the bloody victims for posterity. But one hope remains, and consoles me. The furious storm, which pours on France a bloody rain, will be succeeded by a calm and brilliant day, to the confusion of crime, and the triumph of virtue. Then truth assisting respectable talents, firing the bosoms of independent souls, will impel some future Tacitus to descend into the recess of corrupted hearts, and enable him to exhibit their horrid effigy. Hideous and bloody, it will be handed from age to age loaded with imprecations, and our latest posterity shuddering as they pronounce those abhorred names, shall weep ten-

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derly, when they read those of the martyrs of true liberty.

January 14*th.* I am wavering at once between hope and fear. Every thing contributes to keep alive both sensations. The convention, like a large butt containing a hundred contrary ingredients, boiling and in a high state of fermentation, offers nothing but convulsive and destroying commotions. Satellites, armed with daggers, rove among the seats. Groups of conspirators, of idle and inquisitive men, swarm in the Tuileries, women, let loose from those houses instituted to inflict correction on crimes and debauchery, reward openly the intended murders, and the cry of destruction, with their odious favours; the coffee houses, theatres, all public places, have become *arenas*, where the most inimical opinions, professed with ardour, maintained with warmth, produce debates, which terminate in blood. The audacity of the anarchists increases hourly; the courage of the king's friends assumes a new consistency; both parties seem to wait for the solution of the great question, which engrosses all their faculties, to commence and fight the battle.

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Great God! avert from my country the miseries, which await it! And if blood must flow, drain my veins; I am ready, but spare, oh! spare the innocent!

Amidst the terrible chaos of confounded elements, amidst so many loose passions, Louis, tranquil in the vortex of the tempest roaring around him, seems to experience no apprehension of his impending fate. That of his country, that of his family, occasionally spreads a cloud on his serene brow; but his habitual courage, his blind trust in Providence, his resignation, dissipate it soon. He is in reality the great stoic, whom Horace has represented, viewing calmly the convulsions of the universe crumbling under his feet, and standing firmly amid the ruins which surround him.

The king has just received the following letter from his wife, which afflicts him more than it consoles him.

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LETTER OF THE QUEEN TO LOUIS XVI.

(VOUCHER, No. 17.)

"SIRE,

"Although you generally reward with refusals the services of those, who devote themselves to your cause, yet, the interest of your preservation, which is paramount to every other consideration in their eyes, has determined them to make a last attempt. It is no longer expected to lead us in triumph from this horrid dungeon to be again seated on the throne; time and disasters have frustrated, or at least, obscured this flattering prospect. It is enough now to aspire at liberty. It is I presume a sufficient blessing to induce you to surmount the reluctance, which you shew to accept the services of your faithful subjects. If you need stronger motives to determine your wavering mind, I should adduce the love of your wife, the heroism of your own sister, the tenderness of your children, our sufferings, at least, and our humiliation more intolerable than our sufferings. Will so many sacrifices, endured for your sake, be too highly rewarded by an act of condescension?

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"I cannot express myself more intelligibly, perhaps you will soon receive farther information; but whatever may be the event, however great the danger, keep up your spirits, were you at the foot of the scaffold, learn, that your friends will be there also, ready to die to redeem your life. Prepare, sire, to second their efforts vigorously."

This piece of intelligence, said Louis to me, whilst I copied this letter, troubles me. I revolt at the idea of conspiring; I cannot help apprehending the preparation and the results. More blood spilt! expiring men!.....civil war enkindled!.....All that frightens me, kills me!.....Yet my wife pines.....my family solicits..... they suffer for my sake!....Ah! I must yield for theirs.

January 15th. morning. The nominal appeal was called for on this question; Is LOUIS GUILTY?

Yesterday a piece was represented at the French theatre; entitled, *The friend of the laws;* it is replete with allusions to the democratical party, and the sufferings of the king. The portraits of Robespierre and Marat bear an odious resemblance. The people

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crowd the theatre, and this performance has become an affair of state. On the other side, the suburbs under a contrary impulsion, loudly call for the head of Louis, who is charged with all the public disasters. How dangerous it is in revolutions to be a noted character!

The nominal appeal is concluded. Louis is unanimously pronounced GUILTY. I am chilled with horror while I trace this word, for there are in the convention men possessed of enlightened minds, and generous and feeling hearts. How then have they been able to find guilty the man, whom I thought, and still think INNOCENT? It is because they have only judged of results, and have not, like myself, seen openly the conscience of the accused, and there, discovered his upright intentions.

January 15th. evening. This morning I cherished the hope, what do I say, I felt certain, that the king would not be pronounced guilty, and that, if the convention saw fit to continue his confinement, or to decree his exile, it would merely be a measure of public safety, without determining the question, which decency and policy ought not to have decided. My calcu-

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lations were vain, my hopes vanished. My heart cherished another expectation in the *appeal to the people*, a dexterous manoeuvre of the *Gironde* to save the king from the scaffold, and to guard their own breasts from the daggers of Philip. Courageous probity observes a different line of conduct, I know; but are there many men resolute enough to do justice with the knife at their throat? Things besides have arrived at that pitch, that we ought to thank individuals for abstaining from mischief. Finally, the appeal to the people would have saved the king's life, and reinstated his honour, if, however, the honour, I will not say of a king, but of a man, can be implicated, when hunted down by accusing and inimical passions. This last resource is sequestered from the trial and fate of the unfortunate prince. The appeal to the people is rejected. History will examine whether the vote of each representative was freely given, whether it was the voice of their conscience, or whether, pronouncing in the presence of Philip, who threatened them before the awful mountain in a roar, the fatal vote was not the result of seduction or

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fear. Be it as it may, should the king be condemned to exile or perpetual imprisonment, we ought, considering the principles of the present legislature, to look upon this decree as a favour, since the first decision implies a capital punishment.

Jan. 16*th.* & 17*th.* They are deliberating on Louis' life. In vain I say to myself, Louis is but a man ; this awful moment, in which they determine whether his name shall continue on, or be erased from the list of the living, recals to my mind his past greatness. Through an illusion, which the heart alone can appreciate, which reason rejects, it seems to me that nature takes the alarm, that the sky is wrapped in crape, and the scene shaded with the sable veil of mourning. As I stagger through the streets, I meet, at every step, pale countenances ; silence and fright reign sovereignly. I penetrate into the hall of the convention, where the fate of the man, once a king, is about to be decided. In the tenfold rank of the judges, I fancy, that I discover death with a bloody pen stalking through the hall, to record their votes. What a solemn and awful silence ! It is only interrupted by the

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fatal words which now and then resound from the gallery, and revibrate through the extent of the hall; DETENTION! EXILE! DEATH!....DEATH!....Oh depth of villainy! blindness of immorality! I have heard this frightful sound emitted from the mouth of Louis' relation, from the mouth of Orleans. A murmur of indignation circulated through the ranks, and reaching the wretch, who had excited it, convinced him at once, that the sceptre, which he would fain grasp, was for ever shivered in his hand. No, Philip, France will not bend the knee before the murderer of her king; rather tremble, that instead of a throne, she will rear a scaffold for thy guilty head, and, that thy blood shall one day wash the stain, inflicted on her by the blood of Louis.

DEATH!.....This terrible word has assailed my ears, lacerated my heart, *three hundred and eighty seven times!* the die is cast. LOUIS SHALL DIE!

Today 17th. in the morning, I presented myself at the tower of the Temple, where I was searched in the most inquisitorial manner; I learnt, on this occasion,

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that the precautions for the safe keeping of the king had been redoubled since yesterday. Clery, who introduced me to his apartment, told me, that he was reading at that instant the history of Charles I. in order, no doubt, to find a model of conduct in the last moments of that prince, with whom he has so much affinity. As soon as I entered, my tears blinded me, I was seized with a killing chill, and my legs refused their office, I fell at the feet of the unfortunate monarch; and my action announced to him his horrid fate. He was neither surprised nor intimidated. After a pause, he lifted his eyes and his hands to Heaven, and exclaimed, my wife, my children, what will become of you! Then without inquiring into the particulars of his sentence, he was wholly taken up with me, and anxious for my grief, he appeared like the counsellor, and I like the victim.

At this moment, Michonis, the municipal officer, under pretence of informing the king of the extinction of a fire, which had broken out on the preceding night in the palace of the Temple, came in to lavish

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consolations, and inspire him with hopes. Louis thanked him, but in a tone, which manifested, that he entertained none. It is for my wife, it is for my family, it is above all for my son, that I solicit your tender cares. The officer returned overwhelmed with grief.

Though I had no longer any hopes, unwilling to see the king expire on a scaffold, I suggested to him the idea of a reprieve as a last resource. The king smiled kindly; you are ingenious in deceiving me and abusing yourself, I have much confidence in you, my dear Malesherbes, but allow me to put no reliance on your predictions, you find them in your good wishes, the projects of the ambitious are more certain!

Jan. 18*th.* A new order of the communes has deprived the prisoner of his counsellors; I presented myself four times at the Temple, and was constantly refused admission. The unfortunate prince is left to himself, and, by anticipation, is in the presence of the Almighty! Eternal Providence, soften his last moments!

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Jan. 19th. The king's dark presentiment is realized, the reprieve is refused, the sentence is pronounced, and to be executed within four and twenty hours.

The king's friends are thunderstruck. Abbé Fermont remained two hours with me, and vented the agony of his heart by sobs and tears. My lord Fitz-Asland and his son wish to renew the plot rendered abortive by Louis' weakness; but what can they do? They will only expose themselves to no purpose, ruin themselves and not save him.

When the sentence of death had been passed upon Louis, my colleagues in his defence and myself presented ourselves at the bar of the convention, to dispute in some manner the remnants of the life of the unfortunate king. Desèze handed to the president an appeal to the nation from the judgment of the representatives; then extemporizing with much warmth and vehemence, he demonstrated, that applying to the accused the penal code, which inflicts death, the representatives had neglected what alone could justify them, that is, the absolute condition, to ascertain the votes of three quarters of the deliberating judges. A

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long discussion ensued between Tronchet, who illustrated ably the principles laid down by Desèze, and Merlin de Donay, who undertook to answer Tronchet; Gaudet, who seemed to adopt the opinion of the latter, Barère, who answered him, and Robespierre, who dealt entirely in personal reflections.

I attempted to say a few words, but my mind and my tongue betrayed my zeal, I proved nothing but my agitation and grief.

Chaumette, attorney to the communes, presented to the general council a decree worthy a legislature of savages; it ordered public illuminations in token of rejoicings. Miserable people, into what an abyss of depravity thy tyrants have plunged thee! Strike thy king, since thou art told he is guilty, he must die! Strike him then, but insult him not! They should inform thee, that true justice turns her head as she strikes the victim; and it is too true, that that kind of justice, which enumerates the pangs, which it inflicts, and boldly looks the victim in the face, resembles vengeance.

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Jan. 20th. Here I close my painful duties, and here begin those of M. de Fermont. He, with the pencil of unerring truth, will continue this lamentable journal, the funeral pages of which will be devoured by the curiosity of the latest posterity, who will cherish Louis, and execrate his murderers, while they pour the most bitter tears of pity and regret.

CONTINUATION OF THESE MEMOIRS BY M. DE FERMONT.

The same day, four o'clock in the afternoon. The frightful result of the memorable and lamentable 16th. had in a manner paralized my intellectual faculties. My understanding shaded with obscurity could hardly class, or produce an idea; my mind was haunted by fatal prestiges, and my heart had been assailed so rudely, that it had become calous.

It was in vain that the kindness of lord Fitz-Asland, the caresses of his son, the consoling sight of a happy family (for Mrs. Melwood found, in her once unfaithful lover, a tender husband;) it was in vain, that the graces of the lovely Fanny united to cheer, with a

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ray of light, the profound night of my soul; I could not dispel the frightful images, which hovered around me. By day and by night I heard nothing but lamentable cries; I dreamed of nothing but massacres, I beheld constantly the horrid and mangled detruncated body of the king weltering in blood, amidst the ruins of his former power.

I was under this distressing frame of mind, when Lord Fitz-Asland entered my house at nine in the morning; after sympathizing in my grief, all hopes are not lost, said Edwin to me; notwithstanding our former reverses, and actual pangs, yet, we cherish a hope. We have been credibly informed, that you were to be sent to the Temple to assist the king in his last trying scene; you can second our views, and crown our success, and you feel as interested as we do. Persuade the king to abandon himself to our care, to have full confidence in our views, and no scruple on what we request of him, his life is at stake, and we will warrant it to him, if, under this circumstance, he will discard a false delicacy, which, to tell the truth, savours of pusillanimity.

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My pupil's father explained the plan, by which he hoped to rescue the king. Without giving a full assent, I thought, that at this crisis no attempt could make matters worse, and that we might perhaps meet with some happy change.

Jan. 21*st*. He is no more !.....The heir of sixty five monarchs, the king of France expired on a scaffold ! ....I muster all my strength, and collect all my thoughts, to trace the sad record of his last moments.

Yesterday 20*th. at half after three*, I received the order of the executive council in session at the palace of the Tuileries to come forth without delay. I obeyed. The clock struck four when I entered the hall.

A mournful consternation overspread the countenances of the ministers, who sat in pensive silence. Garat, the minister of justice, who presided, addressed me. Here is, said he to me, a billet handed to me by Louis Capet, which contains your name and residence. The council thought, that you would not refuse to go to the Temple ; will it be consistent with your intentions ?.....I beg of the council to rest assured of my willingness, answered I receiving the billet, on which

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I recognised the writing of Madame Elizabeth; there are moments, when the wishes of the unfortunate are peremptory orders; I am ready.....Very well, replied Garat; the duty of the council is to execute the law, however rigorous it may be; but its intention, as well as its right, is to allow it to be softened.

We placed ourselves in a carriage. The minister was going to inform the king of the time appointed for his execution; during the ride he only interrupted our silence by sighs, and with this exclamation; What a cruel mission!.....Great God!.....

Arrived at the Temple, which we found invested with a formidable force, we were introduced into the hall of the council, some of whose members accompanied the minister to the king's apartment. I remained alone with the rest. I had a right to apprehend, that among them, some, before whom I had appeared as a surgeon, would recognise me; above all things, I trembled lest the municipal apothecary should make his appearance; but fortunately he was absent; and although I remembered some countenances among his colleagues, they did not know mine,

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thanks no doubt to my new garb. After all, they teased me with inquiries; they emptied my pockets, secured my snuff box, under pretence that the snuff might be poisoned; they kept my knife, which might have become an instrument of suicide; they examined my pocket book and pencilcase, lest it might contain a stiletto. This search was accompanied with indecent gestures, scandalous ribaldry, and insulting remarks to the character vested in me by my religious profession, and to the dignity of the unfortunate monarch, whom I came to solace.

At three quarters after four, I was introduced to the king; escorted by three municipal officers, I ascended a winding staircase, whose steps were guarded by a number of sentinels, drinking and singing without any concern.

A different sight melted me down in Louis's chamber. Excepting a minister and two municipal officers, whose honest countenances breathed grief, the crowd, surrounding the condemned prince, gazed upon him with insolent and Sardonic smiles. Louis calm and tranquil conversed peaceably with the former. When

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I appeared, they all retired, the king shut his door, and I remained with him.

I was at first overcome by a flood of tears; I bathed the king's hands with them, and fell prostrate at his feet, and having raised me, he embraced me tenderly and led me to his private closet.

While proceeding to reach it, I recovered my spirits, and with them some hopes. I informed his majesty of those of his faithful friends, and entreated him to oppose no obstacles to them. He consented at my solicitation, giving me at the same time to understand, that his sole hope must now remain with God alone.

We afterwards conversed upon the actual state of things, the royal family, and the future situation of France.

"However terrible, however unheard of may be the approaching catastrophe, said the king, it is probable, that far from being the end of the crisis, it is only its introduction, and as it were, its mere prognostic. I have always been of opinion, that, if the faction gave to Europe the spectacle of a king expiring on the scaffold, it was with a view to inure it to see gradually

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the fall of those heads which mar its projects. What will they dare to say, in fact, what blood will rise and cry for vengeance, when that of the monarch shall have been shed without exciting a murmur. Tomorrow then, tomorrow, as I have said more than once, I shall commence this funeral procession, where you will see in succesion all those, whose virtues, talents, and wealth, excite the fury of tyranny. Fatal omen! Dreadful futurity! How many dungeons crowded with victims! How many scaffolds drenched in blood! The cannon of the warrior will no longer be pointed against the enemies of France, it will pierce the bosom of her children! Informing will become a duty, assassination a virtue! Unnatural sons will proscribe the authors of their days, barbarous mothers will tender their offspring to the knife. Premature death will reap unripened youth; the fury of conflagrations, the ravages of water shall concur to annihilate the present generation, and rivers will reascend towards their source, as apalled at the sight of the carcases, which shall impede their current."....I stood motionless with horror and astonishment, hearing the king's horrid pre-

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dictions. Until then I knew him to be possessed of solid good sense, extensive knowledge, an excellent memory, and a correct judgment, but I was not aware, that he also possessed those great talents, which command persuasion, convince, impel, and which constitute the orator. Yet he had just displayed them; was he indebted for them to nature, or had opportunity unfolded them of a sudden.

He continued with more composure....“ But those excesses will cease on account of the horror they will inspire to the sufferers, and on account of the lassitude, which the perpetrators will at last experience. They will return to the path of virtue, less from a love for it, than from an abhorrence for crime. This generous, but volatile people, feeling, but inconstant, for whom murder shall have been a fashionable exhibition, will require less ferocious diversions. They will detest, they will destroy those, who have so shamefully imposed upon them; perhaps even, and this hope alleviates my dying pangs, perhaps they will shed tears on my grave. They will say, Louis, who was accused of lavishing the blood of the French, was not a wicked

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man. If he was guilty, it was of weakness; those, who succeed him, have been intentionally wicked, they were so from choice and propensity.

"Such is, my dear abbé, continued Louis after a short pause, such is, I fear, the fate reserved by ambition for our distracted country. Have I not great reasons to thank Providence for removing me from the horrid scenes, which are approaching? May celestial goodness foster under its mysterious wing some fortunate genius, as it sometimes sends forth, in barbarous ages, a shining light, and one who may unite, to a burning heart for his country, an understanding highly cultivated, and one acquainted with men and events! May he, with the same arm, which will scatter the enemies, which the internal disorders of ambition may have suscitated to France, unite all parties in the general welfare, and so combine the rights of the people with his own obligations, that they may never enjoy liberty without, at the same time, being convinced, that she is only distributive and universal justice.

"My imagination is delighted with this prospect of my fancy, which my heart loves to embellish; it con-

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soles me with future hope under the agonies of the present trial. The recollection of my family alone puts my cour c to the most severe test.....exhausts my constancy. No, continued the king, with eyes filled with tears, no, I cannot endure the image of my poor wife, my dear children, my beloved sister, languishing until relieved by death in this horrid dungeon, dying in misery for want of a common support, or perhaps led, on the footsteps of their wretched chief, to a scaffold!" .....Sire, answered I, there still exist feeling souls, could they....." Oh! M. de Fermont, interrupted Louis, kings have but few friends, when they are powerful, but none, when they are unfortunate! What has become of all the great, the pontiffs, the nobles, the innumerable retinue of servants, whose existence I provided for, whose power and rank I maintained? What has become of their oath to die for me? Before I was in the hands of my enemies, they fled from me. I alone fulfil my oath; perhaps, when they hear of my death, they will shed a few sterile tears, and blush for their perjury!"

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When those remarks were ended, the king read to me, with the most majestic firmness, his last will, as it had been altered conformably to my suggestions. When he pronounced the names of his family, his sobs choked his voice, and he could not proceed.

" I have obtained, said the king, when he was composed, through the intervention of the minister of justice, liberty to converse with my family ; I will for the last time improve this indulgence, at once sweet and cruel, which I have wished vehemently, and which I now wish I had been denied. After giving them a parting embrace, I shall be wholly devoted to my God through your holy ministry."

I record a remark here, which proves, that the despotism of the communes did not only extend over the prisoners, but even over the convention. The latter having decreed upon petition of the king, after he was condemned, that he might communicate with his family, and the communes having previously resolved the contrary, the order of the superior power could not defeat the regulation of the inferior, and there was

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no other way to reconcile the communes to the interviews, but by stipulating, that the royal family should meet in an apartment, in which a glass door would afford the commissioners of the communes an opportunity of having them constantly under their eyes.

It was in this apartment, that Louis entered at eight o'clock. Clery followed him, and I remained in the closet. Then having entered the king's room between the two apartments, I improved the liberty given me by his majesty, to observe and hear his last conversation; but so that the queen, and royal family should not observe me. The valet de chambre prepared a small table, on which he placed some tumblers, and a decanter of water. The king walked about plunged in a deep meditation, stopping occasionally, and as often striking his forehead with his hand.

At seven and thirty minutes passed eight, the queen entered leading by the hand the prince royal, Madame Elizabeth and her niece followed, Louis advanced a few steps, and extended his arms towards them, Antoinette sunk at his feet sobbing bitterly, little Charles and the princesses were bathed in tears. The king

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having seated himself, the door was shut, and the family remained around him and in his arms.

A scene like this, where every sentiment was in action, where all the affections were alarmed, is easier to conceive than to express. The words interchanged could not be recorded, and belong more to the suggestions of the mind, than to the pages of history. Let us only represent to ourselves a family, which the consent of one hundred generations had acknowledged as the most noble, the most powerful, and the most wealthy; which the overwhelming ravages of a violent revolutionary tornado, before which all give way, has reduced to beggary, to impotence, to degradation! Behold them in fetters, suffering, agonized, at the feet of their condemned chief! collecting the last words of those cherished lips, the last looks of those eyes, about to be closed in death! Tender spouse, thou shalt no longer feel the heart of thy husband palpitating in unison with thine own! beloved sister, thou shalt no longer hear the friendly greetings of a tender brother, and you, unfortunate children, embrace a father for the last time! Today life and tenderness

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still animate his frame, tomorrow he will be no more!

The first half hour of that meeting was spent in bitter tears, groans, bemoanings, sighs, and all the symptoms of despair and grief. Louis's family hung to his side, and pressed him in their arms. His son, his amiable Charles, wiped his tears with his innocent hands, the angelic Maria Theresa, standing and leaning on his shoulder, shed floods of tears, and gazed on his countenance with avidity. Madame Elizabeth pressed alternately on her lips, and on her heart, her brother's hand; and in spite of her resolution, the queen on her knees before him paid to nature the tribute of the most exquisite sensibility. Louis, after yielding awhile to the first impulsion of love and tenderness, mingled consolations with his parting caresses, and seasoned his last embrace with counsels. Here is what I have been able to recollect of a speech, a thousand times interrupted, but still connected, which the king addressed to his disconsolate family.

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"Come, come, why should we thus afflict ourselves, rather let us thank a kind Providence about to put an end to my misery. Why am I so much to be pitied? I lose a life, which has been incessantly stamped with disasters, but I am about to obtain that, whose joys never, never again can be marred. Therefore if I feel any regrets, they are not excited by the loss of this fleeting life, nor of this frail crown, which I am going to exchange for an immortal, an incorruptible crown; but can I leave you in this land of exile, in this abyss of proscription, without being filled with anxiety? However, I do not apprehend any danger for you; your life is not like mine in the way of ambitious men. Hope then; but whatever your destinies may be, weep less for yourselves, than for the calamities of France, and never forget, that while reason makes us sensible of injuries, religion bids us to forgive."

But said the queen, are there no resources left? That, which Michonis offered to my hope, may not be vain. Toulan, M. de Fermont, the respectable

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Malesherbes, the interesting Edwin, would they all fail you in this awful moment? Is not this the time, that will stimulate them to unite all their means and efforts?....I never doubted their zeal and affections, answered the king, nor do I doubt their courage; perhaps it may inspire them to make some attempts, but I fear they will be more injurious than advantageous to me. How can a choice band cope with the united forces of despotism and anarchy? Ah! dear brother, said Madame Elizabeth, how cruel you are to deprive us of our delusion! Is it then all over? Are we embracing you for the last time? at these words the sobs and tears were renewed; this feeling, and virtuous princess leaned on her brother's breast, where she remained some minutes overwhelmed with grief.

I may deceive myself, resumed Antoinette, more composed, but I see no impossibility to snatch you from the jaws of death. No, they will not dare to raise their parricide hands on him, who was their king!.....Sometimes I flatter myself, that a terrible commotion, taking signal from the ignominy prepared

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for you, will lead your murderers to the scaffold, which they have erected for you !.....Heavens ! Madame, interrupted Louis with warmth, what dare you say, what can you wish ? Have you reflected on the torrents of blood, which would flow on that occasion ? Is it not enough that mine is exhausted ! Antoinette made no reply, but the indignation beaming on her face, the fire of her eyes, informed me clearly, that she disapproved the pacific sentiments of her husband. She said, a moment after, no more of that, you are determined to die ; we have only to add to our poignant despair our admiration. But you can deserve it still more ; what do I say ? you can command that of Europe silently intent on you.....shew them that a man of courage, even under the axe, can overrule his destinies. Allow not infamous executioners to pollute, with their bloody hands, a head rendered illustrious by a crown ; in a word, instead of receiving death at their hands, baffle their barbarous hopes with your own.....It is impossible to describe the feelings of the royal family, when they heard this counsel ; despair, horror, and fright were depicted on the coun-

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tenance of the king, and on the features of his sister; stupor tied their tongues, and they both looked at the queen with astonishment. But this princess, yielding alike to the pride of her soul, and the danger of the moment, continued with force; I understand the meaning of your silence, I understand your reproach, I know that religion and reason condemn me, forbid and punish suicide, but why did God, who implanted in our hearts a desire for self preservation, implant also that, which prompts us to our own destruction? I mean this abhorrence for injuries, which arms vengeance, inviting reprisals, and employs, as it were, our hands to dig our own graves. Besides.....The king interrupted her with severity, it is enough, said he, perhaps too much. I attribute to your love the strange proposal, which you make, and under that consideration, I thank you. But I think, that, if it is not a crime to destroy oneself, to die for fear of dying is absolute nonsense. Let men judge of me, as opinion or prejudice may dictate, let them say that I died ignominiously, I can die nobly, if my peace is made with my own conscience, and my God.....The clock struck ten.

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The king arose and made a sign to inform his family, that the parting moment had arrived.....The sobs, cries, and lamentations redoubled.....But, said the queen, we shall see you once more tomorrow !....Yes, brother !....Yes, papa, repeated the sister and children. ....I promise it, said Louis ; kiss me, and you, my wife, forgive me, if I answered you too abruptly. I know that you love me, and that your intentions are praise worthy ; but, when you have reflected, you will feel convinced, that suicide, which never ought to be the resort of any one, is still less worthy of a king. Farewell, my dear Antoinette, my dear wife, farewell, be always a good mother, and remember me often to my dear children !.....The king's feelings were so overcome with these last words, that his sobs choked his voice ; he leaned forward, extended his arms, and embraced his whole family, he pressed them to his heart wrung with agonizing despair !.....Then suddenly tearing himself from their close embrace.....adieu..... exclaimed he, in so moving an accent, that the tender Maria Theresa fell in a swoon. The door opened, the royal family was led away by two commissioners ;

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and while they filled the staircase with the lacerating cries of their despair, Louis XVI. overcome, was led to his closet.

He sunk into an arm chair, where he remained fifteen minutes, a prey to the struggle of his wounded heart, his silence was only interrupted by his sighs and tears. Clery, standing before him, wept bitterly; for my part, prostrated before the Almighty, I fervently besought him to grant the king the indispensable fortitude to consummate his sacrifice.

The king interrupted this religious silence; I am very weak, am I not, M. de Fermont, said he to me holding out his hand? But I trust God will not impute it to me as a crime to have forgotten him a moment to think of my family? Alas! they never shall see me again!.....Now I am wholly in the hands of my God, and ready to receive your friendly assistance.

Louis XVI. exposed to me briefly, but with much precision and order, his principles, opinions, and his conduct respecting the christian religion. I found him as learned as he was orthodox, and I had only to re-

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move some trifling scruples, which his soul, timorous, because it was innocent, had indulged too much.

After supper, which was light, I proposed to him to hear mass, and receive the host, he consented with a glow of devotion, but, as he feared the council might deny him that consolation, if he requested it, I undertook to make the application.

It excited upon the members, who composed this council, two very distinct sensations; ill nature among some, and disdain and irony among the rest. One of them made me the honest objection, that I might poison the prisoner with the host; to prevent this sacrilegious attempt, I requested the municipal officers to supply me with the necessary implements to celebrate our sacred mysteries; and they consented after a long deliberation.

Having returned to the king, I heard his confession. Why am I not allowed to give here the august secrets, which he confided to my ministry! How many good actions unknown could I reveal! What admiration I could excite! How many concealed benefits, I

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might offer to the thanks of gratitude! As modest as virtuous, Louis blushed more to own the good deeds, which had filled his terrestrial race, than to confess some errors, which he owed to the infirmities of human nature; among those was the weakness of his character, which he viewed as criminal, as though it were in us to reform the work of nature. O God! Wilt thou make him accountable for the wrongs, unfortunately manifest, but involuntary, in which his want of decision involved him? Alas! what has he not suffered to expiate them?

At my repeated entreaties and urgent solicitations, he went to bed at one o'clock, and soon fell asleep, exhausted with fatigue and sorrow, but full of trust in his innocence, and consoled by his religious exercises. Clery remained all night seated on a chair, struggling at once against grief and sleep. For my part, prostrated at a small distance from the royal couch, I employed my time in prayer and meditation, contemplating occasionally with a reverential awe this dethroned monarch, this captive sovereign, this innocent victim,

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sleeping undisturbed a few hours before he mounted the scaffold!

A lamp placed on the chimney reflected light on one side of his face; the Temple was silent, so were France and Paris! But how many minds plunged in deep meditations! How many hearts wrung with agony! How many heads vainly endeavouring to forget, on a refractory pillow, the tragedy of the morrow!

The king moved a little, and heaved a deep sigh, I came near apprehending he was ill, but he was asleep; through his closed eyelids I observed some tears, and I heard him murmur with a groan the name of his children and of his wife.

Clery having stirred a little about five o'clock, his majesty left his bed, and desired to hear mass immediately. While assisted by a lad called *Turgi*, whom the king approved highly during his captivity, and whose name I here consign to the gratitude of posterity, the valet de chambre prepared a table as an altar for the celebration of mass. Louis called me into his

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closet, and expressed himself to me in the following words.

" God is my witness, that I have no wishes for the restoration of royalty; should it be reinstated, let my son be invested with it. The crown of France has long been a crown of thorns, and from the appearance of the times it will not soon be a crown of flowers. But as it is possible, that the ambitious wait only for my death to elect a king, whom I may not approve, I intrust to your fidelity to forward to my brother with another packet, which contains my will, this paper, which I will read to you, and this silver three-sided seal, and here is a similar one, which Clery will give to my wife. It is now the only possible, the only material type of royalty." The king opened the seal, on the first side were engraven the arms of France, on the second *L. L.* crowned, on the third, the head of Louis Charles with an helmet. The paper, annexed to the duplicate of the will, is from Louis XVI. to Louis Stanislaus Xavier, his eldest brother; I preserved a copy of it.

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LETTER OF LOUIS XVI. TO MONSIEUR, HIS BROTHER.

(VOUCHER, No. 18.)

"I obey Providence and necessity in bowing my innocent head under the axe. My death will burthen my son with the enormous weight of royalty; be his father, and govern the state, so as to deliver it into his hands peaceable and flourishing. My intention is that you take upon yourself the regency of the kingdom. My brother, Charles Philip, will be the lieutenant general of the kingdom. But the force of arms, will avail less than advantageous promises, a well regulated liberty, and good laws, to enable you to restore to my son the right usurped by the factious. Forget not that France is stained with my blood, and that this blood calls loudly for *clemency* and *pardon!* It is the request of your brother, the command of your king.

"*Done at the Temple, Jan. 20th.* 1793.

(Signed) "LOUIS."

We returned to the room, where I found the altar on which I celebrated mass. After attending on his

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knees, the king received the bread of the strong with angelic devotion, and even edified the municipal officers, who had retired into the antichamber, and observed the ceremony through the door.

After mass, Louis said to his valet de chambre before the commissioners; Clery, your services have been agreeable to me, and I thank you for them. I am not in a situation to give you marks of my gratitude, but I hope, that in consideration of the services you have rendered me, the communes will allow you to remain with my son. Thus speaking, the king in a friendly manner tendered his hand, on which Clery respectfully applied his lips; slave, said one of the municipal officers in a barbarous tone of voice, what are you about? Don't you know he was once a king? At least, answered Clery, I thought you might recollect that he is still a man.

It was at that moment, that the king gave him the three sided seal similar to that intrusted to me. He also gave him his marriage ring, which he desired him to give to the queen, with a small purse containing locks of hair of each of the royal family.

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His majesty, having returned to his closet, came out again, and asked for a pair of scissors, which request gave uneasiness to the commissioners, who went to consult with the council, and returned with a refusal. The municipal, who brought the answer to the king, having hinted that they feared an act of suicide, the king smiled with disdain ; I only wished to cut my hair, and Clery would have done it. It is very wrong to suppose, that I would make an attempt on my life ; he, who has endured so many deaths for four months past, will soon prove that he can meet the last.

Meanwhile the external tumult, which had commenced at day break, the clashing of arms, the roaring of cannon, and the clamours of the troops increased every moment. To this uninterrupted noise was added the rolling of the drums heard at a distance. At half after eight, a crowd of people ascended the stairs, and entered the gates, the door was opened ; the presence, of the commissioners of the communes, preceded by Santerre, general of the Parisian army, announced that the fatal moment had arrived.....I ask but one minute, said the king, going with me into the little

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tower, whose door he closed. No more hopes, said he, as he fell on his knees ! all is over ! give me your blessing !.....A supernatural courage supported me under this trial ; Louis arose and embraced me with strength. Then taking from his secretary a sealed packet, and leaving the closet, he presented it to *James Roux*, one of the commissioners, with a request, that he would present it to the communes. But this man, looking on the prince with astonishment and ferocity, answered, I cannot, my duty is to conduct you to execution. Louis cast a look of pity on the barbarian, he presented the packet to the second commissioner called *Beaudrais*, an honest feeling man, who took it, and promised to deliver it.

As we advanced towards the door, the king's eyes met those of Clery, who was weeping in silence ; farewell, Clery, said he to him, I leave you near my son, mention his father to him often. Then looking to Santerre and his cohort, LET US GO, said he firmly and with dignity, as he raised majestically his eyes towards heaven with a serene countenance.

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At the top of the stairs, Michonis found means to take hold of my hand, and handed me a small paper, over which I looked hastily, and on which were written these words; "*Be surprised at nothing, pay close attention.*"

In the second yard of the Temple, was the coach destined for the king. One of the doors was kept by an officer of *gensd'armes* of a sinister aspect, who mounted first; he was followed by the monarch and myself; a fourth sat opposite to us; I was ready to exclaim with surprise, when I recognised my amiable and courageous Edwin. The sight of him surprised and seemed to afflict Louis; I hastened to present him a psalm book, in which I had placed Michonis's billet, which he read, and which I tore between my fingers.

The ride to the square of Louis XV. from the Temple lasted an hour and three quarters, during which the king read with much devotion several psalms adapted to his situation, for my part I recited with him, but without much attention, the service of the agony. The double rank of the national guards

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kept the most profound silence; nothing was heard but the rolling of drums, the firing of guns, the trampling of horses, and the steps of the guards.

Opposite to the Magdalen, the carriage stopped, and with it the whole escort. I heard several cries on the right hand, among which I distinguished the words *king* and *capet* sounding at once. An intelligent glance of my pupil informed me, that the plot projected was in execution, and that he acted the *gend'arme* on the occasion. For fear of flattering the king with a vain hope, I abstained from saying any thing to him.

The cries augmented, and drew near. Louis, who had not heard them at first, shut his book, and manifested some uneasiness; I happened to look at the *gend'arme*, who accompanied us; he was pale, his brow was knit, his lips in a tremor, and his looks wild. With a hesitating hand, he seized the hilt of his sabre, and with the other searched his pocket, as I thought for a pistol.

I was about to look out of the coach door in order to ascertain better the cause of the noise, when I heard the repeated cry, "*shut up the coach.*" What

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do they say, asked the king? without answering the *gend'arme* lifted the coach glass. Do you know the cause of this tumult, said Louis again, without addressing himself particularly to any one? I know not, sire, replied I, but let your majesty be composed. Yes, yes, said the *gend'arme* with irony, be composed, they wish to rescue you, but on my word the law shall be executed, and you will not come off alive.

The harshness of this observation chilled me, and I cast my eyes down; as I raised them again, I observed those of the king, which were lifted towards heaven, and bathed in tears; Sire, said I to him, when Jesus was led to crucifixion, they made him bear his cross; ah! yes said Louis with a sigh, and squeezing my hand, but I am only a man!.....

This cruel scene, during which it seemed that hesitating Providence deliberated on the destinies of the monarch, lasted less time than I now employ in its description. All the anxiety of fear, and all the delusion of hope, were alternately depicted on Edwin's countenance; premeditation and paleness disfigured that of the *gend'arme*. Mine was affected with fear;

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Louis alone, after wiping his tears, became calm again and opened his book.

The confusion diminished, the noise subsided, order seemed restored, the escort began its march and the coach was again in motion. The first revolution of the wheel convinced Edwin and myself that all hope was lost, he turned pale and my heart was broken. Joy was diffused on the features of the hideous and barbarous *gend'arme ;* he triumphantly and maliciously looked at the august victim, and exhibited that horrid smile, described by Milton and applied to the demon of carnage, when he opened his odious lips. The king preserved his composure.

Thus did the carriage arrive almost to the foot of the scaffold, Edwin dropped the glass on his side, and the other *gend'arme* opened the door; the executioner appeared.

Sir, said the king to the *gend'arme*, I recommend my confessor to you ; your honour engages you to protect him against danger, when I shall be no more. Apprehend nothing, answered the military man coolly,

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I do not believe, that he will be hurt; he does his duty; I know mine, obey yours.

Louis arose, came partly out of the carriage, rested his hand on the knee of my pupil; as to you, said he to him with vehemence, reap from the gallantry and delicacy of your proceedings that reward, which I cannot even offer you in words. Edwin attempted to answer, but grief choked his voice.

Having alighted from the carriage, the king pulled off his coat, and cravat, then advancing towards the drums.....Silence, exclaimed he, with a strong voice. The beating ceased immediately. At this moment the executioners seized his hands, which he pulled back with indignation. Sire, I hastened to say, add this humiliation to your immortal crown, it will have its price in the eyes of the Redeemer, who contemplates you from above, and prepares to reward you. These words subdued his reluctance, he held out his hands with a majestic resignation, and merely observed to the man who tied them, this precaution was not necessary.

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There were four executioners. Two on the scaffold prepared the murderous machine, the other two on each side of the king ascended with him. I followed immediately; the dejected countenances of the executioners made a strong contrast with the serene aspect of Louis. His neck was bare, his hair untied and rolled up, his visage was calm, and animated with a faint blush; he had on a short white woollen jacket.

One of the executioners stepped behind him, and collected his hair in a riband, and cut it off. Louis advanced hastily towards that side of the scaffold, which faced the Tuileries, and exclaimed with a full voice; "*I die innocent.....I forgive my enemies.....God grant, that my blood may be useful to the French, and may it appease the wrath of God.*" He would have said more, had not the imperious command of Santerre ordered the drums to beat, the king said some other words, then kneeling on one knee, he asked me for a last blessing. Whilst I performed this sacred duty, several voices exclaimed, "*executioners do your duty.*" They instantly seized upon the victim, and while they bound him to the fatal plank, I stretched my left hand

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over him, and with the other pointing to heaven, I exclaimed, "*Go son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven;*" I had hardly pronounced these words, when the cruel axe, by a death at once glorious and fatal, closed a life embittered long since. I prostrated myself overcome with grief, and recovered from the agonizing spasm at the tremendous and repeated sounds of "*long live the nation, long live the republic.*" I started with horror! Oh renting scene.....A young man.....A cannibal! scarcely twenty years old, had seized by the hair the mangled head of the unfortunate Louis.....held it up to the people and shook it to sprinkle the blood on them; I was myself sprinkled with the precious blood, and having cast my eyes on this lamentable object, I thought I discovered the shining beams of the crown of martyrdom, and the Lord's angel carrying the palm of immortality before him.

I ran to M. de Malesherbes; this good old man had already received the sad intelligence from Fitz-Asland's family, and was overwhelmed with grief. It is all over then, said he, and he is no more! His extreme goodness, his unbounded kindness, his weak-

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ness, if I may say so, have prepared this scene of blood and of mourning. The ambitious have hurried him to the scaffold; and with the most infamous cowardice, the blackest treason, those, who called themselves his friends, have forsaken him! Unfortunate prince, all have conspired against thee; enemies the more inveterate, because thou hadst been their benefactor; judges the more eager to condemn thee, that thy death opened the road to their tyranny; keepers the more barbarous, that thou hast manifested the greatest patience and resignation; and even among the republicans themselves, what fanaticism, what delirium! They exclaim, that the tree of liberty cannot produce fruit, unless it is fertilized by the blood of a king! God! What horrid nourishment for the nation! What a prospect for other governments! Yes, from this day, the uncontroled despotism of a handful of executioners has confiscated France; they have seated their throne on a scaffold, and will command by our fears! Sun, conceal thy light beyond the thickest clouds! Liberty, reason, moral philosophy, virtues, arts, talents, fly the pestilential air of my country!

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The furrows of the peasant will be drenched in blood; human bodies will manure his vineyards and his gardens! The days of September will last for years to come. Water, flames, poison, and the sword, all will be subservient to the commission of crimes. Hearts ulcerated by misfortunes, or lacerated by vengeance will no longer be united! Husbands will no longer feel the passion of love, women will no longer pride in chastity, fathers will cease to be tender, children will no longer respect their parents! Justice in tears, and affrighted moderation, will take a precipitate flight; all the ties of society are torn asunder, and my country, like a carcase perforated with a thousand deadly wounds, is reduced to slavery, and plunged into barbarism !.....

After this apostrophe expressed with a warmth and animation above the years of Malesherbes, lord Fitz-Asland gave us a detail of the failure of his attempt. The small number, said he, indicated to us by Michonis, Edwin, Fanny, and myself, had met in an obscure street behind the church of the Magdalen. Their project was to wait the moment, when the king should

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ascend the scaffold, and to attempt to rescue him, not so much by attacking his escort, as by persuasion to engage them to favour his deliverance. It was a desperate attempt, not prudent, and almost impossible in its execution; yet, those, who had resolved on it, were determined to give it a trial, had they not been discovered. But some national guards having passed through this street, and seeing a platoon of mounted and armed men, became suspicious; they immediately gave information of their discovery to Santerre, who without loss of time halted the escort. A detachment of cavalry was despatched against the conspirators, who dispersed without waiting for the attack; one only, whose horse fell in attempting to leap over a ditch, had been taken, he gave much uneasiness to my lord, not so much on his own account, as on that of the scattered party of the royalists, who were determined to renew, in favour of the son, the plots which they had in vain projected in favour of the father. As to Edwin, he had left the coach as soon as the monarch alighted, and under pretence of curiosity had placed himself near the scaffold, in order, if an

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opportunity offered, to be useful to the monarch to the last moment.

But this faint ray of hope again vanished. My pupil had a shocking and full view of the execution, which severed the royal head of the victim. At that instant Edwin witnessed scenes, the relation of which make me shudder with horror while I trace them.

The stroke, which put an end to the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. seemed at first to have stunned the spectators, who remained motionless and in silence. Soon after at the sight of the bloody head of the victim, they rent the air with clamours. A horde of men, intoxicated with fury and enthusiasm, crowded round the scaffold, and dipped the points of their swords in the flowing blood; others from very different motives stained, with it, their handkerchiefs, and rich winding sheets. Edwin was among the latter, the bloody cloth which he brought to us, has since, without his knowledge, been sent to England, and suspended by ministerial perfidy in the dungeon of the Tower of London, from whence it calls for vengeance and hatred against the republic; an unjust measure, and

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an act of Machiavelism! Since the republicans participated the least in the death of Louis, and that the most virtuous of them were sacrificed by the fury, excited and paid by British gold.*

But what attracted most forcibly the attention of my pupil was the action of a man from Marseilles; I saw him, said he to me, scale the scaffold, his eyes darting fire, his face beaming with rage; I saw him dip his naked arm into the smoking blood of Louis, and sprinkle, three different times, the affrighted crowd. We have been told, exclaimed he, that the blood of the tyrant should fall on our heads, well, let it fall, wash with this criminal blood that, which he has spilt, but let it be the last blood. Let us restore to nature the right of death usurped by despotism. Kings punish by executions alone; opprobrium is the punishment inflicted by republicans.

Their is, in this awful scene, a mixture of heroism and horror, of greatness and ferocity, which excites contrary sentiments, and we are at a loss to determine,

* A hackneyed French accusation.

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whether this act ought to be ranked among the most execrable deeds of man, or as the result of the most unbounded political fanaticism, and revolutionary enthusiasm.

END OF THE MEMOIR.

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TENTH NIGHT.

HERE begin, with new objects of grief, other subjects for deep meditation, a new order of recital. I will no longer engross your melancholy thoughts with the dethroned, captive, and martyred monarch. The grave has devoured the man, who commanded kingdoms, and already the grass has grown over his mangled remains. Other actors are about to appear on the scene of desolation ; women wrapped in mourning and calamities, a tender child, whose graces are withered by misfortunes !.....

Ah ! if in this age of confusion, some souls, having escaped from the snares of a selfish calculation, are yet uncontaminated with its corruption ; if the groans

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of melancholy and the tears of pity can yet offer them charms, let them come forth and devour this funeral tale, in which I pour my whole heart. Sacred food of feeling hearts! you would afford a cold enjoyment to the frozen souls of the selfish. Come, sweet, angelic, and virtuous beings, come and listen to me! May the fruit of my sad lucubrations awake in your broken hearts some delicious sighs! May the pages intrusted with mine be moistened with your tears! For the friend, for the painter of sorrow, what reward can exceed this!

Hardly, continued the respectable Fermont, as he began the tenth night of his narration, hardly had Louis XVI. fallen under the axe, when the anarchists turned against social order the arms hitherto directed against the monarch. It seemed as if the blood, of which they had all sipped some drops, enkindled in their bosoms a thirst for crimes, ardour for pillage, rage, and destruction. The most exaggerated opinions, the most sweeping measures were exhaled from the crater of the mountain, as the burning lava rushes from the mouth of a volcano. The cries of fury, the

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bloody imprecations, the clamours of death, which resounded incessantly under the roof of the hall of the convention, and were reechoed through France, were accompanied by a frenetic fever, which seized on a part of her inhabitants, and by the chills of terror, which kept the other in constant fear. With the ruins of the Bastille, levelled by the hand of liberty, they reared a thousand new Bastilles, which were indifferently peopled by the friends and enemies of the country. The decrees of an usurping decemvirate, more absolute than the Divan of Constantinople, were written in blood, which they ordered to be profusely spilt, and were strictly obeyed. The bloody cap of licentiousness reigned over the political horizon, as a frightful meteor amidst tempests; and the level of an undefined equality was kept by the axe of the executioners. Then were accomplished the predictions of the expiring monarch. Then two convulsive affections ruled every heart; a part were impelled by an uncontrolable spirit of destruction, the rest by an absolute indifference for their own safety. Deplorable overthrow of nature, which tends always to create and

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preserve ! More than one human slaughter house offered the unnatural spectacle of a struggle between the executioners and victims, vieing with each other, the latter in offering their throats, and the former in plunging their knives into them. The revolutionary scythe spared neither the hair grown grey under caducity, nor the bloom of adolescence, the tenderness of mothers, nor the pleasures of lovers. It mowed down at once the timid virgin in the arms of her mother, the wife trembling on the bosom of her husband, and the debilitated old man leaning on his son; the infirm man, whom disease slowly consumed, the sick man struggling with natural death, did not escape its repeated strokes. It spared neither sublime talents, heroic virtues, nor estimable qualities. It strewed the scaffold with the pencils of the painter, the pen of the writer, and the compasses of the geometrician. Oh ! bitter and killing recollection ! Oh bloody night lasting for more than two years ! Less fatal by the mischief, which thou hast perpetrated, than by the seed of evil, which thou hast left behind ! What vestiges of devastation have covered my country

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with scars ! What an active poison disseminated in the source of morals ! What vile passions, what perverse inclinations sprang from this infected sink, as reptiles issue from the mud of marshes. And yet, while all the crimes besieged France, as Milton represents the infernal spirits besieging Heaven, the bravery of our modern republicans astonished, at the same time, by their exploits, the Danube and the Alps, the ocean and the Pyrenees. Too proud to believe themselves the janizaries of tyranny, they shewed themselves the worthy soldiers of liberty. Their fathers were butchered in Paris, and they avenged them with victories. Thus, by a contrast till then unheard of, ferocity and carnage disgraced the administration, while generosity and heroism rendered our camps illustrious. May an immortal triumph be the portion of the French soldier, and eternal horror that of his oppressors.

Pardon this effusion, perhaps too lively, it is difficult to govern the soul, when it is probed so deeply. Man may forgive a criminal injury, but God alone can forget it.

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Eight months had elapsed since the 21st. of January, and I had found no means to be of any service to the prisoners in the Temple, nor even to open a communication with them. I had only learnt through the newspapers, that young Charles, torn from maternal tenderness, had been intrusted to the care of a mechanic, a member of the communes called *Simon*. I had also learnt by the report of Barrère, that the convention having ordered, that Maria Antoinette should be referred to the tribunal of the 10th. of March, the princess had been removed from the tower of the Temple to the dungeon of the *Conciergerie*, such were the rumours secretly in circulation. For the more threatening attitude, which the convention assumed every day, the terrible powers with which it had endowed the revolutionary tribunal, the total change of the administration, the despondent aspect of the people, who threatened and trembled at the same time, so many diverse objects, so new, and so horribly interesting, engrossed universal attention and moved every heart.

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To these general causes of uneasiness, I had to add the departure of my dear pupil. Lord Fitz-Asland, his father, determined by his incessant solicitations, and perhaps stimulated by his ambition, had set out to solicit at St. James a negotiation for the liberty of the queen and her family. Edwin, Mrs. Clara, and her charming daughter, having followed him, had left my heart habituated, if I may say so, to beat in unison with theirs, and my eyes in the habit of beholding them, in the most empty situation, in an inexpressible mourning; and, if the indispensable necessity of a trust yagent, of a faithful correspondent, and the hope of serving the unfortunate family of my king, had not rivetted me in Paris, I should have abandoned for ever this modern Babylon, where crime marched in front of the clouds, and virtue stalked in the dark, concealing under the dust its august splendour.

In the beginning of September, an administrator of the police, an honest and feeling man, but more zealous than prudent, Michonis, came to my house secretly.....The time has arrived, said he to me, to unite all efforts to be useful to the unhappy Antoinette. She

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is cited before the revolutionary tribunal, that is, doomed to die. She does not seem to shrink from death, but it is the duty of her friends to endeavour to save her. I can aid you to find the means with her. Being the administrator of the police, especially charged with the care of the prisons, I can without inconvenience introduce you into that of the queen. Will you follow me? I did not hesitate a moment, and I soon arrived at the gates of the Conciergerie. They had twice been the limits of my liberty, and I was tranquil because I was innocent. Now that they were closed against an unfortunate princess, on a woman, I could not behold them without fear.

Oh! ye, who gazing with admiration on this magnificent gate, the masterpiece of so many united arts, pass beyond its grates shining with gold, and tread with a light step under those brilliant porticoes, in this immense and majestic hall, which resembles a public square, where the interpreters of the laws meet, when you visit this gallery, which the toys of luxury, and the noble productions of genius replenish and adorn, among this crowd of idle loungers, of pur-

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chasers and sellers, of clients and advocates, among the young priestesses of fashion, seated near its altar, rather embellished than loaded with the miracles of its industry; surrounded by those ingenious typographers or philanthropists, who, with an insinuating air, offer to your purse at the same instant *the adventures of Faublas*, and *the works of a Smith*; tell me young men, and you also whom years must have instructed in reflection, have you ever thought, that your feet pressed dungeons, that you walked on men? Thus is the mansion of the dead embalmed with flowers. Well then, the vaults of the palace cover the vast coffin called *Conciergerie*, where a population of stalking corpses sigh and die a thousand times before they die for the last.

The descent into this infernal region is through two narrow iron doors, on the threshold of which are seated nauseous keepers with filthy clothes, thick dark whiskers, black and united eyebrows, and having a grum and insolent accent. Hardly has the door, which they defend, turned upon its hinges, when the looks of those *cerberi* are rivetted on you, and penetrate as

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it were the inmost recesses of your soul; and, at the same time, that their tenacious memories receive the ineffaceable print of your features, their instinct tells them the motives, which bring you beyond their bolts. The aspect of Michonis relaxed the asperity of their looks, I observed a smile on their lips. By the means of two lamps, which seem to burn, in this dismal dungeon, only to enhance the horrors of the obscurity, which they render visible, we guided our footsteps through a narrow vaulted entry, at the end of which we entered into a spacious hall, surrounded with wooden benches resting against the walls, and where there were no moveables, except a huge table and a writing desk. There the internal administration of the house centres in the person of Richard the jailer, and more commonly, that of his wife. She governed on that day; when the administrator had declared his intention to her, she gave her place to an old confidential keeper, and taking a light led us to the apartment of the queen. You will find her tranquil and haughty, said *madame Richard* in a half whisper. In the recess of a dungeon, you would fancy her

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attended by her court; she seems to command those, who surround her. But the pride, which buoys her up during the day, forsakes her at night. She remembers, that she is a mother; in silence and obscurity she sighs and sheds bitter tears.....After leaving on our left the clerk's office, and the dungeons of the ground floor, we turned round, and entered a second entry very dark, and lighted like the first, and in which was posted a *gend'arme* with a drawn sabre. There we observed two doors, through the grates of one, our guide shewed us a prisoner stretched on a truckle bed, and guarded by a sentinel. He was pale, his hair was dishevelled, and deep despair imprinted on his countenance. This is a man condemned to perish for having killed his father, said *madame Richard;* I had turned towards him looks of pity; these last words made me recoil with horror. Oh destiny, whispered my heart, thy whimsical cruelties to be complete wanted but this association in captivity, of a parricide with the queen of France !.....

The second door opened, we entered; I followed Michonis instantly, and stood behind him, so as not to be

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immediately discovered by Antoinette. She was sitting and employed in mending her stockings. At the noise of our arrival she started, turned her head towards us, and shewed to the magistrate the unworthy employment to which she was reduced ; I have read in Homer, said she with a smile, that the queens made their own buskins ; I embroider mine. Michonis lifted his eyes to heaven and sighed.

After the woman, who served the widow of Louis XVI. and the *gend'arme* had retired at her command, I shewed myself. Antoinette uttered a piercing shriek, and stood amazed. My appearance awoke the most bitter recollections ! But resuming soon her apparent tranquillity ; oh ! M. de Fermont, exclaimed she, how weak I am, and how you find me altered ! I thought I possessed a great firmness of soul, but misfortune is stronger than I am. I have lost greatness without being overwhelmed; I ceased to be a queen, and did not die. But how can I live since I have ceased to be a wife, since my children have been torn from my arms ? Those ideas mingled no doubt with those of her actual situation, and of her future fate melted

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her into tears; she dropped them silently, ours flowed as freely. Here is, said the queen, as she wiped her eyes, and pointed to Michonis, here is the only human being, whom I have found among the ferocious animals, that surround me. Unanimously conspiring against me, they daily invent some new humiliation, which adds to the horror of my destiny; they distil, drop by drop on my wounded heart, the poison of adversity, numbering my sighs with delight, and before they quaff my blood, they quench their thirst with my tears. He alone preserved on his soul the noble stamp of humanity; he alone, since I must own it, has compassion! Oh! Michonis, said Antoinette, seizing the hand of the magistrate, and giving him an expressive look, feeling and courageous man, knowest thou, that thou mayest be thought criminal for assisting the unfortunate; perhaps, oh heavens! thou wilt be involved in my destruction!.....This thought makes me shudder. Leave to my sorrows the sad office of consuming the remnant of my existence! And, as the greatest favour, I entreat thee, leave me!

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The disinterested and generous character of Michonis will easily permit you to judge what was his answer. There was for some time a struggle of magnanimity between him and the prisoner. Some words, which escaped the latter, gave me to understand, that measures had been adopted, and that an attempt would be made to liberate her from captivity and death. But she was opposed to any attempt. What should I do, said she, with a life, which has become purely animal? The ties, which once endeared it, are broken asunder; who will restore to me the splendour of a throne, the love of my husband, the caresses of my children? I was a queen, a wife, a mother, and then I relished life. I am now a captive and entombed alive! I must die.

A temper like that of Antoinette did not allow me to offer her those lenient consolations, which religion and a just philosophy afford abundantly to simple and submissive souls; that of the queen had been fostered by ambition, fortified by a proud education, was accessible to elevated thoughts alone, conceived none but heroic projects. I therefore represented to her

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France and Germany attentive to her person, alarmed for her safety, forgetting the projects, which enveloped their own destinies, to deliberate upon her ; the decemvirate of the new republic, this government so strong and so terrible under its usurped power, alarmed and troubled by the image of a woman, on whose head centred the rights and the hopes of the Lorraines and Bourbons, and who must excite great solicitude in their breasts ; I represented to her Europe attentive to her new trial, which was another outrage committed against the most illustrious sovereign houses, watching scrupulously the degree of audacity of the persecutors, and ready to prevent by an avenging explosion a second regicide. Finally, after having in a manner given her a glance of the luminous ray, which, from the tomb where she languished, would eventually guide her to the Temple of glory ; after, by a prophetic anticipation, vibrating in her ears the acclamations of posterity, I descended from those sublime, to sweeter and more natural affections ; I mentioned her children. I, above all, repeated the name of the young and tender Charles, so interesting and so

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well beloved, the precious shoot of a trunk levelled by a premature death, growing under a shower of blood and tears, and buffeted by the tempest. Oh! irresistible power of maternal love! At this endearing name her proud countenance became pale, her eyes, sparkling with pride were obscured with tears, and through that cloud of sadness, the complaisant smile of nature opened those lips before closed in despair. I am still a mother, exclaimed she, I will live. Oh! M. de Fermont, whence do you derive those irresistible means, those vanquishing accents, which always triumph over those resolutions, which we think unalterable?

But, continued the widow of Louis, before you are informed of the resources, which Michonis possesses in the interior of this prison, of those of Toulan, and of a small number of devoted friends, who act without, the confession, which I shall make to you, will enlighten you to shape the counsels, which I am about to ask, on the conduct that you must pursue. You will know some persons, upon whom probably my fate depends at this day, and will indicate what must be done

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to curb their power, their vengeance, and wickedness.

As she ended these words, Antoinette rose and went to a corner of her room concealed by a curtain, which veiled the cot bed, on which she indulged repose. Under the miserable bed was concealed a scrawl of paper, which she took out. Then returning towards us, as long as my unfortunate husband lived, I buried in the bottom of my heart the principal cause of our misfortunes; it would have been too cruel for him to have seen himself reduced to charge me with a part of them. Yet it is but too true. Inexperience and levity brought me by degrees thus far, and I know not what fatality rendered me an accomplice in the crimes of which I am the victim. Now, that Louis XVI. is no more, I alleviate the sorrows of my widowhood, and the horrors of my prison, in writing those sad memoirs. I no doubt add poison to the cup, which time forces to my lips, but methinks I diminish its bitterness.

This debut induced Michonis to retire in spite of the queen's entreaties. You may remain two hours

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with Madame, said the administrator; I want that time to visit the prisoners. I should be suspected, did I stay any longer. He went away, the queen began to read her manuscript, which she afterwards intrusted with me, and which her death allows me to communicate to you.

EXTRACT OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF MARIA ANTOINETTE, ENTITLED, ONE OF THE CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Voucher, No. 19.)

Providence never did reveal its existence more, and manifest its power with more splendour, than in producing from the actions, which checker the life of man, a memorable event, which constitutes its moral lesson. But to render this event useful, that this moral lesson might turn to the profit of man, it has decreed that the one and the other should always operate in an inverse direction with the corrupt desires, and might serve to overwhelm with shame, and sometimes chastise the vicious or criminal, and cover with a lasting glory the worshippers of virtue. Thus, while

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the ambitious, arrived at the summit of greatness, seek in vain, under purpureal curtains, sleep, which deserts his eyelids, the peaceful cottager leaving his daily labour finds it undisturbed on his hard couch. Thus also, in the embraces of a chaste wife, the honest man experiences a voluptuousness, which the libertine cannot procure from the mercenary favours of an impure courtesan.

These reflections, the tardy fruit of misfortunes, are not foreign to my history. The tragical destiny of Louis XVI. has proved, that the weakness of a government, was necessarily its destroying vice; more courageous, my husband would have been accounted less guilty; he never would have rendered the scaffold illustrious, had he stained it with the blood of conspirators. For my part, if, as it is probable, I ascend it, I shall have been conducted to it by my carelessness and levity. The motive of my triumphs will become the pretence of my fall, and the same people, who copied my errors with a vile imitation, will punish me with a bloody death for the success, which they have afforded me. Immortal Maria

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Theresa, oh! my mother! why have I neglected your precepts, why have I not imitated your examples? Your soul was alive to all the passions, but your soul stronger than they, subdued them all. After conquering your empire like a valiant captain, you administered it, like a wise legislator, but, above all, you reigned over yourself, and you covered with your imperial mantle your errors and excesses. Under your reign, pleasures and state affairs walked hand in hand without interfering. It seemed as if love had been united to wisdom, and the earth astonished to behold so much heroism in a rank, which knows nothing but pride, in a sex born for effeminacy, the earth was rent with the cries of your victorious armies, and proclaimed you a monarch and great potentate.*

An insurmountable pride was all, which I inherited from this celebrated woman; but far from knowing, as she did, how to temper it, sometimes by an affected indifference, sometimes by an amiable politeness, I gave it more elasticity by an indiscreet frankness. Pride succeeds in obtaining pardon, when it assumes

* Maria Theresa was styled king Mary.

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the veil of modesty, but who can endure it when clothed in the garb of arrogance? At the moment that I write these words, I feel my errors forcibly and mourn for them, but while confessing them, I am still attached to them. I shall never feel convinced, that the daughter of the Cesars, the wife, the mother, and the sister of kings, is moulded with the clay, which enters into the composition of vulgar beings; and though my reason shews me the emptiness of this sentiment, my heart delights in the thought, that a refined spark of divinity animates those, whom God destined to reign.

To this insane pride, which a reasonable education might have moderated, but which the pomp of greatness, and the perfumes of adulation fostered, was soon united an insatiable desire for pleasures. Nature had given me premature charms, fortune lavished her treasures at my feet, and supplied me with means to satiate my desires. At the age, when we breathe with life the pure air of innocence, I felt within me a flame, which devoured my senses, and determined my character to bold conceptions, and

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political intrigues. Thus, by a phenomenon very remarkable, my heart has always been the sport of two contrary passions, which resemble each other by the dangers to which they expose one, ambition and love. The one, disgusting me with the pleasures of the senses, launched my soul amidst the most sublime speculations, and as the imperial eagle, which gazes on the meridian sun, my eyes were fixed on sovereign, absolute, and universal grandeur. The other recalled my senses to the earth, which it strewed with flowers, and placed my heart among the affections, which it excites, like the lark concealing her nest between two furrows.

This double sentiment divided my existence, when I appeared at the court of Versailles. From Vienna to Paris, I saw the way ornamented with garlands and perfumed with flowers; my presence, like that of a heathen goddess, spread universal joy, seemed to brighten the verdure of the groves, and to hasten the maturity of the fruits. I heard nothing but melodious voices, accompanied by sonorous instruments, singing and repeating the name of Antoinette. Poetry laid at

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my feet its choicest productions, the pencil and chisel multiplied my image, all the arts concurred in celebrating my glory, and in procuring me delight and enjoyment. The pleasure of exhibiting the features, which I owed to the bounty of nature, was for me the most exquisite. I liked to appear in a voluptuous neglected undress, adorned with youth and beaming with good health, in the midst of a court resplendent with gold and diamonds. I delighted to see the eagerness of the young courtiers seized with admiration, watching a glance, and to hear them murmur those praises, which please more because they seem not designed. I have often been pleased with the bluntness of a peasant, and, had I dared, I should have given him proofs, that it was agreeable to me to see men forget my rank to remember my sex.....O deceiving and perhaps guilty recollections! in what place, and at what time do you rush upon my mind? Can I recal you without recalling my errors also, and my misfortunes?

It is necessary, that I should repeat what every one knows. The old monarch of France, forgetful of his

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glory, consumed at that time the remnant of his life in the arms of an impure *Laïs*. From the dust, under which a doubtful origin, a coarse education, and a dissolute life, had hitherto concealed her, she assumed a seat under the royal canopy, and profaned by her scandalous lubricity the bed of the first king in Europe. It is but just to confess, that the same accident, which had refused to her birth and fortune, had indemnified her, by lavishing upon her person all the charms of beauty; she carried the head of the youngest of the graces on the form of Venus. I did not view this courtesan at first without a secret emotion of jealousy and spite. The base complaisance of the king, the meanness of those nobles, who purchase with their own slavery, the right of becoming tyrants, the sacrilege of those prelates, who disputed the shameful honour of serving the idol; so much insolence on the one side, and so much infamy on the other, excited my indignation.

But I soon understood, that this sentiment honoured her, who was the object of it, and I permitted contempt to succeed it. Who would not have imagined,

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that this conduct would have produced the kings hatred? It produced however contrary effects. Until then the monarch had only shewn me this gallant politeness, which was natural to him; my disdain excited his attention, and perhaps awoke his satiated taste, and I had it in my power to succeed the favourite. But more faithful as a wife, than coquettish, I was satisfied with deserving this triumph without enjoying my success. If the homage of a monarch can flatter vanity, that of the lover of a courtesan is calculated to humble.

She did not forgive my victory, though I had not improved it. She preluded her vengeance by disseminating, personally and by means of her agents, the most injurious and most plausible calumnies. My heedlessness served as a pretence to her malignity to draw odious results; my steps were watched, my speeches interpreted, my most indifferent actions afforded malicious deductions. Unfavourable conjectures were imparted to the crowd of courtiers, and I was represented under colours, sometimes advantageous, but under which a sharp sting was always con-

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cealed. Calumny, flowing, if I may so express it, through numerous channels, was circulated among all the classes of society, entered even the cottage of the peasant, whom it deceived, and reascending with an accumulated and angry current towards its source, prepared from that time, the ruin, in which I am involved.

This plot had been organized even from the first years of my marriage, the cold disposition of the dauphin, whose wife I was, the little ardour which he manifested for me, the ill humour which he experienced on account of my dissipation, authorized malicious remarks. A happy fecundity would have stifled them among a nation, with whom, the greatest wrong imputed to the heir of the crown is to have no issue; unfortunately I was barren, and thereby still more exposed to the shafts of malignity.

It is necessary to recal to mind, that at the epoch of my arrival at the court of France, two men ever memorable, and whose destiny has influenced mine so strongly, had been absent from it for some time. The first, count d'Artois, was improving his education by a

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tour through various European countries; the other, the duke of Orleans, was charged by the king with a mission at the court of St. James.

These two princes had often been mentioned to me. Their qualities, their riches, their vices, their extravagant expenses, and their errors had acquired to them a great celebrity in all the circles at court. The courtiers and the ladies were divided with respect to them in their sentiments and affections. Some extolled the amiable disposition, the lively graces, and the French frivolity of the young count; others were lavish of their praises on the strength and dexterity of the duke, his skill in managing the most fiery steeds, his elegant *Wiski*, his extravagant races, and his English jockeys.

It is known that from the dawn of my marriage, I had improved the liberty, granted to me by my husband, to rid myself of the troublesome etiquette established by queen Mary. To the grave ladies of the toilet, who could not place a flower without the most majestic ceremony, I had substituted young, lively, and handsome women; and as the poets in their

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adulatory productions compared me to Venus, I was desirous to compose my court of the graces.

Among these graces I had remarked one of a charming physiognomy and of the most amiable character. What the rest did as a duty, she seemed to perform with pleasure ; the least of my looks fixed her attention, the smallest gesture brought her to my feet ; it seemed as if she had unravelled my thoughts as soon as I did myself, that she drew but one breath with me. Did she observe the slightest cloud on my brow, her eyes were filled with tears ; did I again appear serene, her face beamed with joy. Add to this, that possessed of unrivalled wit, she exerted it constantly in the most triumphant manner against the odious favourite.

I had more than once observed her predilection for count d'Artois, she seized every opportunity to speak in his favour. Sometimes she extolled the charms of his person, sometimes his good sense, and at others the excellent qualities of his heart. She confessed he was not without some faults, but in a manner to persuade, that he would have been less perfect without

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such blemishes. As to the duke of Orleans, she never pronounced his name ; but when I happened to ask her what she thought of him, she would look at me with such malignant smiles, that this silent answer was a most bitter satire.

As I loved this woman so sincerely, my heart unawares, without having reflected upon, adopted her opinion, and before I had seen those princes, my brother in law was as dear to me, as my cousin was odious.

We had reached that season of the year, which renders cool air and shade, the first of wants the sweetest of enjoyments. Every evening, with the dauphin's consent, I repaired in quest of the one, and to breathe the other, under the thick groves of the park of Versailles. One or two women only accompanied me during those nocturnal perambulations, she, whom I have mentioned, most generally followed me. There concealing, under the shade of the trees, and the obscurity of night, the eclat of grandeur, often troublesome, I indulged in the sweets of familiarity. Sometimes wandering through the sinuosities of the

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alleys, sometimes seated on the rich carpet of nature, near this magnificent basin, which reflected the tranquil rays of the moon, I enjoyed with my young friend the pleasures of social conversation. She seasoned the sallies of her wit with those sentimental effusions, which at the same time that they excite the thrill, and moisten the eye, leave a smile on the lips. The calm of night, the savoury perfume of the flowers, which the breath of zephyrs spread around, the murmur of the water, the rustling of the foliage, the age of my lovely confident, and mine, induced us by degrees to reflect on the situation of our hearts. Hers had sighed and still sighed for an object, whom she dared not name; mine knew nothing of love but its name, and until then had only yielded to friendship.

One day, or rather one night, I wandered slowly with viscountess *Nathalia*, the name of my companion, towards a tuft of shrubs, whose leaves were thick, and formed a verdant vault, but whose trunks were distant from each other, and resembled columns surrounded with garlands of honeysuckles, and gave admittance to some of the rays of the moon emerging

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from the clouds, so that we could extend our view over the collateral walks, and even discern the carpet of turf, which borders the basin. Our conversation, in which my friend frequently introduced the name of count d'Artois, led us to mention his return, which was daily expected. She presumed, that his voyages, useful under every consideration, must have alike developed his physical qualities, and improved his mind. I was of her opinion, which is supported by the best informed writers on education, and my own experience; nothing is more calculated to eradicate the vices of a young man, nothing will give a fairer opportunity for the display of his virtues, than voyages.

We were conversing thus, when we discovered on our right a military man of an elegant form coming towards us with an easy step. If the count were in Paris, said Nathalia, I should believe that it is himself. Without attending to formality any more than usual, whether curiosity or coquetry determined me, I desired to be left alone; the viscountess retired under a neighbouring grove.

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The unknown person advanced immediately. By the light of the moon, I soon observed that he was young, handsome, and well made; the most reserved woman never fails to observe these things first. His lively and witty conversation shewed him possessed of intelligence and fancy; and the purity of his language, the choice of his words, and that turn of expression peculiar to the great, madé me conclude, that he joined to the advantages of birth, those of a distinguished education. All those circumstances, I confess it, pleased me infinitely. It seems that I, at first, had not made so favourable an impression upon him. Indeed finding me alone at this hour and in this place, as I had nothing in my dress, that bespoke my rank, but on the contrary was concealed under the most simple undress, he could not very easily suppose who I was. Therefore, although his first salutation and address had been very polite, by degrees he indulged in the common chat of gallantry, and permitted himself at last expressions, to which I could no longer listen with propriety. Then I repented my imprudence,

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which had compelled me to hear them. This new language, which for the first time was addressed to me, restored my natural pride; dispelling partially, if I may so express it, the cloud, which concealed me, I silenced my military man, checked his temerity, and returned to the viscountess.

Full of the agitation, which the stranger had excited, I did not endeavour to conceal it from my friend. I gave her a full account of my encounter, I spoke with warmth, and dwelt sometime on the subject; so that through an inexplicable secret sensation, expressions of feeling were eventually mingled with those of offended pride, and that after an hour of conversation, I dwelt less on my adventure to complain of it, than to enjoy the recollection.

Nathalia, whose heart was not under the same impression, viewed it consequently more coolly, and judged rightly of it. Nathalia discovered the difference of my language. The intimacy which reigned between us, led her to make some observations on the state of my mind. A barbed arrow plunged in my heart would have wounded me less. Thanks to

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obscurity, I was enabled to conceal my embarrassment, but my soul was violently agitated. How vivid was the glow on my cheek! pride, spite, and rage, shall I own it, a more tender sentiment, fermented at once in my bosom. I retired dissatisfied with Nathalia, with my adventure, and with myself, and I returned to seek, under my gilded roof, a repose which began to forsake my eyelids.

Alas! it was but too true, yes I had lost my peace of mind during that fatal night. That which followed did not restore it, and augmented my torments. In spite of myself I still wandered through the groves of the park; I heard the voice of the unknown man, my ear listened to his words, not those, which had offended me, but those allowed by decorum, and to which modesty can lend an ear. A prestige, against which I struggled in vain, recalled before my eyes this countenance, which mingled pride with the most moving sweetness of disposition; I felt the breath of a gentle breeze, or rather guessed at it by the undulation of the stranger's flaxen locks, ornamenting his head respectfully uncovered. And, when the recol-

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lection of a memory too faithful wounded my ear and afflicted my heart with the unbecoming expressions of the stranger, a secret voice made an apology for him, and obtained his pardon without difficulty.

On the next day, it was rumoured, that count d'Artois had completed his voyages, and, having passed through England, had returned in company with the duke of Orleans. At the moment, that this news was announced, the dauphin entered my apartment to confirm it. He added, that on the same evening the two princes would be presented to the king. Nathalia did not lose this opportunity to say some flattering things of the count, but I hardly observed her, being plunged in a revery, which made me peevish.

The necessity of attending to a full court dress, augmented my ill nature. At the time of the levee, the most severe indisposition obliged me to send an apology to the king expressive of my regret, but what became of me, when the monarch, followed by a numerous court, entered my apartment! Madame, said he, without mentioning the pleasure, which I experience in coming to inquire about your health, in which

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we are all interested, I could not resist the entreaties of our young travellers, who have seen many wonders during their tour, and who have no other wish but to forget them. Impute their impatience to this motive. The dauphin presented me to his brother. But who can describe our mutual astonishment? He recognised the person to whom he had addressed very unbecoming language, and I recognised my stranger. Our mutual surprise was observed, but the presence of the monarch prevented all reflections. The dauphin alone reproached his brother with his embarrassment. The prince excused himself by an adroit and deliberate compliment, which encouraged me to answer him. How much I detested, upon this occasion, the thoughtless indiscretion, which compelled me to blush, as if I had been guilty.

The duke d'Orleans presented himself after the count. It would be impossible for me to repeat the words, which he addressed to me. All that I remarked in his physiognomy was his impudent looks, which I involuntarily compared with the modest glances of

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the count, and which obliged me several times to cast down my eyes.

From that moment, my happiness fled, and my reputation was lost. The scene of the grove became public, and was poisoned with the most malicious details. I have since learnt, that the mischief was due to the royal courtesan, to whom all was submission; I have learnt that viscountess Nathalia, her unworthy creature, who by dint of hypocrisy had obtained my confidence, was the soul and confident of this diabolical intrigue. Informed of the return of the count, she had written him an anonymous billet, that a woman, who wished him well, would walk under the alleys of the park, and expect him there. Chance had disconcerted part of this manoeuvre, but the blow had been given. Some witnesses had been concealed to observe my imprudent but innocent conduct; they had kept a faithful account of the whole, judging of the results by appearances, they had given their conjectures as realities, and I was defamed in twenty libels. It is thus that an action, in itself indifferent, but

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hazarded without reflection, has placed me at the mercy of the world.

The state of my heart added to the horror of my situation. When I examined myself, and questioned my soul, I found I really was attached to the count, and I shuddered at the thought. I was determined to resist this inclination; but is it not extremely dangerous to be compelled to live with an enemy, whom we must caress, or the friend with whom we must contend? and can we be insured against a defeat?

Those were not the only causes of my chagrin, the humour of the dauphin, which became more agreeable, his disposition, which became more sociable, his expressions, which were more kind, seemed to impose upon me new obligations to respect my marriage vows, and reproached my heart for indulging any thoughts which might infringe them. I will add, that to augment my misery, my brother in law burning for me with a passion, which my silence and involuntary looks probably encouraged, manifested it upon all occasions, and thus afforded arms to my enemies, and new

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triumphs to calumny, and to me an inexhaustible source of uneasiness, grief, and remorse.

Louis XV. died about this time. His grandson succeeded him, and it is known, that one of the first acts of his administration was to send into exile the odious creature, who had covered with opprobrium the evening of the king's life. I confess that I had a share in this act of indispensable severity.

The change of circumstances altered my opinions, my taste, and my projects. So soon as my husband's head was decorated with a crown, and the dauphin had succeeded the king, I fancied I was launched into my natural element, and that I breathed for the first time. A subject hitherto, I had only commanded as a lovely woman; and the empire of the supreme rank, which always centres in one, has in it more exquisite pleasure, than that of the sex enjoyed by so many. I found that the intrigues of a toilet cabinet was not worthy the extent of my mind, and could ill fill up my spacious heart, nor afford a worthy exercise to the activity of my organs. Therefore without renouncing absolutely the influence of a pas-

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sion, which prevails in the system of nature, I resolved to regulate it by that alone, without which I cannot exist. How sweet it is to be so elevated, that any change of situation cannot be effected without stooping? What supreme enjoyment to bow down all necks at one glance, and like deity to decree at one word prosperity or ruin, life or death!

I have enjoyed this satisfaction. I have quenched with large draughts my thirst after power; there was a time, when a smile from me decided the fate of an empire, and a gesture from me was sufficient to enkindle war, or restore peace; what has been left to me of that power? The repentance of having used it lavishly. Where am I awakened from an enchanting dream? In a dark dungeon. Oh! incomprehensible decrees of Providence!

In tracing, for my own satisfaction as much as for the instruction of my children, and of those into whose hands it may fall, this sad record, my design has not been to open the secret portfolio of private life, nor the history of my public life. In the anticipated hell, where the wicked, and those, whom I

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had not offended, have plunged me, surrounded by watchful keepers, who misrepresent and comment even on my sighs, my memory cannot collect circumstances enough, my understanding cannot class ideas enough, my imagination cannot colour a sufficient number of images, to constitute a complete whole. Instead of unwinding, if I may thus express myself, the whole thread of my destiny, I can offer but a fragment. But such as it is, it will serve to lead through the windings of some parts of the revolution. What I have said until then, is connected with what I am about to say.

While the throne of my husband inclined to the pleasure of dominion all the desires of my heart, the count was consumed by the flame, which I had enkindled, which my imprudence fanned, but which could not be gratified consistent with my duty and my intentions. It is true, as I have already confessed, that I had to counteract a violent inclination, which would have rendered my life happy, had propriety and my obligation permitted me to indulge it; but whether a sentiment of virtue had preserved sufficient influence

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over my heart, or whether a more powerful passion counterbalanced my love, or whether, without reflecting and without a determination of my own, from a natural instinct derived from my house, I preferred the pomp of the throne to the enjoyments of the heart; mine ceased to experience those tumultuous conflicts excited by the struggle of love and duty. Given up wholly to the pleasures of my new station, I viewed all the rest as mere recreations. To hold the reins of government confided to my hand by the new monarch was my supreme felicity, to recruit in his arms my vigor for those glorious works was my reward.

My brother in law soon discovered, that ambition had usurped in my heart, the rights of a softer passion. This change, which defeated the hopes, that a contrary conduct had inspired, left him a prey to bitter grief. Too young not to feel the genuine warmth of passions, too careless not to yield absolutely to them, he was alike too little experienced to conceal them. At first, his dejected and melancholy countenance informed me of his sorrow; from this dumb testimony, which I affected not to understand, he employed the

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power of repeated and deep sighs, and the gestures of despair; he even indulged in murmurs and reproaches; so true it is, that when two hearts separate, that, which loves last, has a severe task in ceasing to love! As I thought I had arrived at this state of mind, I rebuked with railleries the bemoanings of the prince; then to his speeches he substituted letters. I read the first by surprise, and returned the rest unopened. The grief of the unfortunate man then knew no bounds; his love, which had overleaped them all, became the cause, or at least the occasion of his loss, of mine, and of that of our family.

He had contracted with the duke of Orleans a kind of friendship, which a taste for voyages, the arts and pleasures, had rendered more intimate. Such a connexion subsists by mutual confidential communications; and where is the lover, whose heart does not delight in confiding his sufferings to friendship, and who does not alleviate his misery, or enhance his delight, by that kind of confidential revelation? The prince informed the duke of his expectations, and of my final rigor. The duke, from a motive, which I

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cannot define, but which I must attribute to a perfidious design, if former projects may be judged of by those of the present days, the duke, engaged, solicited, and determined the count to leave to him the management of his wishes, and pledged himself for the success of his interference. I know the heart of a woman, said the duke to him, they would pretend it is an inextricable labyrinth, but I have the thread which guides through it, I am at home there, and your sister in law, although a queen, belongs to that sex. You will soon see her less proud and less cruel.

These insolent remarks, even now, excite my indignation, and warn me not to enter into the details of the duke's attempts. It is sufficient to mention here, that betraying the trust of his friend, outraging in my person the wife of his king, it was for himself, that he directed the infamous manoeuvres, from which my pride and hatred preserved me. As soon as I was convinced, that this man dared to raise on me a profane look, taking counsel of my pride and anger alone, I ran to inform the king of the insult offered me. I was wrong, and have since been sensible of it, and

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I feel it now most cruelly. The count had more than once confessed his passion for me, and I had not resented it; I had even mixed, with the railleries, with which I answered him, some consolations, but I did not hate the count; whereas, by a fatal chance, I experienced at the very sight of the duke a strong antipathy.

Louis XVI. whose loving soul was disguised under a blunt exterior, and a want of politeness, had no sooner heard of the duke's audacity than he flew in a rage. Every mean appeared to him justifiable to punish the culprit; at times he determined to abandon him to the vengeance of the law; at others he wished to punish him in an arbitrary manner; but reflecting, that the duke's offence was not of the resort of the tribunal; too indulgent to punish, as a premeditated crime, the effervescence of passions, he merely exiled him from court, and removed from my sight the imprudent man, who had outraged me. The duke was exiled to Villers-Cotterets.

Had he been wiser, and less passionate, he must have received this slight punishment as a mark of in-

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dulgence, the means of repentance; but whether this incident unfolded the vicious principles, which ulcerated the heart of this prince, whether ambitious friends and perfidious courtiers improved this opportunity to accelerate a commotion long premeditated, attempted at times, and arrested by the very indolence of government; whether, in fine, Providence had marked this epoch, as that of the most memorable revolution effected among men since the establishment of the social compact; it was at Villers-Cotterets, that the duke of Orleans meditated, prepared, and determined our destruction.

Since the middle of the eighteenth century, renowned among the most celebrated, man's mind, agitated by writings, in which, his rights were discussed and the duties of government defined, in which all the difficulties of the social compact were resolved, has manifested a strong tendency towards liberty. My brother Joseph, who said, *that he was a royalist by trade*, was not at all opposed to the new doctrines; and if I must confess it, had I not been a queen, I should have been pleased with them. Because the theory of in-

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dependence, so seducing, when asserted by the pen of the Rousseaus and the Mablys, is very different from the sanguinary practice of anarchy; because, notwithstanding the observations of those, who superficially or negligently skim the surface of things, nothing is so heterogeneous with true philosophy as *jacobinism*, and that a madman only can put Marat and Montesquieu on a level.

But what preserved me early from the contagion of the age was not so much my personal situation, as that in which I was placed relative to the duke of Orleans. He was escorted by unworthy heirs, or rather by the spoliators of this philosophic age; I felt the necessity of surrounding myself, and, in fact, I rallied round me the persons the most attached to the ancient opinions. He had descended to popularity, had in a manner proclaimed himself the defender of the national rights; from that moment my pride increased, and I held public independence in abhorrence. I was influenced by that motive also, which leads one to adopt an object, not so much for the interest

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which it creates, as for the hatred inspired by those who despise it.

I can fix this date as the commencement of the persecution, sometimes open, and sometimes concealed, but always active, which the duke d'Orleans fomented against me and my husband. He had been for some time recalled by the king from his exile; he had left Villers-Cotterets, and had appeared at court, and I had made an effort to give him a favourable reception. I concealed under the mask of indifference the aversion, with which he had inspired me; he also veiled, under that of decorum, attention, and respect, the hatred fermenting in his bosom against me; this state of mutual distrust and dissimulation did not suit the pride of my character; I often betrayed myself by those plain traits, which, by the impulsion of truth, spring from the soul unawares; they were not favourable to the duke, who recorded them in silence, and resolved inwardly to pay me for them at some future day.

The revolutionary volcano, collecting for some time past, began to roar and disgorge, its irruption immedi-

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ately followed, and was dreadful in its progress. It manifested itself in the Parisian insurrection of July 12th. which determined, with the rapidity of lightning, that of all France. The despotic power of the ministers was annihilated, the monarch's authority seemed to survive, and to inherit their attributes ; I saw the moment, when, treading on the footsteps of Richelieu, the constituent assembly had only stripped the ancient institutions of their superfluous riches to provide for the indispensable necessity of the crown. But whatever may have been the causes of so sudden a change, our mortal enemy improved them ; he soon made them serviceable to his own elevation, and to our destruction.

The new events had in some particulars been favourable to count d'Artois ; the necessity of concerting the interest of the kingdom and of our house, presented my brother in law with an opportunity of seeing me oftener, and induced me to make use of a familiarity, which flattered his love at the same time that it was deceived. For some days secret assemblies, composed of the king and a few faithful subjects,

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met at my apartments to deliberate on the approaching crisis. The count lively, witty, of a rapid genius, and a fertile imagination, always opened the most favourable counsels; and even, I know not through what dexterity, for which I could not forbear to give him credit, he mixed with the gravity of political discussions, a degree of passion and gallantry, manifestly intended for me, but which those who heard him, supposed to be the natural sallies of an adorned mind.

One evening, when I retired from one of those assemblies, I received an anonymous letter, without a date, and from an unknown hand, which requested me, in the name of the duke of Orleans, to grant a private and secret audience. It was on Saturday; I was requested as a sign of approbation to shew myself in the gallery of the chapel with a crescent of diamonds on my hair. I was warned that if the contents of this billet were divulged, a terrible vengeance should be exercised on the persons dearest to me, for his treason. I began to conceive what excessive crimes the duke would perpetrate to obtain his favour-

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ite object; should I expose myself by granting his request, said I to myself, I will arrest his wicked career, screen myself from the most poignant sorrow, and avert from the empire an irreparable loss, since, no doubt, the villain would have executed his vengeance on my children.

Having appeared at the king's mass with the sign required in the billet, I observed the duke's countenance, which expressed nothing to unravel his designs. He came to pay me his respects as usual; but his looks, his gestures, his deportment left me in the same suspense.

At the appointed hour, I heard a scratching at the door of my apartment, I was seized with a sudden chill, but of short duration, and I was not able to open immediately. I was not a little astonished, when, having admitted the person, who requested an audience, I recognised, instead of the duke of Orleans, the celebrated Madame de ****** !

She presented herself with decency and dignity, with downcast eyes, advancing slowly in religious silence, she waited until I was seated, before she would

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sit down, and among several seats, which I pointed out to her, she had the modesty to select a stool; I then introduced the conversation, by inquiring into the motives of this solicited interview, and the form under which it was presented. Mrs. de ****** answered what follows.

"Were I addressing another woman than the queen, I should make use of those insinuating expressions, which are the eulogium of those, who employ them, and the satire of those, to whom they are addressed. To attain the end, which I propose, I should not neglect to employ the language of adulation so flattering in every mouth, and always victorious on the lips of a woman, who flatters another. I would extol the genius, the graces, the charms of such a person, and I should obtain, by an address humiliating for the weakness of her, who would compel me to adopt it, a victory, which I wish to owe to reason alone. Let your majesty cease then to be astonished at what preceded, and at the circumstances, which accompany my embassy; I was afraid by recurring to ordinary means, that it would have proved a vain attempt.

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Your majesty will be convinced, that the highest admiration, I dare even say, a deep and sincere attachment, which I profess for your august person inspires me.....

" Before I submit to the queen the plan, on which I shall fix her attention, I must, to dissipate a remnant of scruple, reflect, that I address the most celebrated woman of the age, the living image of that Maria Theresa, whose title of queen is the least qualification, effacing the eclat of the throne by that of her genius and of her heroic character, and who, without it, would have been still the greatest woman of the age. So many eminent qualities embolden me to submit, to your majesty, a vast project, it is worthy her approbation, and she will know how to justify it.

" Your majesty is convinced and the whole world assert, that Louis XVI. whose private virtues excite universal homage, is incapable of holding the reins of administration. They are loose and uncertain in his weak hands, and yet the car of government, drawn by unrestrained steeds, rolls with a frightful rapidity on the brink of an abyss. Shaken to its foundation the

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fabric of state is about to crumble on all sides; in a moment of general desolation, when one single shock may decide the fall of monarchy, what hand shall guide it? To prevent disasters, to ward off imminent dangers, great men are necessary; where are they? The political sphere is falling; but I do not behold the shoulders of Atlas to support it.

"But what do I say, Madame?.....Your majesty lives, and my country has nothing to fear.

"Yes, Madame, to you is reserved the immortal honour of saving the empire. It belongs to me to point the means. You will find them indispensable, if the blood of the Cesars, this generous and proud blood inflames your heart, you will find them just because they are necessary.

"If the fundamental laws of the kingdom, rendered more sacred by the dust of ages, had not excluded personally females from the sovereign power, I should tell the queen, let your majesty sit on the throne, let her encircle her head with a diadem, and wield the sceptre, I answer for the obedience of the nation. But among this nation apparently fickle and volatile, the

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constitutions of the ancient monarchy are revered; they form, as it were, the basis of the useful prejudices, by which is propped the authority of the kings, under which the people are chained. In order, therefore, that a woman may arrive at the supreme authority, she must place between herself and the people a sacred medium. Thus have done, with as much skill as success, the Fredegondes, the Brunehaults, Ann of Bavaria, queen Blanche, Catherine de Medicis, and of late Ann of Austria. It is what the destinies call upon Maria Antoinette to repeat."....Here I started with fear and surprise, and on my opening my lips to answer Madame de ******, she stopped me with a gesture, and continued in these words.

"I entreat your majesty not to judge of a project of this importance from these preliminary notions, and to deign to hear it fully unfolded.

"The extreme popularity of the duke of Orleans is known to your majesty, whether he acquired it by his familiarity, his profusion, or even by his vices, is a thing unnecessary to explain here. He is in posses-

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sion of it, Madame; that is not questioned; he is determined to enjoy it, and that is not less certain.

"Yes, the duke is determined to reign, or rather they have persuaded him, that he must reign; and those, who have thus advised him, have means to convince him of it. He must choose between the throne and death, if he does not reign, he must die; whether he reigns or falls, his counsellors will reign.

"But those, who surround him, esteem and admire the queen. Her great soul subjugates them as completely, as the weakness of her husband makes them revolt, which proves, that the ambition of subjects owes its origin to the weakness of monarchs.

"For a long time the duke has adored you, at this instant, he feels happy to be enabled to lay a crown at your feet; if you refuse it, you cannot prevent him from obtaining it; and, if he does not obtain it, his mighty party will govern without the queen.

"All is ready for the execution of this vast design. The raging fermentation of the public mind, the pusillanimity of the court, the immobility of the army, the king's effeminacy, all facilitate the project.

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Tomorrow, Madame, five hundred thousand voices will proclaim the sovereignty of the duke, and your own; or tomorrow, the duke reigns alone, and you are annihilated."

Madame de ****** had ceased to speak and I was listening still. Her audacity more than her project had suspended my faculties. I was seized, as it were, with an intellectual spasm, which benumbed my mind. A crowd of contrary thoughts filled my head, and I could not recover from my confusion. Who was this woman speaking like a queen to the queen herself? With what character was she invested? Who could justify her inconceivable boldness, her anticipated power? I heard an internal voice answering those questions; the soul, which can govern itself, governs others also, when it attempts it. To vanquish one's passions, to command one's emotions, to create opportunities and improve them, to chain fortune to its wheel rendered immoveable, and to dictate to destiny, such are the rights, which give the throne, and that is reigning.

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Madame de ******, attributing, at least in part, to its true cause, that is to the stupefaction imposed on my genius by her own, that silence, which I could not break, improved it to resume her discourse. I comprehend your majesty's silence, said she, and I see through your surprise. You compare the new idea, which I have now given you of my character with that, which you received from my writings ; the queen finds in the comparison a shocking contrast. She cannot reconcile without difficulty the modest author and the ambitious woman in the same individual. Madame, I might answer your majesty, that my books and my projects are the offspring of distinct faculties, that my mind produced the former and my heart the latter ; that thus my pen alone is religious and philosophical, whilst my soul burns with the most devouring passions. I shall maintain this system by the examples of a crowd of celebrated men, who have exhibited in their works the combinations of their minds, rather than the affections of their hearts. Corneille painted the sublime souls of Cinna and

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Cornelia; the true Molière gave the picture of Tartuffe; and the tender Crebillon held to view the ferocious heart of Atreus. But I will not profane by dissimulation the audience granted me by your majesty, the time and place, at which it is granted; I shall confess, that I have left in my writings the leaven of my morals, and that without descanting on a subject foreign to that, of which I treat, the eye of an attentive and reflecting reader will easily discover what I advance. Your majesty knows, that strong souls experience strong passions; but, that the best proof, which they can give of their energy, is less to succeed in subduing them, than in concealing them !.....

Madame de ****** arose. However imprudent she was in revealing her plot, however rash her expressions, the tone employed to impart it seemed to have softened the whole. Until then, I had listened with more astonishment than tranquillity; her last phrase, which I presumed to be a trait directed against my daily imprudences, led me into another. The excess of my surprise had supplied dignity, and Madame de ****** might have considered my silence as

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the effect of disdain ; the severe allusion she had just made extorted an exclamation. Have you spoken enough, said I to her haughtily, will you fatigue my ears much longer with the confession of your past crimes, and the recital of your future criminal intentions ? Were I to listen to my resentment and to justice, you would not leave this palace without receiving the chastisement justly due to your insolent audacity. But I will shew you the most absolute contempt, and, since you ally some greatness to much corruption, you are sufficiently punished. Carry back my answer to him who sent you, let him wonder more at my moderation, than at his own boldness. I had pronounced these words with a smothered rage, which was in absolute contradiction with them. With an imperious gesture I pointed the door to Madame de ****** ; but before she left me she retreated two paces, and lifting on me her eyes expressive of wonder and pity, she said to me ; I come to confide in your own hands the thread of your destiny ; am I to be blamed, if having an opportunity to ameliorate it, and of giving it more lively colours, you choose the

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sable mantle of mourning ? May reflection enlighten your majesty ! when you understand your interest better, you will better appreciate this interview, you will do more justice to my intentions, and eagerly adopt my proposals.

She went out and left me enveloped in the most distressing perplexity. It was no longer a tender inclination, which struggled within my breast against my duty ; it was absolute want, a thirst for reigning contesting with my most sacred obligations. Without becoming a perjured wife, shall I by a cowardly abandonment imbitter for ever the days of Louis XVI. give up his power to conspirators, his honour to disgrace ? Can I without being the most guilty of mothers forget and sacrifice the interest, the glory, and authority of my children ? To receive from the hands of the usurper a stolen crown, shall I be less criminal by this gift ? A queen without faith, a mother without tenderness, a wife without fidelity ! what confidence should I have a right to expect, what respect, what obedience could I demand of the people, who exact the more virtues from those, who com-

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mand them, that they themselves practise them least? Shall I obliterate my foreign origin by the perpetration of crimes? Can I so shamefully calumniate the house from which I sprang? But, if to obey my duties and fulfil my sacred oath, I must lose my life, what do I say? If I must quit the throne and see myself deprived of my husband and children? If, as a reward for my constancy, I am condemned to cringe the vile subject of the tyrant, whom the laws and birth have constituted my subject? Who? I! Descend from the throne? No, I must be hurled from it. I obey?.....Rather die. But why should I perish, when I can destroy my enemies? They conspire against us, let us conspire against the conspirators. Let us oppose the justice of our plot to the iniquity of theirs. Let us repay hatred with hatred, wage war for war; and, if in the honourable contest of rights against fury, of authority against rebellion, Heaven decrees my destruction, at least, I shall not die inglorious, when I fall under the ruins of the monarchy.

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I began to calculate the attack of our adversary, combining the necessary defence to be made against him, and prepared to deliberate on the subject with the king's council. It was in the beginning of October 1789; on the 4th. in the morning, a letter informed me of the precipitate flight of count d'Artois, whom some bravoes had attempted to assassinate. This incident awoke in my heart a badly subdued passion; love and hatred divided and lacerated my bosom; ambition and revenge added to the tumultuous confusion of my soul. Ye gods! What a torment to conceal within one's breast the ferment of passions, which circumstances unfold! What various agitation! What contrary desires! What opposite transports! How dearly grandeur makes us pay for the delight, which it affords! What cares surround a throne, and how enviable the fate of the labourer, who after having, during the day, furrowed the field, which contains all his hopes, returns and commands as a monarch in his thatched and peaceful cottage; how happy his fate!

The fifth of October arrived, a fatal day, followed by another still more fatal! After a painful night,

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during which I had in vain invoked sleep, it closed my eyes at last in the morning. I slept while anger intoxicated a whole people, and excited their fury against me. I slept, and one hundred thousand pikes were sharpened to stab my heart ! All of a sudden I was awakened by the confused and frightful noise of the multitude surrounding the castle ; among the continual bellowing, I distinguished the stamping of horses, the noise of great guns, the beating of drums, and sharp war whoops, rendered more terrible by the sounding of the *tocsin*. My women dishevelled, swooning, and out of breath rushed into my apartment; they cast themselves at my feet, which they bathed in tears, conjured me to save my head from the impending storm. The excess of danger gave me an excess of courage ; I will stay here, said I to my women, it must be on my bed that they assassinate me.....It is in the arms of the king near your children that you ought to die, exclaimed a voice, at whose sound I recognised Madame de ****** ; it was herself. No trouble disturbed the serenity of her countenance, while giving this counsel, she seemed to give orders ;

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she added in the same tone ; the hour, which I have announced, is about to strike, Madame ; what will you do ? Half covered with a combing cloth, bareheaded, and barefooted, I ran to the door of the room ; the antichamber was filled with armed men ; an involuntary chill made me retreat ; Madame de ****** took hold of my hand dragged me after her with that superiority, which commands men and events ; she ordered the ranks to open, conducted me to my husband, and made me pass under a triple vault of bayonets. Arrived at the door of the king's room, be composed, said this woman to me, you shall not be hurt ; but remember, that it is dangerous to offend the man, who commands so many arms, and so many wills.

The details of this regicide day are known. History, the faithful recorder of temporary events, will present the great and terrible picture of a monarch, a queen, their family, and household, snatched from their palace by a seditious mob intoxicated with rage, wine, and blood, dragged as captives to adorn their horrid triumph, fed with humiliation, and pre-

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ceded, oh ! horrid trophies, by the bloody heads of their faithful guards ! ! !

Since this epoch, each public commotion in the revolution, although it often had assumed, as a pretence, the liberating of the people, was the effect of the hatred, which the revengeful duke entertained against me. I am far from involving in that, which I bore him, the multitude, who were the instruments of his vengeance. Blinded by the prestige of independence, this crowd always pursued that chimera, resembling the cloud, which Ixion embraced ; therefore, however pure might have been the intentions of a small number of republicans, as wise as energetic, whatever efforts they may have made to establish liberty, the ambitious proved more powerful ; liberty has in fact grafted despotism on anarchy. At the time I write, the sedition of the Roman *comices* agitates the people, the sanguinary tyranny of the divan is in the government ; the tribunals proscribe, the administrations confiscate, and the two greatest statesmen are Robespierre, who commands death, and Sampson, who inflicts it.

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I shall close this information with a circumstance, apparently slight, but to which I attribute partly the explosion, which overthrew the throne, and caused afterwards the imprisonment and condemnation of the prince, who filled it.

With whatever hatred we might repay that of the duke, the importance of the part, which he acted, the influence, which he exercised, had compelled us not to make him appear. Even such was the unbounded confidence of the king and his extreme goodness, that after a year's residence at Paris, the prejudices, which he entertained against this prince, were much diminished. The manner, in which he filled his mission, by means of which his exile to London had been effected, after the 6th. of October, the kind of sacrifice, which he seemed to have made of Madame de ******, by obliging her to quit France, the good intelligence restored between him and his wife, the constant respect, which he incessantly lavished upon us, every thing persuaded Louis XVI. that he had forgotten his errors, that he sincerely repented of them, and that, by a prudent and moderate conduct,

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he was determined to repair them. My aversion to the duke did not allow me to be deceived by this apparent change of sentiments in him ; I was far from sharing those of my husband in this particular. I saw nothing in the new conduct of our enemy, but another crime, which ought to be imputed to him, and for ourselves imminent danger. I should have feared less from him, had he manifested his hatred openly, and shewed less dissimulation in his pursuit to satiate his revenge.

The close watching of the minister Bertrand, who was devoted to me, over the duke's actions, gave me results, which confirmed my suspicions, and I used all my endeavours to find effectual means to remove from us the man, who excited them.

Some new symptoms of sedition manifested themselves several times from the month of September, 1791, at the time when the king accepted the new constitution, to the 20th. of August, 1792, the day on which anarchy, with a destroying foot, trampled on the monarch, and on royalty ; a day during which, by an unheard of union, the bloody cap of licentiousness

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was placed on the same head with the crown of monarchy.

Some months before, the king desirous to reorganize the navy, which had been almost destroyed by the fury of the revolution, made a promotion of admirals; whether through policy or justice, the duke of Orleans was promoted, and the minister of the department gave him official notice of his nomination. The prince appeared delighted with it; through the same minister, he requested to be permitted to present his thanks to the king and myself. You see, that he is converted, said Louis XVI. to me, as he communicated this despatch; my advice is, that he may be received graciously. Indulgence is the most victorious incitement to souls, which retain any sensibility. I invite you to shew some deference to my cousin.

On the next day the duke presented himself at the levee, but the court indignant to see him before the princes against whom he constantly conspired, gave him a mortifying reception. The courtiers crowded around him, pressed him, and squeezed him in such a manner, that he was obliged to retreat to the door.

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He came to my apartments, where the same scene was repeated, but accompanied with more disagreeable circumstances. The table was laid, when the duke appeared, a general cry warned him, that nobody should be allowed to come near the table ; as though the company had apprehended that he might poison the food. The duke enraged, retired without having an audience ; he attributed to us the insults offered him by the courtiers, swore a new and implacable hatred against us, and determined to exterminate us under the weight of a vengeance, the means of which were in his hands. He began to fulfil his oath on the 20th. of June, and accomplished it partly on the 21st. of January. Philip, prepare thy daggers, and sharpen the axe of the executioners; there are still some heads to chop, *the son of Louis XVI. exists*, and thou dost not reign !

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ELEVENTH NIGHT.

AMONG the multiplicity of causes, which have preceded the revolution, said the queen, after reading the manuscript, which I have copied, such is the cause which struck me most forcibly. I understand perfectly, that the degree of fermentation excited by the theories of the encyclopedists and economists in the public minds, rendered it impossible, that the crisis, which was to effect the change, should not sooner or later arrive, and resolve the philosophical problems, which agitated every man. But without the accidental concurrence of the king's indolence, of the rivalship existing between his brother and the duke of Orleans, without the levity, which induced me to treat slightly important affairs, and with importance the

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least serious, the epoch of innovations would not only have been retarded, but it is probable, that it would not have been stigmatized by all the vilest and most ferocious passions, engendered in society by corruption, as putrid vapors exhaled from the mud of marshes. If royalty had been preserved, its train of abuses would have been curtailed, and its appendage of utility and beneficence would have been enlarged. The fundamental laws of state, without which it resembles an edifice without foundation and cement, would have been permanently fixed. The ministerial power, circumscribed within just limits, would have become the living and responsible action of the law. Without having recourse to an impost, which galls the people, without enriching the government, by degrees, the gaps of the *deficit* would have been filled. More moderation in the diplomatic system would have created fewer rivalships, and less frequent wars. Respected abroad, happy at home, France would have become the residence of talents, virtue, and felicity. Such is, if I mistake not, the sketch of the true republican regimen, which is nothing but universal humanity, gospel like fraternity,

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diffused through the social order, which can exist even under a king, as Sparta and Rome have proved, but which could not exist without honour and virtue. Instead of this consoling picture, it is with mud and blood, that the hand of a fury, let loose against France, traces that, in which we are at once the actors, spectators, and victims. Tyranny, resembling that fatal tree, whose shade is death, has taken root in Paris amidst the ruins of a government, perhaps abusive, but easy to correct, it extends to the last acre of the French soil its murderous branches. Oh! treacherous blasphemy! this system of oppression is decorated with the title of republicanism; while the nation is in fetters, its people sing anthems in honour of liberty; the murderer stammers from his bloody lips the fraternal greeting, and the seducing name of equality is read on the frontispieces of the palaces of the despots of France! Excuse this wandering, pardon those exclamations; alas! the dying ought at least to be indulged with a groan! I resume the recital of the circumstances, which relate to me, or in which I acted a part since the death of Louis XVI.

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Two commissioners of the communes were charged with the fatal tidings. One of them was this too famous Hebert, whom nature, by one of those contradictions, which it seldom exhibits, had endowed with a furious and bloody soul, concealed under the most agreeable countenance. My children and my sister stood around me, when he and his colleagues entered my apartment. Too certain of the fate of my husband, since the eve on which we received his last embrace, we had indulged our grief and tears. Yet the hearts of the tender Elizabeth and my children still cherished a ray of hope. No, sister, said Elizabeth, the sacrilegious hand of the executioner will never dare to lay its weight on my brother. They mean to give him a glimpse of the scaffold to convince him that kings are but men; but they know, that this man, who was a king, is not guilty; they will restore him to the tenderness of his family, and I have a presentiment, that the dreadful situation, to which we are reduced, borders on the path of full consolation. Yes, our captivity will soon be at an end, and, if the grandeur of the throne does not succeed the infamy of this

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prison, at least, we shall quit it to taste the solace of a calm mediocrity. Thus did this angelic soul, incapable of harbouring crime herself, or of suspecting it in others, slumber peaceably, lulled, as it were by a fatal security. Less confident than she, I could enjoy no repose. My affrighted eye looked back on the epochs of the revolution ; I compared them to the acts of a tragedy, whose subject might be the conspiracy of the ambitious against the throne and life of a king ; we reached the catastrophe ; and to judge of the present moment by the past, all seemed to impel my husband to the scaffold ; nothing could save him. Had Orleans abjured his audacious turpitude ? Robespierre his horrid dictatorship ? The communes their proscribing despotism ? The convention its ambitious intoxication ? Had the people recovered their power ? Were they ready to hurl their tyrants to destruction ? No. Times were not changed ; far from it, the iron throne of the butchers of mankind was drenched in blood ; it would have been less solid, if that of the monarch had not cemented it.

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The presence of Hebert, even his silence confirmed my frightful presentiments. Notwithstanding the inflexibility of his adamantine heart, he could not behold, without being moved, the sister and children of his king prostrated at his feet, which they bathed in tears, reclaiming their adored father ! a dear and kind brother ! For my part, rivetted to the spot, motionless, my eyes fixed on the heavens, which I upbraided for the humiliation of my family, and the insolence of our butchers, I waited till he deigned to explain himself. He did it with more moderation than could be expected from him. But hardly had he pronounced these words ; LOUIS IS NO MORE ! when he witnessed a scene, which his own hard heart can never forget. My sister and my daughter, yielding to the excess of tenderness and of grief, fell motionless at the feet of Hebert, my son in agony sought refuge in my arms, choked with his sobs and his tears. I thought the source of mine exhausted, when I felt the agonizing drops on my withered cheek, sympathy soon gave me relief, and a shower of tears allayed the rage, which

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inflamed my whole frame. This scene, which lasted for an hour, extorted sighs from the very bravoes of our destroyers; Hebert left us indignant with the discovery, that he yet possessed a spark of sensibility.

How shall I render, what colours could express, the scene exhibited at the recovery of Elizabeth and my daughter? At first a mournful concert of groans, of piercing cries, filled our prison; we gave vent to the delirium of agony, and exhaled with imprecations the transports of our lacerated hearts. The mild Elizabeth, whose sweet disposition this parricide had altered, until then submissive, joined in imprecations with me. May, said we all, this perfidious, this cowardly city, which each instant stains with a new crime, soon be razed from the face of the universe, which it disgraces, and if the avenging sword of foreigners cannot effect its overthrow, may its internal dissentions undermine its whole foundation! May the assassins of the unfortunate monarch devour each other in their struggle for power, and may the legitimate authority, which so long secured the happiness of France, spring from their mangled and putrid carcases! Vain vows

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abjured as soon as formed, blind fury, inspired by the passions, but which reason hastens to disavow !

Our grief became less poignant, our wounds were not so sore. The melting tenderness, the caresses of my children relieved our agony, and left us a prey to our plaintive melancholy. We were still sad, but our sadness was that soft sorrow, the aliment of feeling souls ; our eyes still wept, but our tears were mingled with tender recollections. Sometimes a repartee from my son or an ingenious answer from my daughter, excited a languishing smile, like those rays of the sun piercing through a rainy cloud.

We were permitted to exercise those talents, which beguile time among our sex, those of the arts, which embellish a happy state of existence, and solace misfortune. My sister, guiding the first efforts of my son, instructed his infant pencil in retracing the image of the father, of whom he had been robbed. I taught my daughter to give vent to our melancholy by the sweet and moving sounds of her voice, in unison with her musical instruments. Often seated before a piano, forgetful of my past greatness, yielding

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to the charms of a sentimental revery, I made the trembling notes echo my sighs ; often I mingled the accents of a voice broken by severe trials, to the sounds of the instruments. My family silently listening, occasionally interrupted by sobs the following plaintive stanzas.

ROMANCE OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

Oh ! qui peut calmer de ma vie
Et les regrets et let tourments ?
Qui peut dans mon âme flétrie
Faire éclore un doux sentiment ?
C'est toi dont l'image adorée
Vit et respire dans mon cœur,
Et sous une chaine abhorrée
Me fait retrouver le bonheur.

O roi ! quand cette ignoble chaine
Chargea tes innocentes mains,
Daignas-tu reprocher ta peine
A la cruauté des destins ?
Victime de la tyrannie,
Tu tombas sous le coup mortel,
Sans trouble et sans ignominie ;
Ton échafaud fut un autel.

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Et moi, ta royale complice,
Je pourrais gémir sur mon sort!
Je craindrais l'honneur du suplice,
Et le bien d'une illustre mort?
Non ; je vivrai dans la mémoire,
Mon cœur ne fut point abattu
Sous tes bourreaux regnant sans gloire,
Ainsi qúils vivent sans vertu.

Quand, sur cette prison plaintive,
Le voile des nuits étendu
Rend à mon âme fugitive
Le doux repos quélle a perdu,
Retrace moi ta chère image
Berce moi d'une aimable erreur ;
Que j'entende encor ton langage,
Je retrouverai le bonheur.

Duhaut des cieux, sur ta famille
Veilles à jamais, ô Louis !
Ta sœur, ton épouse et ta fille
T'implorent pour un tendre fils!
Malgré les tyrans de la France,
Juste Dieu ! malgré ta rigeur,
Il est encor son espérance ;
Conserve le pour son bonheur.

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Yes, my son lived to repair the misfortunes of his country; and it was in order to form for the state a chief worthy of its sceptre, that I lavished, with maternal tenderness, the instructions of a zealous governess. He repaid me by his application and docility, he rewarded me by a premature intelligence, and successes above his years. With what pleasure and hope I observed this precious and tender plant expanding, as it were, under the influence of the warmth of my kisses; on his fate hung that of the empire, and the honour of our house. Thou shalt prove worthy of my blood, I used to say to him, pressing him on my bosom; thou shalt justify the glory of the two dynasties from whence thou sprangest. Europe, shook to its foundation, needs and expects a great man; be so, become the political saviour who shall break the chain of this shameful slavery, into which sedition has thrown France. Clovis and Charles Martel, Charlemagne and St. Louis, Henry IV. and Louis XIV. cast on thee their parental eyes, and will shade thee with their protecting wings. If thou com-

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batest, thou shalt vanquish, and in exchange for the life received from me, thou shalt restore thy mother to honour and tranquillity.

To inspire this child with great and useful sentiments, and the noble prejudices from which we promised ourselves so many advantages, we resolved, my sister and myself, to shew royalty, which according to the ancient laws of the monarchy existed in his person, all the veneration, which a magistrate so august has a right to ask, and is in the habit of receiving. But in order to impress the heart and mind of my son with a sacred and religious awe, to give his young heart a just idea of the dignity and the duties of a rank to which his birth called him, of which events had stripped him, and to which we were about to recal him, I wished that an unusual ceremony, accompanied with as much pomp as possible, might for ever consecrate its remembrance in his mind. But the deplorable situation to which we were reduced, our absolute wants, left me hardly a possibility of accomplishing my design. Our relations with you and our friends were interrupted; of all those, who during

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the life of Louis XVI. had shewn some interest for him, I had no communication but with Michonis and Toulan, whom their functions occasionally brought to the Temple; and even the last was suspected by the communes, and merely glanced at me, and was always accompanied by a colleague, who was intrusted to watch his conduct.

Michonis was the only friend left. His heart and character had been so long known to me, that I could apprehend nothing in imparting to him my intentions. He was delighted with my project; for, if he is not calculated to conceive great thoughts, or to imagine sublime projects, he is capable of entering into them with warmth, and of pursuing them with enthusiasm as well as executing them with fidelity. I shall never forget the proofs of zeal; which he gives me daily; but my son will much less forget that, of which he gave on this occasion such convincing proofs under the most perilous circumstances. He not only undertook to bring us one after another, the different objects necessary for the celebration of the solemnity, but he used every mean, made every research, that it

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might not prove an empty pomp, and that the external pageantry, which would strike my son, might be accompanied by the sacred mysteries, which might render it legitimate and profitable.

It was important to find a prelate, who to the courage of having resisted the schismatic innovations, might join that of presiding in this august, but dangerous function. This presented many difficulties, which your presence might have removed, but which finally the unbounded zeal of Michonis surmounted. He had discovered, that at some distance from Paris, in an obscure country town, the bishop of St. ******, escaped from the daggers of September, waited in peace the end of troubles, and the return of order. He called on the prelate, whom he had mentioned to me, and to whom I had written in a pressing manner. The voice of religion was united to the attachment for the blood of his master in the heart of this godly man. He accepted as an order from above the mission, which I claimed from his zeal, and the day was appointed for its fulfilment.

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Conformably to the formalities indicated by M. de Saint ******, a fast of eight days, accompanied by special prayers and daily instructions, had prepared my son to receive, from the hands of the church, the consecration of the power, which God and the French nation have intrusted to his family. His aunt and myself, after describing to him the duties incumbent on a monarch, accustomed him to receive the respect which that dignity imposes on all those who surround it. His sister had already suppressed that endearing familiarity, which nature and blood establishes among individuals in their tender years; and I was about myself to address him, less as a tender mother cherishing her child, than as a queen, who reveres her king. Sad effect of greatness! how dearly thou sellest thy fleeting favours to thy favourites, since they must pay them with the sacrifice of natural tenderness, and of the most delicious feelings in nature!

During the evening of the day preceding the restoration of a king to France, we prevailed on the dauphin to retire to his bed, so as to improve his sleep to make the necessary preparations for his con-

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secration, and in order that from an obscure bedroom, he might at once be introduced and witness the imposing magnificence of royalty.

The hour for retreat sounded, our keepers retired as usual to enjoy their slumbers, excepting an inferior, whom Michonis had been compelled to admit to his confidence, but who supposed, that by opening a door to a municipal officer, as he had sometimes done, he did nothing more than solace, by secret visits and private conversation, the horrors of our captivity.

In less than an hour, our apartment, decorated with our own hands, became a chapel, in the middle of which was placed a temporary altar. Silk hangings red and white, colours reserved to the sovereign power, covered the walls on which they were fastened in long plaits, and met in the centre of the ceiling, above a suspended canopy trimmed with gold fringe. The altar, decorated with the same liveries, bore an enamelled cross, round which a great number of wax tapers were lighted. On the right, on a small table, covered with a rich carpet, we prepared the sacred scriptures opened for the special service of anointing,

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round which we placed the royal sceptre, the hand of justice, a naked spear, and the mysterious band, which was always the first symbol of royalty. On the left upon another table, we placed a funeral urn, wrapped in crape, having above it a crown of beaming stars and lighted by a funeral lamp. The French escutcheon, partly clouded, was exhibited in a frame above the altar.

My sister, my daughter, and myself were habited in full mourning, suitable to our situation, as well as to the rending majesty of the approaching ceremony.

Some minutes before midnight, a distant noise warned us of the arrival of the consecrator. He enters, accompanied by Michonis and Toulan, who like himself seemed struck with the spectacle displayed before their eyes. But sparing of words, the prelate confined his expressions to such as were indispensable in the discharge of his ministerial duties. He assumed the sacred garb; when all was prepared, he required us in the name of the Lord of hosts, and the God of nations, to awake and lead to the foot of the altar *my lord the Dauphin*.

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He slept in peace. Gazing on his innocent and undisturbed countenance, tracing back the circumstances, which had led to this, my eyes were soon filled with tears. Thou sleepest, whispered my heart, in spite of the executioners, who premeditate thy death, notwithstanding the wicked satellites, which surround thy couch, in spite of the bolts, which secure thee, thou relishest, in the calm of thy soul, and innocence of thy years, an undisturbed sleep! Yet we are about to deprive thee of that rest, to place thee on a throne. Alas! it is for the happiness of thy people, it is for thy own, that we are going to crown thee! May Heaven realize our hopes, and hear our vows! May it avert from thee the misfortunes, which threaten thee. Be more a king than thy father, and above all be less unfortunate. I wept bitterly, and so did my sister. All of a sudden, in a transport of love and grief, I leaned over the face of my son, which I covered with kisses; he awoke and seemed surprised, then extending his arms, he dispelled my fears, soothed me, and repaid my caresses; I found additional strength in his; I felt my soul enlarged, and elevated at the

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thought, that I should soon in reality be the mother of a king. The delusion of pride and tenderness represented him to me surrounded by a brilliant court, dictating his wise decrees from the throne, on which my cares have placed him. At that moment, I informed him of his new destiny, and invited him to render himself worthy of it; he was not astonished, but expressed his gratitude. He seemed to think the restoration of his throne the mere acquittal of a just debt. His sable dress was changed for robes, whose whiteness announced his innocence. His flaxen locks hung loose upon his shoulders; he walked between his mother and his aunt, and entered the chapel with devotion, a mild joy, mingled with a spark of pride, spread his countenance.

The venerable prelate waited only for his presence to commence the celebration of the sacred mysteries. He introduced it by reminding us to offer, to the supreme Moderator of all things, the memory of my illustrious and unfortunate husband. Our sighs united with the prayers of the worthy minister, and our tears seasoned his offering. The sacrifice was interrupted

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to sanctify by the ceremonies of the church the dignity vested in my son. Presented by his mother and supported by his sister, he approached the altar and kneeled respectfully. The prelate received the orisons, which were answered by my son and the assistants in a low and solemn voice. After prayers, the usual tokens were given, and the ablutions and the sacred anointing performed. While my son received the last, the minister clothed him with the royal insignia ; finally, after placing the diadem on his brow, he addressed him thus;

" Prince, it is in the name and in the presence of the living God; it is by the supreme command of the queen, your mother, that I confer on you, by the authority of the church, the consecration of that power, which your birth, the fundamental laws of the monarchy, and the will of the people, have transmitted to you. Use it only for the happiness of your subjects, for the triumph of christian virtues, and your own glory. Providence, which no doubt reserves you for high destinies, decreed, that you should receive a crown in the same prison, where the king your father had lost it.

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Prince, behold your throne, and behold his monument. As you ascend the one, hear the voice issuing from the other; it is that of an ever cherished shade; it says to you, my son, be my true, my worthy heir, by using thy power in securing public felicity. I have bequeathed it to the people, execute this will, so dear to my heart. Repair injuries with mildness and prudence, redress abuses without enthusiasm, punish crimes without irritation. But oh! my son, revere, love, and protect virtue. Modest and tranquil, it inhabits cottages oftener than palaces. Dare to seek it, the reward of the toil will be the finding of it. Avoid flatterers, who might corrupt thy youth and innocence. Cast off from thee those, who might excite thee to revenge or injustice. Be indulgent to errors; be indulgent, when thou alone shalt have been offended; be moderate in thy words, thy conduct, even in thy thoughts. Give a day to justice, but consecrate thy life to humanity. Prince, behold the sacred book of the gospel, on which you are about to swear to make the people happy. Behold the sceptre, which must not be stretched out, but in the name of the

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laws, and for public interest. Behold the hand of justice inseparable from it, in order to demonstrate, that sovereign power is a nullity without equity. Behold the august crown, the revered symbol of the supreme magistracy; it stamps on your brow a sacramental and indelible character. Finally, behold the sword, which you ought to draw but against the internal and external enemies of the state. Let it impress the people with more awe, and seldom inflict wounds on them, but above all, let it watch the safety of good men!" At these words, the prelate, after having girded the sword round my son, led him to the back part of the chapel, which being thrown open shewed an elevated seat, which the young monarch ascended. Hardly was he seated, when the minister fell at the feet of his new master; we also fell on our knees, and the mother became the subject. The cloud, which obscured the lustre of the Lilies, disappeared; the name of Louis XVII. shone resplendent, and was echoed by every one. What sweet tears I shed during this memorable night! Fortunate mother, I forgot that I was an unhappy widow; the illusory triumph of

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the new king consoled me for the real misfortune of his father.

M. de Saint ****** prepared to close the sacrifice. He had not done, when a confused but alarming noise excited our fears. The following incident would appear romantic in any other narration but my own, and, even in mine, it appears improbable, yet it is not less true.....The noise augmented, seemed nearer, the outside doors of my apartment were thrown open, we gathered round the king. The last door yielded, and, to my inexpressible surprise, I recognised, in the individual preceded by a municipal officer, the eternal persecutor of our race, the infamous duke d'Orleans!

At this aspect I flew towards the throne with an intention to defend my son. But already the young king had drawn his sword, and on the contrary offered to defend me. Elizabeth and my daughter stepped before us, the prelate and our faithful commissaries advanced to question the duke. It is easier to imagine than to depict, the singular and complicated expression visible in the duke's countenance, at once

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affected by astonishment, spite, fury, and a mixture of hideous vengeance and ferocity, which baffles all description.

The stupor, which this unexpected spectacle had produced in him, had reduced him to silence. He cast around his wild looks, and occasionally fixed them with fear on the monarch. Well, tyrant, said I to him, dost thou acknowledge him? It is my son, the only legitimate heir of the king, whom thou hast sacrificed. In spite of thy janizaries, of thy executioners, my son breathes; he is a king; yes, monster, thou hast assassinated Louis XVI. and if thou thirstest after the blood of another king, stab this, for he is Louis XVII. But what do I say? Thou wilt not have that barbarous courage, the instant of his death would be the downfal of tyranny. Seduced by thy hypocritical respect for the laws, misled by the enthusiasm, with which thou intoxicatest them, the people, who saw my husband expire on a scaffold, think he was guilty; but can they account guilty a tender child, who knows his life only by his misfortunes?.... Philip, contemplate this place, it is replete with thy crimes and my calam-

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ities. It is here, in this room, that the king dethroned by thy perfidy spent long days of grief, and still sweeter for him than those spent among his courtiers, since thou wast among them. Dost thou see this table ? It was almost wholly under my direction, that he began this immortal will, which secures his glory, and fixes opprobrium on his persecutors. He forgave thee, cruel man, thou hast murdered him !..... Thou shudderest, tremble more, wretch, in beholding this funeral urn, a sad monument of the grief of his widow, of the tenderness of his sister, of the piety of his children ! Knowest thou that this urn contains the precious remains of his mortal spoils ? Behold the last writing of his hand, his last farewell. Behold his hair cut by the executioner, and preserved by a faithful hand. Behold his portrait, Philip, look at it, if thou darest. These are the features beaming with goodness, this mouth, which rendered so many humane decrees, and hardly knew the word severity. But it is now armed against thee, usurpator, it says, I have forgiven thee my death, but never

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the robbery, which thou didst commit on my son. My son is king by the grace of God, the will of the people; descend from the throne, give way to thy master, and fall prostrate!

The duke affrighted wished to answer; he muttered some unintelligible words. Let us go, said he, to his guide, darting on my son and on me a frightful look. Being left alone, Toulan did not conceal from us, that we had provoked a new tempest on our devoted heads, but as danger approached, our courage increased with it; the prelate did not leave us without pouring on us with the blessing from Heaven, the hope, which consoles, and the strength which supports.

On the next day, some moments after the rising of the king, the commissioner on guard gave me a letter written in the following terms.

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LETTER OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS TO THE QUEEN.

(VOUCHER, No. 20.)

" MADAME,

" Anger only serves to blind those, who yield to it, and sometimes provokes the vengeance of those, against whom it is manifested. That, which agitated your majesty yesterday, rendered it impossible for me to communicate the object of my visit. That kind of enchantment, which possessed you in consequence of a ceremony, certainly delusive, and yet dangerous, did not permit you to hear me. I excuse the transports of your majesty; you cannot forget that you were a queen, and believe yourself the mother of a king. Your majesty knows the heart of men too well, the passions which agitate them, and the train of things, not to know, that the true king is he, who commands, and that the son of Louis XVI. in prison is but an illustrious slave. You are a slave yourself, Madame; I am sorry to remind you of it. But I only do it to give you an opportunity to forget, that you ever were so. Be the umpire of your own des-

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tinies. I say more, pronounce that of your family and of your house. Let us bind by the ties of an hymen, on which public happiness depends, those of the blood already relaxed between you and me. I shall not mention my love, time may have extinguished it; your rigors have repulsed me, and your situation does not allow me to make new professions. But, if decency does not permit the language of tenderness, it is proper to watch over your safety. I must not conceal, that serious measures, in contemplation, will affect it, they may even involve your family. To obey a high-mindedness in some respects estimable, but very ill-timed, will you sacrifice what you hold dearest in life? Life, liberty, opulence, and greatness have wherewith to tempt. I cannot perceive, that humiliation, misery, slavery, and perhaps something worse, can be preferable to them. I desire earnestly that your majesty may be of the same opinion, and I entreat you to return the original of this letter, with an answer. I have the honour to be, Madame, &c.

"L. Ph. Egalite."

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I copied this insolent epistle, and answered the wretch, who dared to write it, in these words.

ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING LETTER.

(VOUCHER, No. 21.)

"There can be no common interest between the widow of the sovereign, and his rebellious subject. Let him threaten; let him strike; she knows no how to yield, and knows how to die."

Some days elapsed before any material change took place in my situation, except that Toulan and Michonis did not return to the Temple, and were succeeded by some municipal officers unknown to me. The appearance and watchfulness of my new guardians would have augmented my troubles, had I not had, to soften my captivity, the presence and the caresses of my children, the cares and friendship of my sister. My hopes, besides, were awakened by the ceremony, of which Charles had been the object, and the delusion, which charmed my ears, embellished my dreams also.

This deceiving calm foreboded a tempest; I slept in security to awake in the horrors of the storm.

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I knew well, that the war, enkindled during my husband's life, had since his death extended its ravages far and wide. The existence of the coalition acquired strength from its successes; the republic had been defeated in several actions, and some fortified places were in the hands of the enemy. All those circumstances nourished my hope; I was far from wishing the subjugation of the nation, over which Louis XVI. had reigned, which I thought my son born to command, but I earnestly wished for the humiliation, even for the chastisement of this proud government, as mean as cruel, which had instituted crimes to remedy abuses, and consolidated its authority by murders.

By a contradiction, which the nature of anarchy explains sufficiently, being in the practice of conciliating opposite principles, while opinions were tried before a tribunal, and people killed for thinking, the liberty of the press, carried to licentiousness, gave itself full latitude; not only the private life and morality of the governors, but the public reverses were amply discuss-

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ed. I learned them daily by the voice of a public crier of newspapers sent by Michonis. This man, placed near the ramparts of the tower, repeated three times distinctly the news of the day, and his Stentorian voice *emphasised* strongly those, which might interest me.

One night, after hearing the account of the conspiracy, which was projected to deliver to prince de Condé all the northern frontier, I was combining the results of such an event, when I was interrupted in my flattering conjectures by a loud noise at my door. It opened immediately, and my room was filled with armed men and lighted torches ; among them I distinguished three commissioners invested with scarfs. I sprang and inquired what was the matter. It is, answered a municipal officer, a decree of the committee of public safety, which we come to communicate, and we hope, Madame, that you will submit with resignation. Another magistrate handed me a decree ; it ordered that my son should be separated from me to be put under the guardianship of a shoemaker called *Siman*, whom the communes had appointed as his

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governor. Think of the grief, the agony, and the delirium of a mother bereaved of her only consolation, in the depth of her misfortunes! Without reflecting on my disordered condition, I rushed into my son's cabinet; he slept sweetly. One of the commissioners followed me, and endeavoured to persuade me. I had lost all my pride; I was a mother; I implored the pity of my keepers; I owe them this testimony, they appeared moved, so much have the voice of nature and the accents of despair the empire over the human heart, even the most ferocious. But being the agents of tyranny, they would have become its victims, if they had refused their services. However, my son awoke; the sight of torches and of arms, far from intimidating him, seemed to give him a fiercer air. He at first mistook the visit, which I received, and advancing towards the officers, he asked them firmly of what his mother had been guilty; then looking me in the face, and observing me in tears, he could no longer restrain his own, and casting himself in my arms, he sobbed bitterly. I pressed him on my bosom, unable to express my feelings, but by my sighs

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and agony. But, when I had recovered strength enough to manifest by other signs the distress of my soul; barbarians, exclaimed I, will you be cruel enough to rob me of the only treasure, which renders my life supportable? Was it not enough to massacre my husband? Do you wish to murder my child, my son, whose tender years, whose moving graces, whose beauty, and above all, whose innocence would melt the most obdurate hearts! The savages respect the love of a mother for her offspring; ferocious animals feel its force, the tyger is softened at the sight of his young sucking his dam; will you be more cruel than tygers, more insensible than the Caribbees? Are all the sentiments of nature extinguished in your souls? Is there not among you a man who is a father? Are ye not all so? What would you do, what would you say, if you were robbed of your children? Ah! how frightful, how abominable is that patriotism, which fills your mind, if it shuts your heart against pity! Love and serve your country, but despise not, outrage not nature. They were silent, and dared not lift up their eyes; I even thought some of them melted into tears. They revived my

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hopes and humbled my pride. Oh! maternal love! melting sentiment, which renders us capable of every sacrifice! Yes, the queen of France, the daughter of Maria Theresa, fell down before vile satellites, her persecutors! My son followed my example; his tears mingled with those of his mother, bathed the hands stained with the blood of his father, and of my husband! You weep, said I to them in that accent, which the mother alone, speaking in favour of a beloved child, could give; you weep; Oh! suppress not those honourable tears; blush not to be men; yield, yield to the voice of humanity. The son of a king, a queen is at your feet; they do not blush, though they suffer; judge of the torment, which you prepare, by the humiliation to which I submit! They were inexorable. The chief of the escort ordered, that to stop this trying scene my son should be removed; I uttered a piercing shriek; the child affrighted flew to my arms; I seized him with the convulsions of rage and despair; but nature yielded to such repeated efforts, and I fainted. When I recovered my senses, I found myself on my bed, surrounded by my sister and my

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daughter in tears. They kissed me tenderly; but I had lost my son, their caresses no longer affected me, I only received them.

Some days after I was removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie. I received this stroke with apathy. It reached my sister and my daughter only. For my part, I descended into this abyss without trouble, without joy, and without grief. It was long before I recovered the power of shedding tears. Should a woman have any, after exhausting their source for her husband and her son.

END OF THE THIRD VOL.

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THE

MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

J. J. REGNAULT WARIN,

AUTHOR OF

ROMEO AND JULIET, THE CASTLE OF STROZZI, &c.

TRANSLATED

BY SAMUEL MACKAY, A. M.

EX-PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN WILLIAMS' COLLEGE.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms,
"And startles thousands, with a single fall."....*Young.*

VOL. IV.

Boston;

PUBLISHED BY HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE AND BLISS,
NO. 8, STATE STREET,
AND AT THEIR OFFICE IN CHARLESTOWN.

1809.

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THE

MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD.

ELEVENTH NIGHT.

MADAME, said I to the queen, when she had ended her discourse; amid the innumerable adversities, which have assailed you, and which still overwhelm you, it is a great consolation, that you can calmly look back on your conduct. I will grant with your majesty, that you might have tempered your actions, your pursuits, and your speeches, with a more scrupulous reserve, as much for your own interest, as through a deference for the opinion of men, who generally judge

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of things from their appearance. But those errors excepted, I see nothing to reprehend in your majesty's conduct. Amidst all the dangers and trials, to which it has pleased Providence to make you submit, you have displayed a magnanimous character, the most proper to oppose to events. Heroic woman, generous princess, you have been alike the model of wives, and of mothers. I revere your majesty too much to allow myself to dwell on your praise; I admire your great soul too much to offer you consolations; you find resources in your soul, like the sun, that receives its aliment from itself. Yet, Madame, though it is great to disdain an undeserved death, why should it be forbidden to defend one's life against assassins? Your majesty does not suppose, that it would be courageous to yield her life to a set of highwaymen in a forest. Your stars have literally placed you in that situation; reason, true philosophy, the precepts, which you follow without professing particular dogmas, religion, which you are so worthy of hearing and cherishing, a thousand as powerful motives, bid you resist. I entreat you to do it, in the

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name of all attentive Europe, in the name of all feeling hearts in France! I command you in the name of Heaven; whatever may be the result of the struggle, should even your majesty fall, it will not be without glory for you, and everlasting confusion for your persecutors. But, no Madame, my lord Fitz-Asland's negotiations will not be ineffectual; the dignity, the interest of the European powers is interested in preventing another regicide; and although I wish not to lull you into a perfidious security, I dare predict, that your majesty will again see and embrace your sister and your children.....I have no objection to believe it, answered she in a melancholy tone, but I no longer hope for it, at least, on this side of the grave.....Michonis returned, his presence recalled to my mind, that I had not come to hear a narration, but to advise on the means to guard the princess against the dangers, which threatened her. But the two hours granted by the officer were almost elapsed, besides his return had produced a scene, which though simple was not less moving, and prevented a possibility of the queen's listening to me.

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After the death of Louis, when his children resided with their mother, young Charles had obtained the indulgence of rearing a puppy to amuse his captivity. This animal, at the same time that it was a source of pleasure to the children, contributed to the diversion of the mother. She had named it *Fidèlta*, and it justified its name by its attachment and its friendly sports. When Charles was forced from his mother, *Fidèlta*, who fain would have followed his master, found consolations in the friendly cares of the queen. When she was removed from the Temple, the dog had found means to follow unobserved the carriage of the ill fated princess. Arrived at the door of the prison, the cruel keeper had driven him off. Every day since that time, he had presented himself under these fatal vaults, and expressed his grief by his howlings; a less inhuman turnkey had provided for him. Today having seen Michonis go by, he recognised him instantly, and manifested his joy with the greatest agitation; the officer satisfied to be able to cause an agreeable surprise to the queen, had eagerly brought *Fidèlta* to her. Nothing was more moving than this scene;

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the animal after manifesting, by barking loud, by the wagging of his tail, and by his frantic gambols, all the pleasure, which he felt, exhausted with his exertions, laid panting at the feet of the queen, and fixed his eyes on those of his mistress, which were filled with tears. You see him, said she, it is not the queen he flatters, but an unfortunate woman, whom he loves. What a lesson, what an example for the ingratitude of men!

We left her; a sentiment of joy, which was visible on the face of Michonis, astonished, and induced me to ask him what produced it. There is no need of any more planning, answered he; dispel all fears, fate and our friends serve us wonderfully. When I left you I met Toulan, who pierced through these walls to communicate to me a letter, which he received from your pupil.....From my dear Edwin?.....From himself, it announces important despatches, now probably at your lodgings.....Let us hasten to go, and read them.....And they contain the life, the liberty of the queen!.....The life and liberty of the queen!.....Can it be possible? Great God!.....M. Michonis, do you not

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abuse yourself ?.....You will see.....We hurried home ; no letter ! They had not been carried through this part of the town. We waited an eternal hour for them. Finally the letter carrier appeared. Among several packets directed to me, I knew not the hand of my pupil, but that of his father ; I broke the seal in haste.....One, two, three epistles !.....I wish I could devour them all at once ; at last glancing over one of them from my lord, I read these consoling words ; "In consequence of the function, which you discharge near the king, and of the confidence, which it is known his family repose in you, it is probable, that you will be called upon by the French government to aid them to exercise, towards the queen, a great act of justice. An extraordinary courier carries to the committees of the convention the proposals of England and Austria united ; they are so advantageous to the French government, that we cannot doubt, but they will be accepted, and that the life and liberty of the queen are secured." Oh ! infinite goodness of Providence ! what sincere thanksgiving I breathed before thee in the enthusiasm of my joy and gratitude !

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I wished to have assuaged the queen's wounds on the same evening, by pouring on them the consoling balm of this happy intelligence ; the municipal officer was of my opinion. But to his great astonishment, as well as mine, when he presented himself to the door, he was denied admittance, under the pretence of a new countersign, which prevented any admission. This incident, which led me to deep reflections, would have made us very unhappy, without the hopes excited in our hearts by the despatches of Lord Fitz-Asland. Michonis supposed this incident to be a mere mistake, which could be easily rectified. Two days elapsed without my receiving any tidings, either from the communes, or from government. Michonis himself did not even give me a sign of his existence. I dared not by my eagerness manifest the interest, which I felt for the queen's fate ; it was sufficiently known ; a zealous indiscretion might have been injurious. I waited therefore patiently, but not without anxiety. My trouble augmented, when at the close of the next day, the evening papers informed me of the arrest of

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Michonis, Toulan, and the other members of the municipality. I turned pale, while reading this fatal news, not so much on account of the danger, in which the new proscribed list involved me, as on account of the influence, which it would have on the fate of Maria Antoinette; for I had no doubt, that the affection, which they had vowed to, and manifested for that princess, by the services, which they attempted to render her, was the cause of their detention. It might however have been for fear of their ascendancy over the public mind during the trial, but then, what would become of the delusive hope awakened by my friend's letters?

While I was perplexed with those alarming reflections, an agent of the committee of public safety was introduced into my house, and shewed me an order, which required my immediate presence. I thought myself involved in the measure, which inveloped the municipal officers, and I followed my leader in silence.

Curiosity is awakened, reflections crowd, and the mind is divided between fear and admiration, at this

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famous name of committee of general safety. It produced on me the same effects. I thought I was about to appear before those men inebriated with blood and power, who held in their hands the life and death of the citizens, and the existence and destruction of the empire. What would they do with me, a feeble atom floating in the revolutionary atmosphere? Those, who by the knitting of their brow shake the foundations of thrones, will not spare the insect, that stings their heel; I should certainly be crushed under their disdainful feet.

What was my surprise, in entering the hall of their deliberations, to find those proud dictators seated, citizen like, round a table, on which they for the most part wrote, and some, after asking liberty, read reports. Until then the idea of power was in my mind associated with that of majesty; I corrected this error, being now convinced, that it was possible for these members to move the puppet man, and the whole world, though they were clothed in the garb of merchants' clerks.

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An old man, whose grey hair, bald head, and severe aspect, made him look like destiny presiding over the committee, bid me draw near, calling me by name, and spoke to me in the following terms.

"The government prefers the frankness of a royalist to the dissimulation of false republicans. We know, that thou hast devoted thy affections, and thy services to the Capet family; but as we are convinced, that thy intention was to be useful to them, without injuring us, we do not account thy conduct criminal; on the contrary, we shall this day give thee proofs of the confidence, which we repose in thee.

"Thou knowest, that an infamous treason delivered into the hands of the house of Austria, several representatives of the people, some ambassadors, and generals. The emperor, yielding to the wishes of England, transmitted by that power to the court of Vienna, proposes to exchange those representatives for the prisoners shut up in the Temple. This project was sent to the senate by the minister residing in the Swiss republic, and the government have deliberated upon it.

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"But the secret of our politics is in our strength, and our diplomacy is victory. The republic of France treats with none but vanquished kings. Therefore, however precious those heads in the emperor's possession may be, we cannot sacrifice for them justice, still more precious. Justice as well as the security of the state demands, that the pride of a guilty queen should be humbled on the scaffold; her trial will soon commence, and the executioners are ready. Let our ferocious enemies make horrid reprisals for this new triumph of equality, which they will call a second regicide; let them sacrifice the republicans in their power; the duty of republicans is to die for their country; it is hers to avenge them. Such are the resolutions, and such is the answer, which the committee have forwarded to the emperor. It is imparted to thee, because it is known, that thou art the agent of the negotiation in Paris. Once more, thou art not blamed for it; thou art a stranger, and not employed in the public service; but thou seest, that government is not so indulgent to its unfaithful agents; their heads will answer for their infamous treason.

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"Thou hast fulfilled, near Louis the last, a courageous and charitable ministry. The government of that time invited thee to perform it; the present government does not blame thee for it. On the contrary, it requests, that thou shouldst render to Maria Antoinette the same services, depending on thy sincerity for a detail of thy interviews with her. The committee will give orders, that thou mayest not be molested in the discharge of thy duty."

I answered nothing; what could I oppose to this stern inflexibility? I retired, filled with terror, and to rid myself of it, I found it necessary, when I entered my dwelling, to prostrate myself before my God. By degrees I was more composed; confidence, even courage revived in my heart. I offered to my God, who permits every thing, the sacrifice of the queen's life, and unable to save her from inevitable death, I resolved to use my endeavours to render her deserving of a better life.

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TWELFTH NIGHT.

I THINK I may call the trial of Maria Antoinette the exploits of heroism, and her last moments the triumph of religion. No one could cherish life more than she; it seemed as if no one ought to have made greater efforts to defend it; she only used those of a strict and equitable defence. This age, so fertile in wonders, has witnessed the astonishing spectacle of a woman, still young and beautiful, marching to the scaffold, as if it had been the natural and ordinary close of life. The feeling philosopher, and the sober christian, have contemplated with admiration a powerful queen, a beloved wife, an ill fated mother, sacrificing to religion, to reason, and to necessity, her crown, her

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husband, her children, her hopes, and even her regrets. No, neither the cold calculations of the world, nor the reasonings of metaphysical theology, can ever produce absolute self denial; religion alone can render us capable of it. I do not mean by religion the gross superstition of ignorant minds, and those ceremonies invented for the senses, but the direct emanation of that pure and sacred principle, which animates the universe, a mysterious chain, on which hang all worlds and all hearts, and which communicates to them feeling and life, and to man gratitude and devotion, creating and preserving breath, which lighted the sun and makes the grass to shoot, flame of courage and love, which stamped on the firmament, as well as on our hearts, the character of divinity.

This extraordinary and consoling spirit filled the queen's heart. When I returned to her, I found her soul so exalted, that I had not even an opportunity to make use of an indirect exhortation. She seemed, while preparing to appear before the sanguinary tribunal, and going to certain death, to be preparing for a festival. It was on the 21st. *Vendemaire*, a few min-

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utes before her secret interrogation, for which she was soon called. She appeared dressed in a black gown. The hall, where she was examined, was only lighted with two tapers on the clerk's table. A small wooden stool was destined to the queen of France, while president *Hermann* and the public accuser *Fouquier* were seated opposite to each other on magnificent seats.

Antoinette answered the different questions proposed with precision, laconically and coolly. She might not only have indulged the contempt, which her judges inspired, but the indignation, which each question excited in her breast. She disdained those means; so perfect were her stoicism and apathy, which made her view with the same indifference life and death. Without being absolutely detached from life, she said no more, than was sufficient to prevent her condemnation, admitting however, that her judges had been inclined to hear her. But the protecting forms, exhibited in her trial, were only additional injuries, added to injustice and inhumanity. The cloak of each judge concealed a dagger.

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It was during this short examination, that I heard of the incident, which had furnished an ostensible motive for the arrestation of the municipal officers, perhaps in consequence of the rupture of the negotiation in favour of the queen, and the acceleration of her trial. Michonis, with his accustomed facility, introduced into the queen's prison a man, not more prudent than himself, who dropped at her feet a pink, and, by a significant gesture, awoke the suspicions of the *gend'arme* on guard; he informed the keepers of this fact, who denounced this man to the public accuser. The administration had long sought a pretence to commence the trial. Fouquier, as treacherous as cruel, ordered the informer to foster the intrigue, and not suppress it. The queen, deprived of the necessary implements for writing, made use of a pin to answer the billet; the *gend'arme*, affecting a tender pity, had obtained her confidence; she gave him a card on which her answer was pricked. These vouchers, indifferent in themselves, and which had no other importance than the mystery attached to them,

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were carried triumphantly to the committee of government, who marked the day for her trial.

It was not enough; after representing Maria Antoinette as ready to subvert the state, they thought fit to represent her as an incestuous mother, outraging nature by excesses far surpassing those of *Messalina*, and endeavouring to exhaust it in its very source. To arrive at this guilty result, they intimidated by degrees, and domineered over the imagination of young Charles, who had been intrusted, since he had been torn from his mother, to the care of the most vile, the most ignorant, and the greatest villain of the human race. This child, more unfortunate than criminal, forgetting the tenderness of a mother, bending under the lash of the demon let loose against him, became the innocent and blind organ, through which tyranny exhaled its foulest vapors against the queen. The act of accusation represented her to France, as a shameless prostitute, who made of her own children pupils of debauchery and infamy. So much turpitude excited the public indignation against this tribunal,

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but the judges learned to dare it, and stifle it by a profuse effusion of blood.

I passed with Antoinette a part of the night, which succeeded her examination. Towards midnight she was presented with her act of accusation; she began to read it coolly, and occasionally stopped to repulse by some sharp remarks, the calumnies, with which it was filled. They not only, said she, outrage humanity, but, in their barbarous phrases, violate the most simple rudiments of language. What elocution! What a medley of contradictory ideas, of false judgments, and equivocal expressions! This is not the dialect, which the tender Racine, the tolerant Fenelon, the feeling Jean Jaques, had rendered so divine; it is the idiom of hell in the mouths and scrawls of demons.

The next day very early, I waited on the queen; she was breakfasting with a good appetite; when she saw me, she smiled and said, I am going to descend in the arena; I must fortify against the encounter, for my opponents are vigorous and dexterous.

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A bailiff, accompanied by two officers of *gendarmerie*, came to inform her, that the court was ready, and waited for her. At this rate, observed the queen, looking at me, I am not more necessary there than any body else, another as well as myself, or I as well as another, are synonimous in this antichamber of death. The tribunal is on a level with the scaffold.

I followed her at a distance; she passed rapidly, but with dignity, through the double row of spectators crowded on her passage. Having entered the hall of the tribunal, her presence commanded an universal silence. The bailiff shewed her to the chair destined for the accused, which she was to occupy; she seated herself in it, as on the throne, and, from that seat, seemed to dictate decrees to her judges.

The periodical publications of the times, and several productions since, have recorded this celebrated trial, which will compose one of the most interesting and most instructing chapters in history. You have doubtless read the act of accusation, the examination, and depositions of the witnesses, the questions addressed to the queen and her answers, the debates between

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her, the tribunal, and the witnesses, the recapitulation, and charge of the president, the pleas of her defenders, the request of the public accuser, and finally the judgment. These things the tyranny of the decemvirs could not conceal from the public eye, although they added fuel to the treasure of wrath, which they have since exhausted, or rather they permitted those horrid details to be circulated, because, in them, they found the proof of their power, the aliment of their vanity; but they carefully avoided exhibiting to the public stupor, the horrid picture of their legal slaughter house, and the speech made in a few words by Antoinette before her condemnation. I shall attempt to give you a sketch of both.

Depict to yourself a vast hall, whose extensive walls are covered with blue tapestry, on which are embroidered revolutionary trophies. In this hall, divided by a balustrade; two thirds of the space are reserved for a public eager to attend those tragedies, whose first acts are performed behind the balustrade. There, on an elevated platform, are seated, around a long desk, covered with loose papers, and port-folios,

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five men with black coarse hair, a sallow complexion, a sinister eye shaded by a knitted brow ; the agitation of their mind was expressed on their features, manifested in their whimsical observations, and exhaled in their convulsive contortions. The thirst of blood, kindled by its constant effusion, burnt their parched throats, which they frequently cooled by large draughts of water. They were wrapt in black mantles, a wide brimmed hat, shaded with a heavy plume, covered their heads, and on their breasts, concealing hearts panting after carnage, shone the tricoloured sign of a liberty unknown to their soul. Behind them were seated, on two parallel benches, two files of jurymen, commonly selected from the most ignorant class of men, always the most credulous, and the easiest to be deceived. At the head of those instruments of destruction, they had appointed an experienced chief, grown grey in his murderous functions, blackened with crimes, without shame or remorse, inaccessible to pity, and who from the gates of the abbey, where he performed his first exploits in the days of September, has arrived by dint of murders to the supreme

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footsteps of the revolutionary tribunal. It is he, this skilful captain, who, after receiving the signal of the president, communicates it to the brotherhood of the den. His flaming eyes wander incessantly from the judges to the audience, from the spectators to the accused, from him to the judges again, and from them to the homicide gang. He watches every motion, observes the murmur on every lip, darts his looks, and penetrates the soul; he is indefatigable, and, by means of an uninterrupted pantomime, renders an exact account to the superior chief, whose good will he covets, and whose suffrage he begs. To reward his essential services, he is promoted to the command of new assassinations, and even in a few days, when the president shall have become a representative of the people, or a minister, he in his turn may become a president.

On the right of the man, who discharges this task, may be seen a small desk, on which writes a man, whose name has become synonimous to *murderer*. It would seem, that on his broad and flat forehead, you might read in letters of blood, DEATH! His muscu-

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lar arm is incessantly performing homicide semicircles, and seems lavishly to deal DEATH. From his mouth, finally, as from that of a terrible fury, resounds the terrible cry, DEATH !

Between him, who applies for, the president, who decrees, and the clerk, who records the sentence, is seated on a leather covered chair, worn out by a thousand accused, the victim of the day. Since, they have substituted to that seat, which could accommodate but one prisoner, three rows of benches in gradual elevation. There they crowded indifferently age, sex, and condition, sects and opinions ; the rich farmer general sat by the side of a wretched vintager ; and the cobler next to the duke ; the superannuated old man by the side of a blooming youth full of health and vigor ; the inhabitant of the Scheldt by the side of the mountaineer of the Alps ; the Jew and the Roman Catholic ; the constitutional *Chapelier* next to the royalist de *Grammont ;* and the feeling *Philippeaux* against the cannibal *Hebert.*

But upon this occasion one person only filled the seat, engaged all the attention and fixed every look.

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During this day of lies, of informing, of humiliations, horrors, and calumnies, I never observed a change on the queen's face. It seemed, as though mean passions combined had commenced an attack on the most sublime passions ; the latter had chosen the breast of Maria Antoinette as their last stand, and her august brow as their principal seat, while black hatred, vengeance thirsting after blood, fanaticism intoxicated with false zeal, ignorance with her vacant stare, cruelty with her adamantine heart, signalized and manifested their fury on the hideous physiognomies of her judges and executioners.

When the act of accusation, which was a masterpiece of atrocity and bad taste, had been read by order of the public accuser, *Fouquier*, the witnesses were heard. Among them I observed men widely different in opinion, conduct, and genius, but who were all soon involved in the fatality of a similar destiny. It was a spectacle, at once lamentable and singular, to see at the same bar, under the same enclosure, met for the same object, the wise and eloquent Bailly, who from the academical chair, which he rendered illustri-

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ous, was seated on the *curulle* chair of the mayoralty, to ascend from it on a scaffold ; the *energumene* Hebert ; who after advising every species of crimes, met the destiny, which Bailly had experienced after recommending every species of virtue ; Manuel accused, calumniated, and murdered, for not daring to shew himself entirely virtuous, nor entirely depraved ; d'Estaing, who offered to the axe of the executioners a head crowned with laurels ; Valazé, who lived like Aristides, and died like Cato ; Michonis and the municipal officers, whose imprudence sealed their doom ; this cannibal, called Simon, who allied ferocity to ridicule ; finally, this too famous Lecointre, whose head in fermentation always counteracted his heart, and who brought France to the brink of ruin, by dragging before a tempestuous court of justice some of her overthrown despots.

The recapitulation of Hermann, the president, was delivered with more method, and pronounced with less fury than the act of accusation ; but some observers remarked, that the heat of debates, and the questions asked the witnesses, concealed the destructive

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seeds of the prosecutions soon commenced against them. It was thus, that I thought for a moment, that the two la Tour-du-Pin, d'Estaing, Valazé, Manuel, Michonis, and Bailly, from witnesses, had become the accused. The infamous tribunal preluded their future assassinations by contusions.

Maria Antoinette answered every question, refuted every objection with an astonishing moderation and an admirable presence of mind. I could hardly credit the change effected in her. Her calm visage, her serene looks, the tranquillity of her whole appearance, her composed gestures, simple, precise, and victorious replies, at the same time, that they commanded the respect of the bystanders, irritated the jealous ferocity of the judges, the command, which the queen had acquired over herself, secured her a full sway over every mind present; her modest defence, and if under this circumstance we may use the expression, her affability, captivated every heart, a new crime in the eyes of the ferocious tribunal. Without a doubt, they wished to see her yield to the vehemence of her natural disposition; they, at least, depended upon some lively

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sallies of offended pride. Not at all. If I wished to ennoble a picture, already so interesting in itself, I should represent her as a firm rock, whose immovable base is assailed by furious waves, and which cleaves the clouds with its proud summit; but I shall only observe to you, that she appeared as unconcerned with an affair, that involved her fate, as she would have been with a mere household arrangement. Her whole person was brilliant with innocence; and whatever effort she made to conceal her superiority, she always appeared like the judge, and her judges like criminals condemned to condign punishment. Once only she departed from this system of moderation, which she had prescribed to herself; that was after the infernal deposition of Hebert, and the indecent call of the jurors for her answer. This villain had asserted, that after the death of her husband, Antoinette kept a school and had given to her children lessons of debauchery; that in consequence of excesses, at which nature recoils and modesty groans, the health of young Charles was very much impaired; that he had himself confessed the disorders of which he had been a

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victim, and that he eharged his mother with them. This revolting and false testimony had covered the queen's cheeks with a blush of indignation ; being restored after this surprise to her natural loftiness, she disdained to answer, and was satisfied with overwhelming the impudent informer with a bitter smile. The president dared not continue this abominable examination, but a jury, less capable of shame, feared not to insist on an answer from the queen, and thus to lacerate in the most cruel manner the maternal breast. A strong expression of horror and anger animated Antoinette's countenance ; tears of grief bathed her eyes, and she exclaimed in the accents of outraged modesty ; *Nature refuses an answer to such an accusation made against a mother ; I leave it to those, who may be present !* After this exclamation she wept, and by degrees resumed her former composure.

Two celebrated lawyers had undertaken her defence ; one of them, Tronçon Ducoudray, has since perished a victim of diabolical oppression in the deserts of *Synnamaria ;* the other, Chauveau Lagarde, practises with reputation at the bar ; and his talents

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more than once have been rewarded by snatching from the scaffold victims, which ignorance, or prejudice, would have hurried under the fatal axe. Both to defend their royal client opened the luminous sources of their rare eloquence; of old, that of Cicero disarmed Cesar mounted on his throne with the intention of inflicting punishment, he was compelled to pardon. Less fortunate, addressing less generpus hearts, the defenders of Antoinette employed in vain all the secret springs of a miraculous art. What god, what prodigies could have softened those hearts of steel, for which crime was a habit, a pleasure, and a duty? Could the tribunal neglect the useful and glorious opportunity of giving proofs of its zeal to the decemvirate, by laying at their feet the bloody head once adorned with a crown?

When the defenders of the queen had ended, she requested and obtained leave to speak. She made the following address, which the periodical publications of the time carefully concealed.

"I have long been aware of the fate, which you have prepared for me; you have resolved my death;

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you are about to pronounce it, and I am resigned. It is with truth, that my defenders have demonstrated to you, that I was not, that I could not be guilty. You are convinced of my innocence, but you are still more convinced that I must expire. Fulfil then the task, which you have taken upon yourselves, and send me to the scaffold ; and tomorrow, at the break of day, go and receive the price of this new assassination, by laying my bloody head at the feet of your masters.

"But let me be allowed to improve the last moments granted to me to give to those, who hear me, to yourselves, and to the usurpers, some salutary counsels.

"Chiefs of a power styling itself the government, the measure of your authority fills apace, and will soon run over on all sides. Your accumulated crimes will arise against you ; the blood lavished without justice, without utility, cries for vengeance ! It shall be avenged ; you shall perish !

"Executioners in the garb of judges, the impunity of your crimes emboldens you in their repetition. Yet a while, and the bloody intoxication will reach its

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acme ; then the consoling forms of justice shall disappear ; your masks must fall ; your murderous countenances must be seen, and ye shall perish !

" As to you, Frenchmen, whom tyranny covets and devours secretly, will you screen yourselves from its horrors ? When you are dragged before this tribunal, deny its competency, refuse to answer it ; will it dare to murder you unheard ? If it dares, its power is annihilated at once ; the blood, which it has spilled, will flow back, inundate, and destroy it.

" I, who give you this counsel, I should have offered you an example, had I been but a woman, but I was, I am a mother ; nature bid me preserve my life for my children.

" Abandoning a life long since odious, I pity them preserving it under the power of those, who have imbittered it so much for them. May the eternal Protector, by calling them to him seasonably, snatch them from a premature and cruel death, for which alone they are permitted to grow.

" I thank the public for the silence observed during the debates ; it is to me a sure pledge of the vows

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which they have offered for my deliverance. I thank my advocates for their zeal. I enjoy, for the last time, the noble accents of eloquence ; I never have heard any thing more moving than theirs. May they be more fortunate on some other occasion !

" Oh my husband ! I shall march to the scaffold on the bloody path, which thou hast traced for me. In a few hours one tomb shall unite us ; I shall once more become thy spouse.

" Farewell, good, but volatile people ; when you strewed with flowers, when you perfumed with incense, my throne or my car, you were far from suspecting, that I was reserved for the scaffold. Farewell !.....I sacrifice myself to your errors ; but I leave in my son a legacy to your generosity !

" Are the executioners ready ? Is the scaffold erected ? Wish me joy then ; a glorious death will rid me of a life, which has witnessed so many horrid crimes ; I leave this terrestrial hell, and its sinister inhabitants, to fly in the presence of my God, in the arms of my husband."

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The public accuser read his request for the queen's condemnation; the president pronounced it; at the words *pain of death*, a hollow murmur was heard over the hall. The queen was composed, her countenance did not alter, and she remained perfectly calm; on hearing these words, *conspiracy against the state*, she smiled indignant. A profound silence reigned over the assembly.

The tribunal ordered the condemned queen to be remanded to the prison; she arose, crossed the hall rapidly, returned to her dungeon without saying a word, and without looking round; her first thought, or first movement, when she had retired, was to fall on her knees to beseech God to sanctify the punishment, which his providence decreed should be inflicted upon her. I found her in that attitude; Madame, said I, your majesty forsaken of men, will obtain from Providence the necessary strength to close her sacrifice. Let the succours of religion, the presence and voice of her minister, alleviate the bitterness of your fate! Pay at first to suffering nature, to frail humanity, the tribute of weakness due to it by all mortal

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beings. Weep, Madame, the tears shed for dear children cannot disgrace ; God endowed our hearts with sensibility, and our first care and desire is our self preservation. If the moment, in which we must quit life, is filled with horror, even when age, infirmities, and sickness assail us, how must it be, when we are compelled to abandon it in its meridian, when nature might have conspired with fortune to have secured our happiness ? Yet, through one of those incomprehensible decrees, which we must adore, even when they strike, God has fixed the bounds of our felicity ; through the thorny path of privations, reverses, humiliations and sufferings, he decreed that you should be led to the scaffold, I know sufficiently the greatness and strength of your soul, to present it before your eyes. No, Madame, your majesty will not belie, by a want of resolution, this sublime character, which has astonished the world, and dismayed your enemies. You will see undaunted the approach of death, since to you it will prove the beginning of a happy and triumphant immortality. The scene closes upon you, Madame ; Providence is about to drop the curtain

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between you and our world. Keep a respectful silence, and humble your head under the laws of your Maker.

Antoinette thanked me for having conceived, and preserved so high an opinion of her courage. I shall merit it, added she. She proposed of her own accord to submit, to the tribunal of confession, the humble and sincere avowal of her errors. I was edified, not because the approaches of death excited scruples in the queen's breast, relative to some recollections of the past; but because she was really pious without superstition, and without system, deeply versed in gospel knowledge, and regretting to have been estranged from it, by the errors of her character, prejudices of education, and the brilliancy of grandeur.

When she had done, when in the name of God, who has made me his minister, and whose power I exercised, I had untied the sins of the royal penitent, she gave me a small port-folio, containing some letters from herself, from her family, and some historical notes on her life, and the events, which checkered it. It was from those papers, that I extracted the princi-

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pal facts of my narration ; there are some, which I have not been permitted to publish yet ; I wait for the rising of the sun of justice ; we already discover the dawn, but I will not close this recital, without communicating the will of Antoinette. I found it sealed and directed to me, and I have fulfilled its intentions as much as it was in my power.

On the 25th. as early as five in the morning, the drum beating in every section, had assembled the armed force. Cannons were planted at the extremities of the bridges, and at the avenues of the public squares, and by streets, through which the escort was to pass. The queen guessed at the motives of this bustle, interrupted her discourse several times to mention it, and did it without agitation.

It was not to a person of her character and genius, that in the trying moment, were to be offered as spiritual aliments the ordinary forms, pious it is true, but dry and sterile. Aware, that I must offer her more substantial meditations, I read to her some extracts from the treatise of Plato on the immortality of the soul ; some chapters of Christ's imitation ; a tract of

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Massillon's excellent sermon on the preparation for death, and the admirable ode, which Milton has placed on the lips of the angels, at the moment, that they formed the crown of adoration and love in the bosom of God, whose power and goodness they celebrated. This ode, one of the most sublime monuments of the English genius and language, established in the queen's soul so perfect a tranquillity, so absolute a resignation, that the arrival of the executioners could not in the least interrupt them.

At the sight of them, she arose, placed upon her head a bonnet, which she arranged with great care, covered her neck with a large handkerchief, and went out; I followed her immediately; the executioners closed the march.

In the centre of the passage, on which her room opened, she observed the *gend'arme*, who having denounced her to the municipal officers, had been, if not the cause, at least the instigator of her trial, and consequently of her condemnation. This encounter caused her to pause; I saw a flash of indignation darting through her eyes. But having approached her

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remember, Madame, said I, that Jesus Christ on the cross prayed for his executioners. She looked at me, her countenance changed, and tears trembled in her eyes. May God forgive you, as I do, said she to the *gend'arme!* Then turning to me; I ought to thank him, continued she, since he puts an end to my torments; yet I have not resolution enough to pray for him.

At the extremity of the yard, where a numerous group of prisoners had assembled to see her pass; she recognised among them Madame Richard, the jailer's wife. Having called her by name, she thanked her for the attention she had shewn to her, and recommended to her to treat kindly those committed to her care. Then she added, tell Michonis and Toulan, and all those, who suffer for my cause, that I carry to the grave the most poignant regret to see them involved in it. Their image, the remembrance of them, dwells on my last thoughts, and will, I hope, still exist in my soul, when my body shall be no more. She advanced a few steps, returned towards the jailer's wife, whose hands she seized, and said in the most

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moving accent ; Madame Richard, if ever.....I shudder at the thought !.....but all is possible now, if ever my sister Elizabeth is brought to you.....my children..... my poor Charles !.....She could not proceed, her voice was stifled by her sobs, and it was with an expressive gesture, that she solicited the kind offices of this woman for her family.

As if ashamed of her tears, she hastily wiped them off, and resumed her serenity. She bowed with grace to the prisoners, named several of them whom she thanked, and did not leave the prison without having witnessed the universal interest, which she had excited ; without having left impressions of deep regret and profound admiration.

The last gates being opened, we saw the court of the palace, its peristyle, its stairs, the dungeon on which it is erected, crowded by an immense, tumultuous and noisy assemblage of people. As soon as the queen had entered the cart prepared for her, the murmur subsided, and was followed by an universal silence. Her hands were tied, and the curate of St. Landry, a constitutional minister, was placed by her

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side ; the cart proceeded in its funeral career, and I followed it.

From the palace of justice, the place of its departure, to the square of the revolution, where the scaffold was erected, more than thirty thousand soldiers, drawn in two lines, bordered the streets on each side. All the streets, squares, bridges, windows, and even the roofs of houses were occupied by myriads of spectators, of all ages, sexes, and conditions. The air resounded with their cries and imprecations ; I remarked, among the rest, a group of bareheaded women, with horrid phizes, whose eyes sparkled with the double inebriety of blood and wine, uttering with frightful yells the word, DEATH. The queen, unmoved by these furies, seemed wholly attentive to religious meditations, on the fundamental truth of a religion, which supported her in this terrible moment, and the excellence of which she was about to realize. Already in fact, her soul indifferent to the passions and pursuits, which torment and agitate the human race, seemed to have bid adieu to the earth, and to have taken its flight towards heaven.

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After an hour's march, the queen arrived before the scaffold. At the sight of it a sudden paleness overspread her countenance, but she recovered instantly, prostrated herself to receive the last blessing of the minister, who assisted her. A few moments more, unfortunate princess, and you shall crown by a glorious martyrdom the long agony inflicted by your tyrants. A few moments more, and the Lord's angels shall have for ever restored you to your blessed husband! *Pray for me*, exclaimed she, *and forsake not my children!.....Oh! my God! accept of my death in expiation of the errors of my life!* These were her last words. The executioners seized upon their victim, and whilst on my knees, my fervent prayers preceded her blood offering, a thousand repeated shouts announced to me the catastrophe of this terrible tragedy.

It was the signal for tyranny, which since the death of Louis XVI. had merely essayed its criminal excesses to display its whole fury, and to commit them all without reserve, utility, or remorse. The burning lava of the revolutionary eruption covered the soil of France, and rendered it mortal to its inhabitants.

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Crime dared all and respected nothing. Some representatives of the people, the choicest members of the senate, the hope of the nation, illustrious by heroic qualities, and sublime talents, soon followed the queen to the scaffold, and were themselves followed by a crowd of worthy citizens.

I could not record the name of some of them without injustice to those, whom I should omit, like them the generous victims of proscription. I shall only tell you, that after Michonis, assassinated with his associates, after the venerable Malesherbes and his family had bowed their heads under the guillotine, I resolved to quit France, where I had no interest, and to join in England my friends in consternation. It was not till some months after the fall of the horrid triumvirate, and when the tide of human blood began to ebb, that I ventured to tread this soil stained with crimes. Edwin left me but to forward the negotiation, which restored to liberty, and her family, the interesting orphan, for whom he formerly felt an improper passion, since changed to a respectful and proper affection. From that time, I divided my days, and interchanged

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my sentiments, with the scattered remnants of the families mutilated by the swords of Marius and Sylla, and indulged my meditations over the spoils of death consigned to this funeral asylum. From the depth of these tombs, I receive the most useful lessons; they instruct me to disdain deceitful greatness, frail possessions, deceiving pleasures; to esteem nothing but virtue founded on religion and morals, acknowledged by the laws, and practised without pride. May these yet warm ashes, bedewed with blood and tears, reveal to government its duties, as they teach me mine! The weakness of a monarch, the imprudent pride of a queen, have emboldened conspirators, and afforded pretences to the ambitious. That those, who steer at present the bark of state, may not have to apprehend the daggers of the ones, and the plots of the others, let them be just. From this lonely precept, as from a fertile seed, issues humanity, which protects them, goodness, which encourages, severity, which curbs crimes, clemency, which forgives errors, moderation, which corrects the venom of vice, gives charms to

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virtue, and, by the union of souls, conducts men to felicity.

WILL OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

(VOUCHER, No. 22.)

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, and of the holy catholic, apostolic and Roman church, in which I was born, have lived, and wish to die.

"Today September 5th. of the year of grace 1793, I Maria Antoinette de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, widow of Louis XVI. king of France, confined in the prison of the Conciergerie of the palace, but of sound judgment and understanding, wishing to testify as much as it is in me, the sentiments of gratitude, which I feel for the faithful services rendered me by the gentlemen hereafter named, under the critical circumstances, to which I have been reduced, have designated, and hereby designate, as special and universal executor of these presents, the abbé Edgworth de Fermont, confessor in ordinary to Madame Elizabeth of France, who has assisted with his counsels and charity the king my husband in his last moments.

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" I recommend to the king Louis Charles, my son, supposing that future events should replace him on the throne of his father, to recollect his death, but as a caution and warning to conduct with more firmness and less irresolution. Let him never forget, that a want of decision in a private individual will cause his ruin, and in a king bring the government to contempt, and often, as in the present circumstance, cause the loss of his possessions.

" I think it unnecessary to remind him of the obligations, which he owes to Madame Elizabeth, his aunt and my sister. No doubt his intention will be, as it is mine, that this virtuous princess may supply the place of his mother, and not to do any thing without consulting her.

" Although I should have been desirous, that princess Maria Theresa, my daughter, should have married an archduke, her cousin on the maternal side, yet, as it was the will of the late king, my husband, that she should be united with the duke of Angoulême, son of count d'Artois, her uncle, I recommend

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to my son to fulfil the will, as soon as my daughter's age will admit of her compliance.

"I thank my dear and tender sister Elizabeth, for the unbounded affection, which she has shewn me, for the generous cares, which she has lavished on my children. If my son is destined to live on a throne, I request my sister to direct him, at least in the commencement of his administration; if he is condemned to drag the sad days of his infancy in chains, and the still more bitter days of his adolescence in a prison, it is from the goodness of my sister, that I expect for him, consolations.

"I bequeath, to my unfortunate family, the only gift left at my disposal; it is a bracelet braided with my husband's and my own hair, formerly a token of tenderness, now a monument of regret and mourning.

"I invite my daughter to repeat occasionally on the piano, the sad lines, which I composed at the time of the tragical exit of her father; the tears, which I shed while tracing them, those, which choked my voice when singing them, were mingled with some melancholy pleasure.

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"I request my sister to accept as a token of remembrance the copy of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, which M. de Fermont presented to me. I leave no testimony of gratitude to this worthy and respectable minister, unless it is the trouble of executing, as much as may be in his power, my last will. To hearts like his, such are the most welcome rewards.

"I give to Madame Richard my pocketbook, and two drawings in black pencil contained in it. I am satisfied with her humane conduct; she has softened, by her attentions, the asperity of my situation, and renders honourable in my eyes an avocation in life, which I had hitherto considered disgraceful.

"I give to Madame Harrel, who served me with zeal during my stay in the Conciergerie, my purse and six double *louis d'or* contained in it. I regret, that I cannot better reward her for her services.

"I ask the forgiveness of Messrs. Michonis, Toulan, Dangé, Jobert, Lepître, and others, municipal officers, and citizens, for the persecutions, which they have suffered for my sake. Since fate has put it out

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of my power to reward their devotedness, let them find its noble reward in the heroism, which has inspired them.

"M. de Fermont will find, under the cover of this will, three ladies' portraits. They are those of Madame de Lamballe, de Mecklembourg, and de H****. I beg of him to give the first to M. de Penthièvre, and to send the others to my brother, his majesty, the emperor of Germany, who will return them to the ladies, who have presented them, as pledges of their attachment; this restitution will be the proof of mine.

"I sincerely forgive all those, who with, or without motives, have declared themselves my enemies and persecutors. I exhort the duke of Orleans no longer to abuse a power, which he knows to be usurped, but to shew it honour, and to merit a pardon by protecting the weakness of the innocent, and punishing the guilty.

"I conclude with a wish for the prosperity of France, and yielding myself up to Providence, which

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I supplicate charitable souls to address in their prayers in my behalf.

(Signed) "MARIA ANTOINETTE."

EXTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF CITIZEN DESAULT, CHIEF SURGEON OF THE GREAT HOSPICE OF HUMANITY.

(VOUCHER, No. .....)

It was on the ..... day of the ..... year, that I received orders from the committee of government, and from the national convention, to repair to the place of their sitting to receive the communication of an important object.

I found there about twenty five representatives, among whom I observed several, whose names are dear to the fine arts, to the sciences, and to the country.

They accosted me with a distinction much above my deserts. After a preamble, in which the president had the indulgence to recal to mind my successes, pledges, said he, and the reward of your zeal and

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talents ; he added, that he was about to intrust me with a mission, as interesting as it was delicate. It consisted in attempting to restore, to the son of Louis XVI. the use of his intellectual faculties, almost destroyed by a deplorable concurrence of fatal circumstances.

The dark policy of the government, destroyed on the 9th. Thermidor, had condemned, not only to the most rigorous captivity, but even to the errors of a corrupted education, this unfortunate child. The barbarian, decorated with the title of his preceptor, exercised his functions by debasing the soul and demoralizing the heart of his pupil. Not satisfied with this moral depravity, he effectually ruined his constitution, and overwhelmed him with those calamities, which eventually produce a physical dissolution.

Such was in fact the result of those diabolical combinations. In a body emaciated by constant sufferings, young Charles concealed a soul deprived of energy, incapable of rising again to the dignity of man, and completely moulded to the meanness of slavery. Those were not the sentiments, which he had receiv-

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ed from his mother ; she had in a manner tempered with pride, and nourished with lofty sentiments, the heart of her son, whose principles and opinions, she had animated with a spring, which characterized her. All the efforts of the cobler, *Simon*, a vile instrument in the hands of the lieutenants of tyranny, had been united to annihilate, if possible, the elasticity of this spring, which those abject and despotic souls apprehended in future. But already the character of young Charles, developed by the warmth of a premature constitution, was incapable of bending ; they resolved to break it; the child fell from the loftiness of the most sublime sentiments into the most deplorable degradation. They feared, that he would act as a king, and reduced him below the common level of man.

The torments of his executioners gave him no respite. One of the first cares of the regenerated government was to attend to the delivery of the victims of the former power. Some of the representatives of the people, having visited the prisoners of the Temple, were as much frightened as moved at their hor-

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rid fate. Two tender twigs, the only shoots of the great oak levelled by the tempest, feebly propped each other; while they remained together, entwining in a close embrace their pliant boughs, they opposed with more resistance the impetuosity of the north wind; what would become of them should they be torn asunder? The least breath would bow to the earth their groaning heads, a faint effort would tear them up by the roots. But would such ideas enter heads always meditating on destruction, hearts swimming in blood? The orphans had been torn from each other's embrace. The sister pined far from a brother, cast on an infamous dunghill. The expression is not exaggerated; the representatives found the prince in the miserable truckle bed of a wretched hovel, open to the inclemency of the season, even without a chair, without a floor or a brick, resembling in every respect a filthy stable. The unfortunate prince almost naked, concealing his loins with a coarse rag, squatted in the corner of the infected hut, lying on straw alive with vermin, was only guarded, against the rigors of winter, and the scorching heat of summer, by

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an old piece of tattered tapestry. Every day at an appointed hour, he crawled trembling from his corner to the wicket of his prison, through which a disdainful hand dropped a morsel of bread, some raw vegetables, and occasionally some fruits. Once a week only, Simon opened the door to introduce into the quagmire of his victim a pitcher of impure water, and to remove the coarsest nuisance; and even in the latter part of his confinement, this precaution was neglected, so that the poor child breathed constantly the mephitism of his own emanations. This guilty keeper had not arrived at once at this excess of neglect and perversity; he had, on the contrary, directed in a methodical manner the education and progress of his pupil. It is true, that the principles, which he inculcated in his breast, the opinions, which he made him adopt, the speeches, which he taught him and made him repeat, were indecent and immoral, and contrary to the wisdom of good policy, and to the moderation of a simple, peaceful, and laborious life. Of the son of a king, Simon desired to make, I will not say a French citizen, which would have been honourable, but a fran-

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tic Spartan, an independent savage. And by a contradiction, which could only originate in a villainous and badly organized understanding, while on one side, he filled his head with the chimeras of a democratical system of anarchy, on the other, he confined him in the chains of a superstitious slavery. He would allow him to insult the modesty of his sister, to calumniate the memory of his parents, to void in a manner his filth on the tomb of his mother; but, as if by suggesting crimes to him, he had only sought a pretence to inflict chastisement, what on the one hand he granted to licentiousness, he punished on the other by the yoke of a menial servitude. Thus the son of kings was allowed to sully his imagination with sanguinary ideas, and his lips with the language of a porter, provided, that obedient to the caprice of his master, he bowed under his feet a degraded head. Simon enjoyed with ecstasy this image of audacious ignorance, insolent rusticity, treading and crushing under foot the remains of majesty and grandeur. His wife, as wicked as himself, like him a prey to a thirst for blood and wine, vied with him in tormenting the mis-

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erable prince. Childhood, this sweetest portion of life, which interests all hearts; misery, which can melt them, dereliction, which awakes pity in feeling souls, which so eloquently solicits and obtains relief and tears, so many more titles to commiseration, became the means, which hardened this infernal couple. Theirs was the union of a demon with a fury. During the day, there was no employment tedious, disgusting, and even fatiguing, to which they did not submit the child. The housework, the most humiliating services, fell to his share. He obeyed with zeal and assiduity, never complained, nor murmured, and contented himself, when the task was above his strength, to weep in silence. Harsh treatment, a rebuking countenance, injurious epithets, gestures of rage, were the reward of his willingness and mild deportment. It was at the feet of his tormentors, on the bare ground, that poor Charles received his nauseous food; he ate it in silence, watching the signs of his horrible masters, and daring hardly raise his eyes towards them. The voice of Simon, his blasphemous oaths, the murderous and ironical looks

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of his wife, her shrill pipe, her obscene and cruel conversation, frightened the royal orphan, and made him tremble. The day did not put an end to his torments; sleep, in the arms of which misery finds a retreat, could not protect him against his keepers. Hardly did he yield to the necessity of indulging in rest his fatigued and feeble limbs, when the vociferations of Simon, like the howlings of a savage beast of prey, tore him from his miserable couch. *Where art thou, Capet?* bellowed the abominable keeper; *come here, let me see thee.* The child distracted darted from his hole, half asleep and trembling through the horrors of darkness, he crawled to Simon's bedside, who with a kick or a cuff sent him back to his corner, like a miserable ape. This shocking exercise was repeated several times during each night, and lasted some months.

After this time, when the tyrants were convinced, and felt satisfied, that the stupidity, which they intended to fix on the young prince, had partly effaced the natural capacity, which distinguishes a man from an animal, it seems, that Simon received orders to crown

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his work by completing his infamy. Such a command flattered too much the double inclination of the monster for idleness and curiosity, that he should make any objection. Charles, already deprived of his usual garb, was clothed in rags. This metamorphosis was performed by Simon's wife, and by an atrocious allusion, was called after a French game, *the stripped king*. The interesting victim, whose graces the prison and his misfortunes, ill usage and unwholesome food had not altered, saw without a murmur his flaxen hair shorn; a mean red cap covered his head, and without a shirt, shoes, or stockings, he was thrust into the hovel above described.

When the deputies entered it, he appeared trembling before them. His hair had grown, his size also, his features were unfolded; although disfigured by leanness and an extreme paleness, the lineaments of beauty were not wholly effaced from his countenance; they pierced through the misery of his rags, and through the disgusting filth of his abused person. His looks above all, though timorous, were remarkable by a candid expression, resembling that described

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in the representation of angels. His smile evinced his father's good nature, and something of the pride of the Lorraines. One might see, that he would have been charming in prosperity, but would equally feel, that he commanded sympathy in his reverses. Mild treatment, consoling addresses, good usage, and caresses, induced the orphan, by degrees, to banish his jealousy and timidity. His astonishment was equal to his satisfaction. At his age, the projects of the future do not engross the mind any more than the recollections of the past; his sincere joy was therefore the result of present gratification, more than of the reflection of his destiny, or the hope of never being again exposed to sufferings so excessive. He did not so entirely forget his habits of obedience to Simon, but he always mentioned that man with fear and respect. He dared not recount what he knew about him; and his heart was so good, that notwithstanding the torments inflicted on him by his wretched preceptor, he entertained for him a kind of gratitude. Some time after, when he learned the punishment inflicted on this cannibal, he wept; and when he was

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asked, whether he should not have punished him, if he had mounted the throne; "I should have condemned him to make an example, answered he, but I should have wept notwithstanding."

Tender care, convenient clothing, a wholesome habitation, a plentiful diet, recreations proportioned to his years, were all employed to alleviate the destiny of a child, whose only crime was to have been born near a throne. Government designated persons of acknowledged wisdom and patriotism to provide for him; those persons were of a kind disposition, instructive in their conversation, and polite in their deportment. He was again introduced to the company of his sister, at certain times each day, at meal times, and play hours. The first interview of the children was very moving; those which followed were very agreeable to both. Charles has almost lost the recollection of past events; he seldom goes back beyond the time, when he was taken away from his mother and intrusted to Simon. On the contrary, Maria Theresa, more advanced in years, and having suffered much less, recollects all the misfortunes, which overwhelmed the

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royal family. The cruel fate of her aunt Elizabeth especially is engraven on her heart, and she never mentions it without a flood of tears.

Although all hopes were lost to restore to the soul of Louis XVII. that temper of mind, which constitutes the great man, at least, he had preserved the capacity of becoming a man. Government proved by its attention to this child, that misfortune, in any individual whatever, has claims upon its cares. It will also prove, that republicans can, without offending their country, pity and succour humanity. We do not live under that system of ferocious austerity, when the voice of nature excited suspicions, when the sighs of sentiment became crimes ; we are no doubt Frenchmen and patriots, but we remember, that we are men also.

It was that motive, the most influential on the members of government, which determined them to send for me to alleviate and cure the disorder, which afflicts the king's son. " Go, citizen," said the president to me, " lavish your cares upon an unfortunate being, whose life has been a scene of torture ; restore

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him to health, and add a palm to the transcendent merit which distinguishes you." The same evening having gone to the Temple with one of my pupils, we were introduced into the apartment of the young son of Louis.

He was seated in a lolling chair before a little table, and seemed deeply engaged in turning over the leaves of some colored paintings. His sister, kneeling near him to be more serviceable, explained the subjects of the designs, and he listened attentively.

A nurse, standing at some distance, contemplated this innocent scene of confidence and fraternal care, ready to afford her own to the invalid.

He smiled at the sight of the administrator, who accompanied us, his sister arose, made a curtesy, kissed her brother's forehead, and retired. The nurse, about forty five years old, a tall, lean, and pale woman, but whose physiognomy shewed a great goodness, came near the prince, and said to him, let the pictures alone now, will you not, my good friend? These gentlemen come to visit you, and wish to converse with you.

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I at first caressed him tenderly; I had brought him a small present, which he contemplated with infinite pleasure, and handled eagerly. During this time I observed his eyes attentively, his complexion, the expression of his countenance, his unusual gait and attitude. I felt his pulse, and found it weak but regular; I examined his tongue, and found it in good order; in general he seemed to enjoy a moderate share of health, but inclined to the rickets; I discovered a swelling in several glands, and a tendency of the articulations to a scrofulous habit; I prescribed a regimen. Afterwards having discovered by different symptoms, that the source of the disease was in the moral affections, regulated by the contradictions of a life full of agitation, and settled into a deep melancholy. In rendering an account to government of this first visit, I invited the officers to second my efforts to effect the cure of the patient, by affording him every opportunity of ridding his mind of the vapors, which tormented him, and employing for this purpose the means, which the arts offered.

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Early in the morning a room embellished with every object capable of pleasing the senses, without exciting the heart to luxury, was prepared for young Charles. He entered it preceded by soft and melodious music, and found himself, with an astonishment mingled with pleasure, in an apartment decorated with tapestry of an apple green color, with a border of roses and lilacs. A chandelier suspended from the ceiling, branches fixed at each side of the chimney, large candlesticks, standing on marble tables, containing tapers, whose odour perfumed the air, and whose brilliancy was reflected through multiplied mirrors, composed its furniture. Eight large pictures highly finished, several entertaining engravings, among which were placed the likenesses of some beloved persons, all those decorations, arranged with extreme care, preserved the appearance of simplicity. But the orphan was most delighted with a large cage filled with different kinds of friendly birds, and with a small library composed of books for his use.

I visited him regularly every morning, and found at each visit a happy change. Every other day, when

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he went to bed, some musicians placed in the anti-chambers executed the most melodious performances. It was under the influence of the moving notes, that he yielded to returning sleep. Some short excursions on the dungeon of the tower, on which had been planted some shrubs and flowers, afforded him daily exercise. Finally the reading and singing of his sister, the kindness of his nurse, some agreeable visits, instructing conversations, a constant change in his innocent pleasures, and diversified occupations, began to dispel from his heart and brow corroding cares, and gave room to an amiable serenity, and to the artless and graceful smiles of adolescence.

He was remarkably attached to the pupil, who accompanied me in my visits. Hardly did this young man, named Cyprien, make his appearance, when Charles left all his sports to enjoy the pleasure of his friend's company. I was careful to improve this efficacious remedy for his cure. The committees, that I consulted, gave me every facility to employ it. They permitted Cyprien to enter the Temple at all hours

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and on all occasions, and I fixed the time of his visit for the evening.

The attention, which I paid young Charles, did not prevent me from reserving a portion of my time for the great *Hospice*. A rapid and mortal contagion destroyed daily many of the patients ; the skill of art, the aid of the health officers, all the attention and zeal of their pupils were lavished. Among the latter, many were attacked with this epidemical disease, and fell a sacrifice to their humanity. Cyprien experienced its fatal influence, although, since his admission into the Temple, he had not entered the *Hospice*, where the pestilential typhitism, in constant action, might have communicated the prevailing disorder to him. The attack, which he experienced, was not mortal, for when I went to visit him I found him cured ; no, said he to me, thanks to the mildness of the disorder, or to the strength of my youth and goodness of my constitution, to the constant and generous friendship of *Felzac*, I am not numbered among the dead. As he made the observation, he pointed to a young man about twenty five years old, of an original

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physiognomy, and who was not unknown to me. I learned that in the course of my lectures and duties in the hospital, he had become acquainted with Cyprien, whose countryman he was. These details, which now seem unimportant, will soon find an apology, and will seem indispensable.

I had visited the Temple for sixteen days every morning, when on the seventeenth, entering my house, I received a bundle directed to me, and just brought in. It proved to be a small mahogany box within another made of fir wood. I opened the first with an enamelled key placed on the lid, and under a letter, which I hastened to read (I copied it in this journal) I found ten rolls of fifty louis d'or each. If I credit the letter, this present sent to me, however considerable, was but a prelude to more important gifts. All that was required of me was what follows;

After some praises bestowed on my talents and my sensibility, the young king Louis XVII. (this was the name given to Charles, son of Louis XVI.) was felicitated for being put under my care, then the subject was explained in this manner; "Your fortune is

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certain, sir, if you wish it ; you are not required to aid in the least, but not to shew any opposition, and to shut your eyes on the enterprise about to be undertaken. The intention and will of those, who send you this letter, is to deliver the king from the power of the men, who now govern. We know that you are not of their opinion ; from this difference of thinking may arise a disapprobation, which borders on hatred. But whether through hatred for the usurpers, or love for the king, if you consent to see those, who espouse his cause, send back this letter with a direction. We shall be careful to attend the rendezvous to converse on the particulars of the project, &c."

I readily communicated this letter to the committee. They directed me to answer it and to send the requested direction. Government intended to surround the rendezvous with spies, so that he who had appointed it, might be remarked and noted, if he could not be taken. I confess I consented with reluctance to a manoeuvre, which accorded so little with my frankness ; but the conviction, that by acting thus I

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served the state, and perhaps I should prevent a civil war, removed all my fears, and triumphed over my scruples . . . . . .

Note. The death of Dessault, which happened at this time, interrupted the continuance of this journal, of which we have only given an extract, stripped of the anatomical and medical observations, and of moral and scientific remarks, very useful for the art exercised by this famous surgeon, but which a majority of the readers would have deemed insipid. The fate of the son of Louis XVI. has alone a right to interest in a work like this. However, the unexpected death of Dessault would have wholly interrupted the chain of our vouchers, without the kindness of Cyprien, the young man, for whom Charles had conceived a partiality. Informed that I made researches to complete the secret history of the last royal family, he eagerly sought an intimacy with his friend *Felzac*, who had returned to Paris after the close of the Vendean war. I shall use the relation of the latter, observing that whatever may be the facts contained in his narration, and the reflections, which accompany it, I have

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recorded them, because I think them calculated to excite curiosity, and to keep alive interest, without endangering public tranquillity, or interrupting the calm and steady course of the administration.

RELATION OF FELZAC.

"I need not repeat here an account of my first acquaintance with Cyprien. Although, when I first formed it I had no other intention but to serve my party; as I met with friendship, where I sought interest alone, this epoch will remain engraven on my heart; may his own be impressed constantly with its recollections!

"To become Dessault's pupil, I had only to obey general Charette's instructions, whose agent I was, and my personal opinions; both were still sufficient, when I first formed an acquaintance with Cyprien; but when a constant intercourse and mutual affection had united us, I had only to obey my heart.

"His illness augmented my tenderness, I was a hundred times tempted to tell him who I was, to intrust him with my mission and with the secret of my party. But, though I was inclined to a full disclosure

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from my love to my friend, I was restrained by an exact sense of probity. He was far from approving the tyrannical parties, which have successively overthrown each other, and sprang for each other's destruction for six years past, but he did not regret royalty ; wishing only for a just and happy republic, he confined his politics to the faithful discharge of his duty. If therefore I had intrusted him with the design, the execution of which I revolved in my mind, I should have run the risk of frustrating even the possibility of its execution. I should have lost a friend without being useful to my king.

" Therefore I remained silent. It is true that in the letter, which I sent to Dessault, I had said enough to excite suspicions and to expose myself, but to tell the truth, the ideas I had received of his master from observation were erroneous ; my perspicacity was in the fault, the present, which accompanied my billet, would in my opinion remove all difficulties ; finally, I thought him avaricious, and he was only economical.

" Be it as it may, he attended faithfully to the rendezvous. But as a second agent of Charette and my-

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self had a secret intrigue with some individuals of the committee, we had been apprized, that some *mouchards*, police spies, appointed to watch us, would give information, and we avoided them by sending to Dessault a messenger, who delivered him a card, on which was written a second direction, impossible at that moment to be communicated to our watchful enemies.

" Dessault was not a little surprised to find a conspirator among his pupils. He was much more so, when I intrusted him with the plan, which Charette had confided to us. It consisted in taking the young king from the Temple, and in leaving in his room a child of his age, resembling him, and of his stature, and then attacked by a mortal disorder. It would have been an easy task for the surgeon of the great *Hostice*, but he thought his conscience would not allow it, and flatly denied us. Our representations availed not, our offers offended him, and it was with much reluctance, that he agreed to keep our secret for eight and forty hours. We promised to see him on the third day.

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"It was necessary to improve this interval. In the conversation with Dessault, he had made use of an exclamation, which I carefully laid up; the light, which it afforded us, was of the utmost importance.

"Cyprien, as discreet as I was, had not informed me that each night, he entered the Temple; the uneasiness, which Dessault manifested in recalling our intimacy informed me of this fact very seasonably. My friend having been some time sick, and being now convalescent had not continued his visits; it was requisite, however, that before I ventured on one, I should determine him to renew his calls at the Temple. Dessault assisted me again in this particular. As early as the next morning I learnt by an attendant, whom I had secured to my interest, that our master had carried Cyprien to the Temple. I no longer doubted the success of our undertaking.

"I must mention a trifling act of deceit, a species of treason, which I committed against friendship, but which has since been forgiven. I do not endeavour to justify it; you will find it consistent with the principles of a man, who, for the service of his king, and

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the triumph of his party, values not his life, and would expose his honour.

"During Cyprien's illness I slept near him; during his convalescence I still kept near him. Until then, friendship had found its security in this arrangement; on this occasion it favoured our projects.

"Since his return from the Temple, I had observed him incessantly, and had not left him for a moment. Not an action of his had escaped me during the day, and I was very certain, that he had not laid by nor locked up the papers, which gave him an admission to the Temple. It is true they might be in Dessault's hands, for by the means of my observing attendant, I knew that no one could gain admittance without a written order from government. Supposing then that my friend might be in possession of this order, I waited impatiently the opportunity to purloin it at night, when he was in bed.

"After a long conversation he fell asleep, and I, having thrust my hand into the pocket, which contained his pocketbook, seized it, and opened it to examine it critically. There were in it no official decrees,

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but only a card of a pentagonal form, on one side of which was his name, and on the other the names of two representatives of the national convention, and members of government. I secured the prize, the pocketbook was replaced, and I went to bed agitated with hopes and fears.

" On the next day after Dessault's return, I flew to the Temple, uncertain whether I should be admitted. I presented my card and said, that I had been sent by Cyprien, the doors were opened, and I entered the apartment of the young monarch.

" Among some gifts for which I am indebted to nature, people are indulgent enough to grant me that of knowing how to insinuate myself into the hearts and minds of strangers. I made use of my talent upon this occasion. The patient was highly pleased with my conversation, the nurse continued hers as long as possible, and Madame made me promise to return. I asked permission to bring some toys, which might aid the prince to beguile his distress, and I did not leave the Temple, without having im-

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pressed the keepers with a lively sense of my liberality.

" I also succeeded in ridding myself of Cyprien and in avoiding a dangerous explanation, by engaging a common friend under some pretence to keep near him the whole evening ; he did not recover his liberty till I had no longer any thing to apprehend from him.

" Dessault was much more to be feared, and by an untimely visit might baffle my enterprise ; my friends of the committee sent for him under the pretence of obtaining intelligence, at the very moment, in which I was to accomplish the plot.

" If you ask me why, having direct relations with some members of government, I did not avail myself of their authority, rather than employ indirect and precarious means, I answer, that the devotedness of those people has always been confined to good will and good wishes, but did not at all extend to acts, which demand or suppose energy. Whether from an incapacity to brace their souls to a degree necessary for a conspiracy, whether from selfishness and inter-

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est, or from a rational prudence, they always enveloped themselves in an impenetrable secrecy. The revolution broke forth, and rages still, and they have opposed no check to it; the counter revolution was attempted and progressed without the aid of their efforts. It is true, that enjoying the esteem of the republican party, they have often obtained offices, which they rendered useful to the royalists; but between us, if they have served us, they are not very estimable; dissimulation is the sister of falsehood, and treason is a near relation of wickedness.*

"Meanwhile my colleague with a profusion of money had procured a young orphan of the age, size, shape, and complexion of the dauphin, and destined to fill his place in the Temple. There was a point, which gave us uneasiness; we feared that the child not being sick could not deceive the keepers long enough to give us time to escape all researches. I found no better plan to guard against that risk than to

* Several persons designated in this paragraph have since disappeared from the political horizon, some of whom prudently retired, and others were violently driven from their offices.

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pour into the drink, which we gave him, a dose of opium, which would prevent his awaking for twenty four hours. That also secured us against his indiscretion, and left no doubt of his docility. When he was sound asleep, we stripped off his clothes, which were cumbersome, and having rolled him in a sheet, we placed him in the inside of a wooden horse destined for Charles' recreation, some other toys accompanied that, and were contained in a willow basket with a double bottom, which I placed in my carriage. On his side my companion prepared another carriage well supplied with arms and provisions, which was to wait for us on the Boulevards, while couriers despatched every hour, would prepare reliéves through the whole route.

" It was not without agitation, that I approached the tower. I stopped twice to breathe, and compose my mind. All the dangers, to which I should be exposed, should the enterprise fail, rushed upon my imagination in sinister array. I already fancied myself dragged before the tremendous committee, from thence before a more severe tribunal, or frightful

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special commissioners. I do not conceal my feelings at that time. By degrees, however, reason resumed her empire and restored my courage ; I felt sensible that a want of coolness under such circumstances would turn much against me, and the excess of danger having inspired me with an excess of audacity, I arrived safely at the Temple.

At the sight of my card, the guard permitted my carriage to pass, the gate of the second yard being opened, a keeper presented himself to examine me ; whether he was not on duty the day before, or whether I had forgotten him in my distribution of money, he did not, or pretended not to know me. When I had ordered the basket out of the coach, and directed it to be carried into Charles' apartment, he declared it should not go up before he had visited it ; that request is indeed reasonable, answered I with a smile on my face, and rage in my heart. Children's toys might perhaps conceal a counter revolution. Much at a loss to know what would be the issue of this adventure, I began to unpack the articles in the basket, when the chief keeper, probably sent by Heaven, bow-

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ed to me respectfully, observed that he would be answerable for me and my effects, and assisted me personally in carrying them to their destination.

I took out the toys in his presence, and they afforded much delight to the sick boy, and the horse above all attracted his attention. He desired to indulge the recreation of a ride, and received much pleasure in that exercise; Madame was equally pleased with his good spirits, as were the nurse and keeper. For my part, while reflecting that at this moment, and by the most puerile means, the destiny of a king of France was perhaps decided; I mingled my applause with those of the company, and gave salutary counsels for the health of the prince. When Madame and the keeper heard me speak about medicine they went out, Madame retired to her room, and the keeper repaired to his post.

That was not enough, the nurse also must be removed, but I was uncertain whether I should frighten her with a pistol, or give her an opiate; the last was the surest plan, but the most difficult. What pretence could I suggest to make this woman drink?

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What would the keeper say if he found her asleep ? Might he not entertain suspicions and prevent my escape ? Besides, it required time to give opium a sufficient operation, and I had not a moment to lose. I therefore adopted the first plan. While the prince gave his whole attention to his new amusement, I took the nurse aside and asked her vehemently ; are you as sincerely attached to the unfortunate prince as he deserves, and you seem to be ?.....No doubt, sir, but why this question ?.....It is consistent, and you shall judge. You have it in your power to put an end to his misfortunes.....Sir, your tone, your eyes frighten me ! What must I do ?.....Nothing, only keep the most profound silence.....I consent, but what is your object ?.....You shall know, but before look at this !..... A purse ?.....It contains an hundred louis d'or ; it is yours if you know how to be silent.....But, sir.....Look at that.....A pistol !.....you understand.....I depend as I have told you on your discretion.....The trembling nurse sat down ; I placed my pistol in my waistband, threatening her with a gesture. After having in a trice, half through seduction, and half through fear,

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determined Charles to follow me, I opened the wooden horse, took out the child, and laid him in the prince's bed, I placed the prince in the false bottom of the basket in spite of some faint murmurs which pity prevented me from listening to. The nurse gazed on me with amazement, she sighed deeply, raised her eyes and hands towards heaven, opened her mouth as if to exclaim ; I prevented her by pointing to my pistol. Having done, I ran to her, embraced her, wiped the tears from her eyes, eased her mind as much as I could, and left the purse on her lap. At the first ringing of the bell the keeper appeared, and insisted on helping me to carry the basket to the carriage, and I made the heavy side of it rest against me ; in a moment I was out of the Temple, and in a moment I arrived at the Boulevards.

" My companion waited there for me impatiently and with extreme anxiety. We shifted our precious burthen to the other coach, after dismissing the first. The horses were our own ; they were young, fresh, and vigorous ; our postillions well filled with drink,

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were not less ardent and fiery; we soon passed the barriers; this first stage lasted forty minutes.

"I had been careful to shut the carriage, and had taken Charles out of the basket. This sudden event, his usual weakness, and the want of air, had almost deprived him of his senses. We relieved him with volatile salts, which we had provided. This child found himself in a very singular situation, being borne away with velocity from his sister and his ordinary sports by two men, one of whom alone was hardly known to him. I anticipated his curiosity, and calmed his legitimate fear. I told him enough to compose him, but not enough that in case of accident he might expose us. I improved the first stop to change his dress to that of a girl; two leagues farther, in an insulated tavern, we heard of a young lady detained for some days past in a neighbouring town, and who without knowing our adventure was to personify the character of preceptress to my niece. She assumed the office immediately, caressed miss *Charlotte* tenderly, who, equally loving, soon felt attached to her new mistress."

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" I ought to mention, that, before I left Paris, I had been careful to send to the man, who had the care of the sick, Cyprien's card, borrowed without his consent, with instructions to place it again in his pocket-book. You grant, I suppose, that having occasion for this man's services, I had been prudent enough to conceal from him the motive, which induced me to request them ; so that, Dessault excepted, no one, on hearing of the elopement of Louis' son, could suspect me of having a share in it. At least I thought so then. I deceived my friend by directing to him a stamped letter from Marseilles, while I was galloping on the road to Brittany.

" We had travelled more than sixty leagues, and were joyfully near the end of our journey, that is, general Charette's headquarters, when going through a very deep gully, at the bottom of a mountain, and by a wood, we found ourselves invested by a detachment of cavalry. While the preceptress, suspecting this party to consist of *Chouans*, was ready to faint, and that on the contrary, Charles asked me in a whisper for a sabre to defend himself, my companion, an

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intrepid fellow, but rather hasty, wished to salute the aggressors with a discharge of his pistols. I was sensible, that this ill timed defence would expose us by confirming suspicions, which, at best, they could only entertain, but, which nothing yet justified. Therefore, after placing Charles in the most remote corner of the carriage, and concealing him under the cloak of his preceptress, I thrust my head out of the coach door, and asked the armed men what they wished for? They had already made signs and desired the postillions to stop, but the latter, being liberally paid to obey none but ourselves, not hearing my voice, or feigning not to hear the strangers, pressed their horses earnestly. This ride had lasted ten minutes, and having reached the open road, we were about to escape from our danger, when another party presented itself fifty feet a head, took aim at our drivers, and forced them to stand. An officer came up, and asked for our passports; I produced them immediately. He insisted on our alighting to compare us with his advertisement. We complied, but previously armed ourselves, and cocked our pistols in our pockets; we were

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absolutely resolved to defend to the last extremity the sacred deposit intrusted to our hands. The chief of the party, as he reviewed us, shewed an air of mistrust, which gave me much uneasiness; it is singular, exclaimed he, after comparing the description of Charlotte with that of Charles! This identity!..... Come, added he, addressing his companions, and pointing to my pretended niece, do you not think she resembles?.....As he pronounced those interrupted words, he opened a pocketbook, took out a paper, which he read with deep attention. My comrade, whose uneasiness augmented his impetuosity, could no longer govern himself; gentlemen, said he, seasoning his exclamation with a dreadful oath, shall we have done soon?.....In a moment, replied the captain; we require but one formality more; it is requisite, that stepping aside with one of you, I should ascertain the sex of this child.....This speech, which gave evidence, that if we were not betrayed, we were seriously suspected, disconcerted me the more, that, on one side, I saw fury depicted in my friend's countenance, and on the other, by a movement just made by the

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captain, the two parties had met and surrounded us with a double circle; what was to be done in this desperate situation? Sir, said I to the officer, we are far from refusing that obedience, which a citizen owes to the law, but, under a free, a just, and well regulated government, can there exist a law, which commands the evidence of the sex? If an abuse, which is ridiculous, as it makes good sense and modesty revolt, could be tolerated, the first duty of Frenchmen would be to resist tyranny, no matter by what means.....Then, gentlemen, replied the captain, you refuse to obey?.....We do not refuse to obey, but we refuse to submit to an inquisition alike offensive to probity and good morals. .....Well, gentlemen, force must obtain.....He had hardly pronounced these words, when my companion, boiling with rage, pulls a pistol from his pocket, takes aim at the captain, and being too precipitate, only grazed his shoulder with the ball, which was lodged in the breast of one of the horses. In an instant all was in an uproar around us, and we were pressed from all quarters; the preceptress fell in a swoon with her head between the spokes of our

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wheels ; Charles flew to my arms, begged of me to arm him, and defend him. This last circumstance removed all doubts, and confirmed all suspicions. Twenty naked sabres were pointed at our breasts ; I covered with my body the royal orphan, who comprehended, by this time, the true motive of this scene ; he pulled off the cap that covered his head, shewed his floating and light hair, and accompanying with a gesture his interrupted words, he exclaimed ; if you seek Charles de Bourbon, here he is, but spare my friends !.....It would have been in vain to struggle against numbers and strength. We were disarmed, our carriage was emptied, and we were seated in it, overwhelmed with shame, prisoners, and in despair, and escorted by the victorious cavalry, we took again the road to Fontenay.

" Having travelled an hour and a quarter, at the moment that the captain ordered us to enter a village on the left hand, before the carriage had gone two rods, we were saluted by a discharge of musquetry, and immediately turned about by a large platoon of Chouans. Their appearance renewed our hopes, and

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gave life to our courage ; in vain had the coach been shut, regardless of danger we broke the glass and blinds to pieces, and exclaimed vehemently ; *Help, friends, long live Louis XVII ! long live the king !* Meanwhile the action commenced within a few steps of us between the cavalry and the Chouans ; rage was equal on both sides, both sides displayed dexterity and valor. The cavalry better mounted, and better armed, faced their opponents three times as numerous. Already five or six of the former, either deeply wounded, or dismounted, were disabled, while the number of the latter, not much diminished by their dead and wounded, received at each instant reinforcements from the peasantry, armed with musquets and rifles, and many with their agricultural implements. This succour, far from intimidating the cavalry, increased their energy ; most of them although dismounted rush sword and pistol in hand on their adversaries ; these received them with as much fury as intrepidity ; from that moment the action became general, and the carnage was horrible. The air was filled with the clamors of the combatants ; the blows,

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which they dealt around them, resounded in the air. We saw in a few moments the earth covered with dead and mutilated bodies, and strewed with limbs; blood ran in streams, and stained the sides of our carriage. My companion and myself had in vain united our efforts to burst out of it, and to share the dangers and glory of this bloody engagement; but secured and captives, we were constrained to remain idle spectators of the scene. We, at least, encouraged it by our exclamations, and offered our prayers for the success of our friends. Charles, faithful to the bravery of his race, shewed no fear, but, beholding the spectacle with eyes resplendent with the ardour of his soul, waited coolly for the issue; Oh! had I been unshackled, I should have seized the illustrious child in my arms; I should have carried him through the ranks of his defenders, and with him the ardour of glory, and the pledge of victory or death. Perhaps the cavalry would have laid down their arms; would they dare to strike the enemies, when their blows must be directed, I will not say against their king, but against a tender and unfortunate child? Alas, human

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blood would have been spared ; the death of several of each party would not have consecrated, in so horrible a manner, the success of our enterprise !

" After an hour's desperate contest, the cavalry, reduced to five out of fifteen, yielded and cast down their arms. The victorious, intoxicated with success and rage, wished to destroy them ; we begged of them, in the most moving accents, not to disgrace their victory ; was it not enough that war, enkindled between the citizens of one empire, had made of them assassins and victims, and had let them loose against each other, without the addition of murders after battle ? If the entreating voice of humanity could make no impression, perhaps that of the young monarch would move their souls ; they had armed in his defence, and had spilled their blood in his cause, and he entreated them not to sully their laurels ! Until then the heat of the action had prevented the Chouans from understanding what we said. When it had subsided, the most curious, and the most interested surrounded our carriage. I called one of their chiefs by name, who was known to me, and informed

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him who we were. It is impossible to express his astonishment, the joy of his party, their enthusiasm and delirium. To the atrocious spectacle succeeded the most moving scene. Our carriage being opened, I alighted with Charles in my arms ; the sight of him excited sensibility in those hearts, but a moment before, engaged in the work of destruction ; those eyes filled with rage shed tears ; hands smoking with blood pressed those of the royal child. He, amidst this crowd, but a moment before, a prey to a furious rage, smiled kindly ; he pointed to us as his deliverers, embraced me tenderly, and thus enhanced the general pleasure. They could not satiate their eyes with him, they admired his innocent beauty, rendered more moving by his paleness, a pledge of misfortune, and a sure sign of a tender heart. His preceptress, not less astonished, observed a respectful silence ; she, now and then, turned on her royal pupil eyes drowned in tears, and occasionally seized one of his hands, which she covered with kisses. So many contrary emotions moved every soul, and that of Charles more than ours ; the excess of his feelings

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manifested itself by a flood of tears, succeeded by a delirium. Then the sentiments of those, who surrounded him, received a different direction; they sent forth, I shall not say cries, but dreadful howlings of rage and despair; they embraced one another, darted towards heaven their fiery eyes, and filled the air with imprecations. Their young monarch had been shewn to them but an instant, so as to render their grief more poignant. It was the wickedness of the republicans, which had caused this fatal accident, for the royalists believed him dead; the rest of these satellites must be exterminated! All at once, they rush on the cavalry; most of them wounded await in silence the result of the event; they are surrounded, severely beaten, and loaded with injuries. They were about to perish, when I rushed among the assailants; what are you doing, my friends, exclaimed I vehemently? Is this the conduct of generous vanquishers towards a disarmed enemy! How! will you stain your triumphant hands with the blood of assassination? How! will one hundred warriors, become murderers, massacre five defenceless men? Are those wretches

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guilty? Were they not obliged to obey their chiefs, as you must obey yours? Would they kill you, if they had taken and vanquished you? You charge them with the death of your young king; but he is not dead, he lives to order your clemency. I speak in his name; it is in his name that I give you orders! Since we are reduced to the sad necessity of combating our fellow citizens, let us meet them on equal ground; the vanquished ought to be our friends. Come, my friends, let us go back to the amiable Charles, let us hasten to fulfil the vows of his warm partisans, by conveying him into the midst of them..... This speech had the desired effect, softened their irritated hearts, and they crowded round the carriage. Charles, leaning on the bosom of his preceptress, began to breathe and opened his eyes. I shewed him to the mutinous, on whom he smiled, and they were appeased. By degrees the fermentation subsided, troubles ceased, and order was restored. We led the wounded to a neighbouring village; we ordered graves to be dug for the dead, and when we found the party calm enough to risk our departure without dan-

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ger, our carriage proceeded amidst the acclamations of applause and blessings.

"This was the only perilous adventure, which retarded our journey. The public papers, which gave an exact account of the action, concealed its motives, and what brought it on. They merely mentioned it as an ordinary encounter between Charette's soldiers and the republicans; and I observed that, at that time, they dared not publish the escape of young Charles, which was then suspected, according to a well informed correspondent. I recollect that the same person, having confirmed to me the death of Dessault, announced in the papers, had also informed me, that one of the daily publications, which had indulged some reflections on the cause of his sudden death, had been suppressed on the next day. This might have opened a vast field for conjectures, but I confess, that nothing as yet fixed mine."

Before I continue Felzac's narrative, the reader will be pleased to learn what happened in Paris after the evasion of the *pretender*, Charles was thus designated. This detail, which I obtained from Cyp-

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rien, has been repeatedly confirmed by several representatives, who, at that time, were members of the committee of government, or had access to them.

Two hours after the son of Louis had left the Temple, Dessault came in. His first care was to approach the bed where he supposed his patient lay. The child, who had supplied the place of the prince, being still under the influence of the soporific remedy, the surgeon wished to feel his pulse without waking him. But as the left wrist was that, on which a scrofulous tumour had made its appearance, which Dessault had remarked, and as on examining the arm of the patient, he neither saw nor felt it, he at first manifested his astonishment by an exclamation. His surprise soon augmented, and he was filled with terror, when, on viewing the individual, he no longer recognised the person intrusted to his care. In an instant, the interview, the projects and the conversation of Felzac rushing upon his recollection, he suspected the truth, which a slight examination confirmed. The confession of the affrighted nurse removed all doubts. The inward keeper being called, shared the general

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stupefaction, which his explanations of the adventure contributed to augment. To complete their embarrassment, Madame, attracted by the clamors issuing from her brother's room, left hers and appeared among the disturbed group. When she had ascertained the cause of their alarm, her groans and tears were mingled with those of the nurse, with the imprecations of the keeper, and with Dessault's conjectures. An hour elapsed in this situation, without any one's advising what was best to be done; Maria Theresa sobbed in a corner, and held a handkerchief over her eyes, not to see the stranger in her brother's bed; the nurse reproached herself with her own weakness, and cried bitterly; the keeper, standing at the foot of the bed, raised his eyes, and gnashed his teeth in convulsive agony; Dessault agitated walked about the room, stopping occasionally, and stamping on the floor with rage, and now and then eyed the sleeping child.

All at once the surgeon called for a pen and ink, he wrote hastily a message to the section of the police of the committee of general safety. The billet

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was forwarded promptly and read at once ; two of the representatives of the people were delegated ; they arrived, took depositions respecting the event, verified the most trivial circumstances, confined the women in the apartment of Maria Theresa, and shut themselves up in the prince's room. No one having assisted at the secret conference, it is impossible to judge of the questions and results agitated and adopted, but by subsequent orders.

It seems, that at first, the news of Charles' escape, and a description of his person, were sent without delay to all the armies by means of the telegraphs ; or that the agents of the police, having been informed of the route pursued by the fugitive, addressed themselves to some divisions of the army of the west ; be it as it may, the conjecture accounts for our encounter with the cavalry.

As to the events which happened in Paris subsequently, it would be rash to consider them as a consequence of our flight. Various fortuitous circumstances, such as a blind destiny sometimes unites, as if it were to propose inexplicable enigmas to the curious

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sagacity of mortals, the singular concurrence of chances to connect facts, though independent of each other, brought them about. It is in the nature, in the education, taste, and wants of the vulgar, to seek and indicate causes in their immediate effects; but a mind, in the habit of meditating and reflecting, proceeds differently; if in following the tortuous paths checkered by the results of principles, it loses, in the darkness of chances, or in the artificial intricacy of intrigue, the thread of researches, it will simply recount unadorned events, stripped of accessories or conjectures, leaving to the penetration of men, who guess at every thing, or to the malignity of those, who doubt nothing, the pleasure and care of unravelling the mysterious springs, of which it has only observed the movements without being able or desirous of explaining their machinery.

Two days after the departure of Louis' son, Dessault died; he had returned from the Temple with a burning and alarming fever. After writing for a long time alone, he had addressed to the committee of government a packet sealed with three seals, and had

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afterwards made a general review of his manuscripts and papers, of these he had burnt a number. This done, he had gone to bed, where in spite of the tenderness of his wife, the cares of his pupils, and the assistance of art, he had gradually yielded to an unconquerable disorder.

The fifth day, which followed this event, a member of the committee of general safety, *Sevestre*, mounted the rostrum in the convention to inform that body of the illness and death of Louis, son of Capet. The reporter attributed both to the scrofulous tumour, which for a long time had threatened and tormented that child. On the same day, two health officers, one of whom had succeeded Dessault as chief surgeon of the Hospice of humanity, went to the Temple, where they had visited for some days, and opened the body, *which the commissioners presented to them as that of the son of Louis Capet;* these are the words of the process verbal. When it was prepared, the remains of the dead, placed in a coffin, were removed by the civil commissioners of police of the section of the Temple, and deposited in their presence in St. Mar-

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garet's churchyard, St. Anthony's suburb. The bulletin of the convention rendered an account of these proceedings.

What follows is extracted from Felzac's narrative.

. . . . . "In a few hours, we arrived at Fontenay, occupied as the general headquarters of the royal and catholic army, where I had despatched an express. The garrison was under arms; the air was rent with the joyous firings of the artillery. Charette, accompanied by his generals, came to meet the young king, and deposited at the feet of his majesty the sword drawn in his defence. Charles taking up the sword returned it to its scabbard, and said, with as much grace as sensibility, I prefer it there. The general answered, that he was ready to do any thing to prevent its being drawn again. In the evening the illumination was general, and the next day was selected for the inauguration of the new monarch.

"This ceremony was in fact celebrated in the parish church of Fontenay. The process verbal of the consecration of the son of Louis, by the bishop of St. ******, in the tower of the Temple, had been sent to

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Charette, and was read by this chief of the insurgents. The new potentate took the oath required by the constitution of the state, and received that of those men of note designated to represent the different orders. Abundant distributions of money and provisions were made, a new illumination succeeded, accompanied with dancing, which lasted all night and closed this solemnity. Louis was lodged in the castle with his preceptress, some confidential persons, and ourselves; the guard of his person was intrusted to a numerous and valiant division of the army, of which each soldier, convinced that in this child he possessed the *palladium* of restoration, did not hesitate to answer for him upon his head. Some couriers despatched to the different divisions were charged with the report, and in exchange for this happy news to receive their oath of allegiance to Louis XVII.

"It is difficult to conceive the joy and encouragement, which this event spread through the army in general, and among each of its members in particular. For some time the checks, which they had experienced, and their successive reverses had hum-

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bled and discouraged them. The vibrations of reaction, which had followed the ninth Thermidor, had partly subsided ; the committees of government, who seemed to have yielded to circumstances, by holding with a loose hand the reins of the empire, began to seize them again with courage, and to direct them with energy. Be it fatality or calculation, the partisans of royalty diminished, or shewed themselves less openly. Finally, desertion had already diminished the royal army, and the chiefs began to despair, when the sudden presence of Louis' son dissipated their fears, restored energy and confidence, excited audaciousness, and expanded every soul with the hope of final success, of which they felt now assured. So true it is, that the influence of imagination effects the most miraculous changes, that the strength, which it affords, is the most formidable, and that by exaggerating the sentiment of our will, we multiply the faculties of our power.

" But while the king's affairs and his defenders experienced this flattering change, the enemies were more diligent than ever. This fatal evasion, so little

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foreseen, excited their vigilance; having failed in their attempt to conquer by force and arms, they had recourse to diplomatic stratagems.

"One morning I received a message from general Charette, who invited me to repair immediately to his quarters. An individual in sailor's clothes, suspected to be a spy, had been brought before the general. A few questions soon verified our suspicions. He was promised life, if he would declare the intentions of his employers; the base fellow, preferring life to honour, informed us of what follows. He observed that this fatal journey was the ninth, which he had made to the royal camp, where he had maintained an uninterrupted correspondence; that by the means of twenty chiefs and soldiers, whom he had secured by money to the interest of the republic, he was almost certain of exciting a mutiny, the pretence of which would be the scantiness of pay, and whose real design would be to carry off the young king; that while he, on one side, made those exertions, the French government to prevent a disappointment prepared several other means to insure the success of the plot; that to ac-

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complish this object, a condition of which should be, that Charles should be sent back to the Temple, the chiefs of the insurgents were to be promised, not only great civil and military preferments, and that a pardon should be granted to the inferiors, but even, that their houses, destroyed during the hostilities, should be rebuilt, that cattle and agricultural implements should be distributed to the peasants, with grain to sow their lands, and that they should be allowed, besides, a certain sum to enable them to return home.

"The spy had given this detail before Charette's staff. I observed, that he passed slightly over the first proposals to dwell with complaisance on the last. While he made a full confession, he had the art to represent so advantageously the happy results, which must follow the acquiescence of the Vendeans to the proposals of the committee, that casting a glance on the officers, who surrounded him, I began to apprehend, that, if he had not seduced the greatest part of them, he had excited a serious temptation in their hearts. My fear was not without foundation, for, when he went out, the general having pro-

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posed some measures to oppose those of the enemy, a silence of disapprobation succeeded his remarks. It was the first time, that he had been treated in this manner, therefore resenting this conduct as an affront, he inquired with the superiority of a calm and quiet conscience, in what respect he had displeased his companions ; but the same taciturnity followed this new question. The general's character was so frank, he was so noble and generous, so filled with the chivalry and loyalty of the age of Philip Augustus, and at the present so rare ; he was so devoted to the cause, which he had espoused, that he was far from suspecting the cause of the extraordinary silence of his officers. More versed than he in the knowledge of the human heart, I had found out their inmost thoughts, I even ventured to express myself without reserve or disguise, and I was not contradicted ; but as people always feel some degree of shame in doing an action, or in expressing a sentiment, which honour and promises disavow, they were satisfied with acknowledging this in silence, without attempting at first to justify it. Yes, the agreeable perspective

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offered by the artful spy, had flattered men, who, for the most part, made war for interest, and not for royalty; weary of exhausting their blood and treasures for a party, whose daily reverses shewed, that their cause was desperate, without adopting the opinions of the contrary party, they were inclined to accept those offers, which at least presented real advantages.

"A ruinous war had too long lacerated the bosom of the country, it had levelled the most intrepid champions of royalty, whose death rejoiced the republicans, and added to their strength and courage.

"In vain had the insurgents been deluded with the hope of succour in men and money. Russia, who had engaged to supply the first, had probably renounced the fulfilment of her promise; her fleet, always at anchor in the northern seas, seemed rather moored by ill will than by the ice. As to Great Britain, who had offered pecuniary assistance, there was little to hope from her, whether the state of her finances did not justify a disbursement, or whether according to the intention of her government, in order to permit

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France to destroy herself, she wished the insurgents left to themselves to sacrifice their lives uselessly. When the death of two hundred Vendeans was announced to Pitt, he manifested great joy. He betrayed the secret of his odious policy, by answering those, who expressed their astonishment at a sentiment, which did ill accord with the dignity of the minister; '*After all they are Frenchmen.*' It was therefore evident, that the sole aim of the cabinet of St. James was the destruction of France, whether her form of government was monarchical or republican. Therefore, was it not preposterous, and even rash to wage a war without other resources than a desperate courage, an unequal contest with a powerful enemy, who was numerous, warlike, and often victorious? He offered peace, when he could conquer; he proposed easy and advantageous conditions, when he could dictate his own terms; could any one hesitate?" Such was the speech of a major, as good an orator as he was a bad warrior; nature, which had endowed him with a spark of Cicero's eloquence, had also given him his pusillanimity; during the troubles of anarchy, he

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would have made a figure in the rostrum of the sections; in the effervescence of a civil war, he did not possess the enthusiasm, which inflames the soul, nor the obstinacy, which supports it. Unfaithful to his oath, he alone had the base courage to colour his perjury with pretences; he spoke in the name of the whole, and was contradicted by no one. Charette, enraged at his harangue, looked fiercely on his perfidious officers. "What are you saying about interest and profit," exclaimed he; "what do you mean by lucrative conditions? Are we waging war to enrich ourselves? Shall we make peace to insure our fortunes? Have you forgotten the oath, which has linked your destinies to those of the king? Do your hearts no longer beat at the sound of *honour?* Are you no longer royalists and Frenchmen? How! Usurpers are seated on the throne, drenched with the blood of your monarchs, and yours does not boil with anger? The executioners of Louis XVI. brandishing a sword instead of a sceptre, tread under foot the prostrated nation, and you refuse to raise her from the dust, and to punish them? Why should we obey?

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Why should we wait for the humiliating aid of Great Britain and Russia? What connexion is there between our quarrel, our wishes, our devotedness, and the cold phlegm of the northern automatons, the false protection of the islanders? Are you not overwhelmed with shame and rage? Do you not shudder at the bare idea of intrusting to strange hands the care of your vengeance? Did George or Catharine die on a scaffold? Has the Russian despotism, or the *magna charta* of England been overthrown? No, the fury of the revolution has undermined your monarchy; it is the throne of St. Louis, which is sunk in the bloody mire of democracy; it was the son of Henry IV. who, robbed of his crown, was placed under the axe of the executioners; it is the blood of his faithful servants, of his true friends, of our best citizens; it is the blood of your fathers, of your children, of your wives, of your friends, of the objects of your love, which ran on the French soil! And you speak of laying down your arms! What do I say? You wish to lay them at the feet of the reigning murderers! You consent to receive insulting gifts from the hands, which have

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have stripped and murdered you ! Those, who burnt your harvest, offer you grain ! They wish to rear your buildings after destroying them by fire and sword ! They will raise them again indeed with the bones of your massacred brothers, and cement with your blood those horrid materials ! Go, then, base and perfidious soldiers, go deserters of a cause, which you disgrace ! Abandon, to the caprice of fortune and the instability of events, this unfortunate and royal orphan, whom you have sworn to defend ! But rather lead him a captive among you, carry him to the murderers of his father ; have no mercy on his tender years, no respect for his graces, no pity for his infancy and reverses, and when you are in the presence of your new masters, become worthy of them, by rolling at their feet the innocent head of your king."

" What avails the eloquence of probity against that of selfishness ? This speech calculated to move all hearts, made but a faint impression on these men ; I saw tears trembling in their eyes, but a vile interest dried them. No decision was obtained ; it was agreed, that the republican spy, placed under the inspection of

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a Chouan spy, who should be unknown to him, should be sent back to the party to obtain every possible information ; their report was to regulate future measures definitively.

" My friend," said Charette to me, when the council was separated, " you see to what degree of infamy, a soul guided by interest may descend. Virtue and honour become for it empty words, oaths a mere sport, its obligations a chain, which is broken without remorse, even its opinions, dependant on circumstances, vary with events, and wear the livery of the day. The traitors have made the first step, nothing can stop them now ; they will progress rapidly in the path of perfidy, and will not be satisfied until they have completed their villainy. I should not be astonished, if in a short time the unfortunate son of the more unfortunate Louis was taken from his asylum by force, and delivered to his persecutors. Poor child ! What lot is thine ? Has Heaven formed thee in its wrath, and are the threads of thy existence wove in the darkest colours ? Thou wast born amidst tempests.....the drops of maternal sorrow have exceeded

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the drops afforded thee by thy nurse.....Thy cradle, like that of Moses, was set afloat on the bloody torrent of the revolution.....Where did it hurry thee ? Into a detestable dungeon, which the virtues of thy father, the love of his wife, the tenderness of his sister, thy charming and engaging graces, rendered less detestable. In a few months a bitter, but glorious martyrdom devoured thy family. Only shoot of this great tree levelled by the axe, thou hast obtained but a wretched inheritance ; and to complete thy misfortunes, when thou art hardly snatched from the hands of the executioners, thou art about to be betrayed by thy treacherous defenders, more ferocious than they ! Shalt thou fall again into the hands of the tyrants ? Shalt thou be cast into that den of lions, where they would suffer thee to grow until thy blood had fattened to satiate their nefarious vengeance ! No, no ! as long as I breathe, thy life is secure ; as long as I enjoy liberty, thou shalt be free ; my life belongs to thee, as it did to thy father ; my blood has flowed, it shall still flow in thy defence ; I shall wear out my arm to save thee.

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"Inflamed with that noble zeal, which constitutes the hero, the general, not satisfied to manifest it in words, was ready to prove it by his actions. Aware of the correspondence of his officers, and of the treason, which would result from it, he determined to be guarded against it. After reflecting, conferring, and discussing for some time the means, the following were our conclusions.

"At a small distance from the mouth of the Loire, is to be found a small cluster of islands, some of which are mere heaps of sand, and hills; others, more favoured by nature, are decked with verdure, and ornamented with lofty trees. In the centre of those islands, there is one larger and more fertile than the rest, which they screen from the constant irruptions of the waves. The purity of its serene sky, the fertility of its soil, its favourable situation and the coolness of its shades, render it an asylum as agreeable as safe. But whether its advantages were unknown, or whether cupidity disdained them as too common and simple, the island was only inhabited by one family, who found there, in lieu of the expensive and often

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criminal enjoyments of cities, the treasures of agriculture, health, the first of blessings, a sweet repose and contentment of heart. Charette had formerly been acquainted with the happy family; it was in their retreat, and to their care, that he resolved to commit the amiable Charles, being determined to cloud, under a mysterious obscurity, the fatal lustre of his birth. His preceptress alone, who by her love, tenderness, and fidelity, had secured the affections of her royal pupil, and deserved our confidence, was intrusted with the secret of our project. It was easy to accomplish, owing to the assistance, which Charette as commander in chief could afford us. A fishing boat, which I bought, and which we navigated personally, carried to the fortunate shores the interesting orphan, who notwithstanding his feeble health, had been taught discretion by disasters. It was not without the most lively sensations of pleasure, that he found himself in an enchanted island, where nature, in the most smiling season, displayed its wonders. The freshness of the verdure resplendent with the dew drops in the form of liquid diamonds, the majestic appearance and

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the broad foliage of the oak and chestnut, the pliable shrubbery, the silvered hue of the willows and poplars, the bushes in full bloom, the warbling of a thousand birds, flying from bough to bough, and mingling their soft notes with the murmurs of a neighbouring fountain ; a soil intersected with enameled meadows, and small hills covered with groves, the horizon checkered with clouds of all shades and forms, through which the azure sky offered soft tints ; the sweet breath of zephyrs perfumed with the fragrance of the violets, and at a distance the roaring of the waves dashing against the shore, the hollow noise of rolling pebbles, were well calculated to astonish the view, and soften the heart of a child, nurtured in tears, and expanding for the first time in full liberty. Charles, with a smile on his lips, dropped tears of gratitude and sensibility. His surprise augmented, his sensations were multiplied, when at the sound of a flagellet, and of a tabourine keeping time, he observed two pretty children, who laid at his feet baskets of fruit, and ornamented his forehead with a chaplet of flowers. The attentive general had contrived this *fête*, and the

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actors were the children of the recluse. The prince embraced them with transport, and pointing to the crown on his head, 'this,' said he, 'is obtained without blood, and is preferable.'

"The little courtiers of the rural monarch led us to their parents. They were waiting for us, but they knew not that their guest was the son of their king; they received him as Charette's protégee, whom they respected. They gave us a wholesome and abundant repast, consisting of milk just obtained from a thrifty cow feeding hard by, of excellent vegetables, and delicate fruits.

"After dinner, our landlord's wife invited us to survey the beauties of their seat. Charles was delighted in viewing a small flock of sheep and goats, among which were three cows, two heifers, and a bull. The construction of the hives, the industry of the bees engrossed his whole attention. He observed every thing, and made many inquiries, which displayed the depth of his reflections. The kitchen garden, the inclosure, the orchard, the brook, and the meadow, excited reflections in their turn. We were about to leave this

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delightful hermitage, where we intended to deposit our sacred trust, when our landlady addressed us in these terms ; I almost hesitate, gentlemen, to propose to you to close your ramble by a visit to a place, which will be as cutting to your feelings, as it is dear to mine ; yet, as you are none of those, who fear to pay a tribute to pity, I think that you will approve my request, when I lead you to a sanctuary. Deign to follow me. We passed through a field of Lucerne, terminated by a hill, which we climbed, and from whence we descended near the brink of a limpid rivulet, meandering with a soft murmur.

" A bridge, made of planks laid across two trees, afforded us a passage. Beyond, on a strip of land adjacent to the water, we found a willow hedge, interspersed with lime trees. As we penetrated through its sinuosities caused by the unevenness of the ground, we met with fir trees, whose dark and motionless foliage made a striking contrast with the silver hue of the willows, and the agitated leaves of the poplar rising in pyramidical forms above them, and sporting with the wind. We soon reached a narrow alley of

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cypress trees, whose united heads hardly allowed a passage to a semi-nocturnal light; we trod on a fine sand, edged on each side with a thick turf, on which the lilies of the valley dropping their golden heads, bowed to the modest violet, to the humble scabious, and to the purple poppy, whose stalk afforded a support to the blue and white morning glories. This avenue was closed by an oval cabinet, surrounded by a girdle of yew trees shaded by poplars. In the midst of this enclosure, stood a funeral monument consisting of free stones simply heaped together, and covered with moss. Some shrubs surrounded the tomb, and above it, three weeping willows entwined their pending branches to shade it. The speech of our guide, this obscure and secret alley, the imposing aspect of a rural sepulchre, silence and mystery hovering over our heads, an involuntary recollection of past events, a painful foresight of the future, all contributed to inspire our souls with a religious awe, and to awake our hearts to sympathy. But these confused sensations, which are better felt than expressed, became bitter grief, when the children of our landlady, having

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cast themselves before the tomb, we read on a polished stone, which we had not before observed, these consoling and lacerating words ;

TO THE MEMORY

OF

LOUIS XVI.

MARIA ANTOINETTE,

AND

MARIA ELIZABETH,

VICTIMS OF TYRANNY.

" Charles on a sudden with extended arms, out of breath, out of himself, fell on the steps of the monument, which he embraced closely. He kissed in a transport of agony those bloody lines washed in his tears; his excessive grief, his convulsive throes, his lengthened sighs, his mournful groans, seemed to compel his soul to enter the tomb. Nature triumphed over prudence. The voice of consanguinity spoke involuntarily, the orphan, whose wounds bled afresh, exclaims ; *My good papa !.....My tender mama !.....Dear aunt !.....* and reflecting on his situation, he adds, *what will become of your wretched child ?.....*

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"Think of our situation. Fancy to yourself our landlady, at first deeply affected, and then wonderfully astonished; her children mingling their tears with those of the royal orphan; the general reclined on the corner of the tomb, which receives his sincere tears; I contemplating this scene of desolation, from time to time raised towards heaven reproachful and sorrowful looks! We could no longer keep our secret; this circumstance had betrayed us. Therefore, Charette approaching near the landlady, took hold of her with one hand, and with the other pointing to Charles, who still embraced the tomb; you were worthy of the secret revealed by chance; but the unfortunate ought to be discreet. Yes, Madame, this child intrusted to your care, left in your hands, is the only son, the only heir of that respected family. Son and legitimate heir of a king, who is no more, he is himself a king; I think I say enough.....During this discourse, the lady was motionless, dumb and rivetted to the spot in astonishment. Oh! Providence! exclaimed she, oh! deep and eternal wisdom! Through what incomprehensible concatenation hast thou con-

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nected the events, which separated us, to those, which unite us ? Then springing towards the son of Louis, she snatched him in her arms.....My dear Charles, have time, misfortunes and infirmities, so altered our countenances, that we can no longer recognise each other ? These are surely the azure eyes, in which the flash of genius shines through a trembling tear ! This is the pure and innocent brow, on which candour and majesty have taken their seat ! Those are the flaxen locks curled by the hand of nature on this charming .....and proscribed head.....Oh ! dear child, when through the ravages of thy hard destinies, I recognise my august pupil, does not thy heart, in spite of thy eyes, recognise also thy governess, the dutchess of V****** ?

" It was herself. Escaped from the prison of the tower, having in a manner survived herself, she had persuaded her husband to muster the wrecks of his fortune, and to seek, far from the bustle of the tempest, an asylum, which might protect them from its sweeping effects. As they had embarked at Paimboeuf for England, a gust of wind compelled them to make

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this island. It was then inhabited by an old hermit, whose existence was prolonged by charitable donations. Madame de ***** and her husband, as well pleased as surprised, to find by chance what they had long sought for in vain, resolved to fix their habitation in the peaceful and smiling mansion offered them by Providence. A few trips to the continent procured them all they required for their new establishment; and it was during one of those journeys, that they had applied to M. Charette to make some purchases. But a simple plebeian garb had entirely deceived the general. For eighteen months they had inhabited the island, with their children; and had rebuilt the cottage, in which the hermit died; and as they had a considerable sum of money, they lived peaceably in a happy leisure, dividing their time between reading, and some easy rural labour, and the education of their children. An old servant and his wife were the only guests at their table, and were at the same time their friends and dependants, &c....."

This part of the narration, which contains the details of the parting of the son of Louis with Cha-

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rette and Felzac, the return of the latter to Fontenay; and some personal accounts, did not seem animated with that lively interest, which the beginning promised; therefore, after having rapidly indicated what took place at Paris, at this epoch, relative to public affairs, we shall conclude the account with the close of Felzac's narration.

For some months several representatives, sent to the armies of the West, among whom were those already mentioned by Felzac, endeavoured to open a negotiation with the insurgents, with a view to obtain a truce, which might end in a solid peace. This was conformable to the intentions and instructions of government; they prepared a constitutional system for the republic, and were desirous to establish its basis in a firm and permanent manner. The spy, who had suffered himself to be taken, had orders to find out the dispositions of the royal party, to awaken their hopes, and excite their cupidity. He was a subtle adroit man; the impression, which his secret communications, confidential by design, had produced, had not escaped his penetration; having returned to

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the general headquarters, he had made a report, that Charette's army were extremely well disposed, their chief excepted. But however powerful a general may be, as the good will and good opinion of his soldiers alone constitute his power, he soon loses it, when that good will ceases, and opinions turn against him. The committees thought the opportunity eligible to make known their offers. But among the preliminary conditions, which they directed the delegates to propose, they insisted the most on the delivery of young Louis into their hands, pledging themselves, however, to treat him with the humanity due to his tender years and misfortunes, considering him only as a hostage for the security of the peace, and promising to give him up, when it became general, either to the emperor, his maternal uncle, or to the king of Spain, who was engaged in adjusting the differences subsisting between his country and France.

Some days subsequent to Charette's return, the cartel for a suspension of arms, containing this secret article, was officially announced to him; he answered, "that he would accept the armistice on the proposed

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conditions, excepting that, which had a tendency to replace the son of Louis XVI. in the hands of the French government ; because it was still more out of his power, than out of his intentions, Prince Charles not being any longer at his disposal since seven days."

HERE FOLLOWS THE SEQUEL AND CLOSE OF EVENTS.

" Do you foresee what was the issue of the enterprise, in which my disinterested attachment for the family of my king had engaged me, under the absolute conviction, that his heir was reserved to restore the happiness of my country ? This dream, which my imagination and wishes indulged in, was dispelled by a terrible awaking, the magic spell vanished, and instead of the glorious image I had fancied, I saw the melancholy reality of a shameful and bloody scaffold. But why shameful ? If it is the destiny, said I to myself, of this colossal republic to triumph over all its enemies, is their fall disgraceful in consequence of it ? I have done my duty, I have obeyed the voice of conscience, I have acquitted its debt, as much as in my power ; and, unless one should blush for being struck

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with lightning, I see no disgrace in my fall. Therefore, I shall march to death deliberately, and with calmness. I see him approach more irritated against his victim, than his victim is against him. What difference does it make, whether justice wears the mask of hatred, or wields her sword with the hand of vengeance? My heart, I dare assert, was free from all passions, except that of effecting public good; the consciousness of having cooperated in it, will be my consolation in my last moments, as it is now my reward.

"But previous to quitting this valley of tears, where a few bandits dispute the sad privilege of loading their fellow creatures with chains, I did not forget, that I owed a tender sigh, a last look to friendship. I thought besides, that it was not indifferent to establish in a solemn manner several of those facts, which passions have disfigured, which the spirit of party alters to that degree, that they cannot be recognised. By means of the irresistible argument, I secured the conveyance of a letter to Cyprien; but, although it was written for the eye of a friend, I was as exact, as

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though I had intended it for an historical document, and written it in presence of posterity.

" Hardly, said I to Cyprien, had Charette given an answer to the negotiators of the representatives sent to him, when he gave me orders to change the fishing boat, which I had purchased, for a corvette capable of performing a long sea voyage. His intention was to embark in it with the prince, whose governor I was to be, and his preceptress, the dutchess, her husband, and children were to accompany us. The general's wishes were accomplished in less than eight days. In order to introduce the decisive circumstances, I will observe to you, that, during this interval, the vessel was bought, rigged, equipped, and manned by those, who, under the favour of a neutral flag, obtained from a northern power, were to be carried to a small island situated near, and belonging to, the United States of America.

" We had succeeded in every respect ; and the security of the present moment was a pledge of our future hopes. A serene sky, a sea gently agitated, favourable gales, a sound and fast sailing ship, the con-

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solation of abandoning those inhospitable shores, and that still more agreeable, of finding an unknown and obscure retreat, animated our courage. Charles, admiring the imposing spectacle of the vast ocean, indulged his soul in this new contemplation. The burning sun emerging from the bosom of the waves, which it illumes, and seems to enkindle ; this immense horizon, over which clouds in a thousand forms reflect a thousand variegated colours ; the undulation of the waves, sometimes gently riding each other, sometimes lifting their heads to the clouds and then sinking far below the rolling ship ; each instant, each particular, offered a picture to the prince for inexhaustible reflections.

" While we were sailing tranquilly in the morning, after the sun had dispelled the fog, which covered the horizon, we discerned a ship, which towards noon we recognised by its tricoloured flag to be a French national frigate. She steered for us, and the next morning at daybreak, she was within gun shot of us. The Danish flag, which we displayed, protected us sufficiently to give us no apprehensions ; so that after

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firing three vollies as a salute according to custom, we kept our course, avoiding an interview, when a furious broadside, which like to have upset us, and shivered our mainmast, informed us, or rather led us to suspect whom we had to do with. In fact according to appearances, and to our calculations, they could be no other than pirates, for you are not ignorant, that a decree has rendered legitimate, and even encouraged this system of pillage under the name of letters of marque. But how were we to resist this? And unless we resisted, what would become of us? The captain of a privateer, who trampled upon the laws of nations, and fired without provocation on a neutral flag, could not possess sufficient loyalty not to betray, sell, and deliver his king's son. What confidence could be reposed in a man, whom cupidity had induced to outrage the most sacred privileges, and who was exposed to infamy and chastisement, if his conduct should be known? Whilst we deliberated, whether we should yield to the imperious necessity of our destiny, or make an honourable resistance, the frigate ordered us to haul down our colours, and we did not wish to be

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boarded. The impertinent tone, the injurious epithets, which accompanied this peremptory order, fixed our resolution, and excited our anger. At all events, we resolved to defend ourselves bravely, since death was not the worst of our expectations. We answered at once by a broadside, followed without interruption by three more, which did not only damage the enemy, but surprised him much, from the idea, which the appearance of our vessel had given him of our means of defence. Recovering, however, very soon from his astonishment, he answered in such superior thunder, that our last efforts proved our incapacity more than our energy, but afforded us a delay, which I improved with as much coolness as success. Charles and the two children of the dutchess were with their mother confined to the cabin; they tremblingly waited the issue of the action. When it was about to be decided, when we had lost all hopes of escape, I entered the cabin, and concealing nothing from Madame de ***** respecting the immediate danger, which threatened us, I persuaded her to dress her girl in boy's clothes; I had calculated, that in case of unforeseen

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accidents, this disguise might remove, or at least divide suspicions. When it was accomplished, I ordered the flag to be struck, and the frigate, having silenced her firing, sent a boat to convey our people on board of her, which was performed at three trips. After this our conquerors tacked about and sailed for the coast, and we were nearer it than I thought.

"During our voyage, which lasted forty hours, we were closely confined to two narrow contiguous small state rooms, one of which had been given to the dutchess, to the children, and Charles' preceptress, the other to the duke and myself. The old servant and his wife had remained on the island. The rest of our crew was confined below, and were not permitted to converse with the sailors of the frigate. All those precautions, which are never used but with prisoners of war or of state, led me to suspect, that we were not taken by a pirate.

"This surmise proved true on our landing. Chained on deck as vile criminals, and when landed, carried on handbarrows amidst the cries and hootings of an immense mob, we learnt as we entered the jail, that we had

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been pursued, and that we were arrested by the order of a representative of the people, one of the delegates to the army of the West, as accused of high treason. This was all we learnt, but I was well satisfied with respect to the pretence of this frivolous accusation.

"During the evening and the following night, whilst ignorant of the name of the deputy, I cherished the hope if not of escaping the death, which the security or rather the policy of the state would inflict; at least to rid Charles of the long captivity, and perhaps of the proscription, to which his birth, and tyranny had condemned him. As soon as I was ordered to appear before this representative, and learnt his name, all my hope vanished. He is one of the most ferocious proconsuls, whom anarchy has let loose on the territories of France to devast it. An heir of the black fury of St. Just, whose sanguinary labours he aided; it seems as if he had seized on his will to undertake its executorship; he is the more dangerous, because he conceals his atrocious soul under a pleasing and polite exterior, and that his sentences, though overwhelming, are expressed politely. It is proba-

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ble, that it was by this insinuating conduct, that he gained the esteem and confidence of the committee, who for some months seemed to aim at the general good, but who were calumniated and disgraced by the conduct and principles of this deputy.

"After the first introductory forms, he asked me, whether I knew Louis Charles Capet, son of the last king?.....Who does not know him in Paris, where I reside; in France of which I am a citizen, in Europe moved by his misfortunes, answered I?.....Are you acquainted with the flight of the said Louis Charles Capet?.....By public rumor.....Have you assisted in it?.....The citizen representative must know, that granting that I wished to do it, I had not the means.....You impose on me, you unite the means to the will, and you have excited, or at least aided in the plot.....If what the citizen representative says is a fact, to deny it would be useless, and to confess it superfluous; if it is a mere surmise, it is beneath my notice.....You are proud, citizen.....A freeman ought to be so, representative.....But he ought not to blend pride and duplicity.....Tyranny ought not to be blended with power.

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.....The delegate knit his brow, made an angry gesture, which he immediately suppressed, and as a man as deeply versed in searching hearts as in repressing his passions, he said in a soft, and I may say, complaisant accent, you are in an error. The ninth Thermidor has overthrown tyranny, never to rise again. We only seek after truth, and wish for justice only; it will afford me pleasure to find an innocent man in him, who is presented to me as guilty. I question you with kindness, answer without subterfuge. Is Louis Charles among the three children taken in your corvette?.....Your question presupposes, that Louis Charles is personally known to me.....You have granted that just now.....Yes, that I know him as Europe, France, and Paris do, but I have not confessed that I knew him personally.....This mode of denying, which you adopt, avails you nothing; Louis Charles is one of the two boys taken in your vessel, the third is a girl.....Not only, as you have said my plan of denying is useless, but this examination is not less so. Why, and on what subject do you question me, if you have nothing new to hear!.....The repre-

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sentative was silent for a moment ; then he observed, of course you confess that we have discovered the truth ; consequently, that Louis Charles Capet is known to you, and was on board of your ship ?.....I have said nothing of that kind.....What have you said then ?.....Nothing.

" At this moment one of the children was introduced. It was the dutchess' son, a few months older than the prince, as mild, but less intelligent than he. The questions addressed to him and to me led me to understand, that far from knowing which of them was prince Louis Charles, the representative did not even know that he was in his power. Little Julius, notwithstanding his sincere answers, could afford him no light. It is true that some allusions to the scene of the tomb, which this child had witnessed, fortified the suspicions of the deputy, but giving a vast field to his conjectures, they increased his embarrassment, for supposing that the son of Louis XVI. was discovered and arrested, still it was necessary to ascertain which of the boys was the royal prisoner. After all, this second evidence would have been easily obtained,

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had not the difficulties of the first arrested the inquiry.

"To surmount them, if possible, Madame de *****'s son having been interrogated, the young king was introduced. Seeing the unfortunate child exposed so young to the craft of a murderous policy, I shuddered involuntarily. I was sensible, that a misplaced word might ruin him; and comparing his situation with that of Joas before Athalia, I offered to Heaven the prayer offered of old by the pious Josabeth.

"Daigne mêttre, Grand Dieu, ta sagesse en sa bouche."

"My child, said the deputy with a deceitful accent, imitating kindness, come near me, and fear nothing. What is your name ?.....*Augustus* (this was in fact the name, which he bore in the island).....Who are you ? .....An orphan.....Have you known your parents ?..... Observing the eyes of my unfortunate pupil bathed in tears, I hastened to speak; you see by his tears, said I to the representative, that the bare idea of his parents, *whom he never knew* (I observed Charles as I spoke these words) wounds his tender heart. If

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humanity speaks to yours, spare this child, as we do ourselves, by avoiding to dwell on the subject of his sorrows.....The representative gave me a look, which he endeavoured to render friendly, and continued his examination. How long have you been with Madame de *****? (The dutchess had confessed her name)..... Not long, if I reckon time by the happiness, which I enjoyed in her retreat.....(About two years, added I, looking at Charles, who wondered at this untruth.) Where did she find you, said the representative ?..... Among a banditti, who had carried me off.....Who were they ?.....Robbers and assassins.....Where did they carry you ?.....Into a dark cavern.....Inform us of some of their crimes.....No, I have not seen them commit any.....How do you know them then to be thieves and assassins ?.....This question embarrassed the prince, and made him turn pale ; the representative wished to improve his confusion, and repeated his question ; Charles answered in tears, they have killed my father, my mother, and our whole family. At this answer, which contradicted what I had said, the representative cast on me an angry look, mixed with

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astonishment and a malignant joy. Then looking on the child again ; I thought you did not know your parents, said he to him ? I opened my mouth to save the prince from his embarrassment ; the representative silenced me, and repeated his question ; Charles, unable to answer, cast down his eyes without saying a word. The deputy changing his tone and subject ; are you a friend to liberty, said he to the young prisoner ?.....I have known so little of it.....But, if you were permitted to enjoy it, should you love it ?..... Yes, if as the *republican catechism* says, it procures peace, abundance, and happiness.....Oh ! you have learnt the *republican catechism !*.....Let us see if you remember it. What are the duties of a freeman ?..... To cherish and assist his brethren, to obey the laws, and to *punish tyrants*. Charles *emphasized* these words in a tone that proved his intelligence.....Who are the tyrants ?.....They are those, who place themselves above the laws to oppress the people.....What punishment does a tyrant deserve ?.....Death.....The representative interrupted the catechism, and asked the prince ; was Louis Capet a tyrant ?.....A tyrant,

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answered his unfortunate son in an accent of despair! .....Yes, I ask you, if Louis Capet was a tyrant, and if he deserved death ?.....No, no, exclaimed Charles, papa never was a tyrant, and they were assassins, who put him to death !.....What a situation ! What a scene ! The prince forgetful of the imprudence, which betrayed him, indulged the fulness of his grief; I was thunderstruck ; the perfidious deputy triumphed ; you see, said he to me, with an insulting smile, that with good manners and some address, we know how to come at the truth. Yes, exclaimed I, revived from my stupor by my rage and indignation ; yes, I see that tyranny covered its frightful visage with the mask of hypocrisy ; it reigned lately with fury ; it now maintains its reign by cunning and duplicity. But the fall of this new empire, usurped over good faith, will soon follow the ruin of that, which it had established in weakness. As we have seen scaffolds demolished, as it were, of themselves, under the immense weight of numberless victims, we shall see your government enveloped, confined, and smothered, in its own snares. From the elevation of a bloody

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throne, it will return to the dust from which it sprang, and to that universal contempt, more frightful than annihilation. Happy France! if, liberated from the tortures of executioners, the chicanery of men of business, a legislator, who knows the human heart, a religious philosopher, and in fine a true statesmen, a virtuous genius, deigns to restore it to wholesome laws, glory, and repose! Then her wounds will be healed, her tears dried up; people neither be compelled to feign vice, as under the system of blood, nor virtue as under this; people will embrace each other on the tombs of the victims, forgetting their misfortunes, and forgiving their assassins.

This apostrophe did not seem to move or irritate the representative; satisfied with his discovery, he enjoyed his triumph tranquilly. Chance, said he, perhaps a little talent, give me on this occasion a superiority over you; I shall not abuse it by aggravating your misfortunes; and to give you proofs, that the maxim of this government, which your prejudices calumniate, is not to overwhelm the vanquished, I do not only forgive you your outrageous expressions, but

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I even forget them, and wish to alleviate by good treatment the asperity of your fate. The laws and my duty compel me to submit your conduct to the examination of the military commission, instituted to take cognisance of such offences, as that of which you are accused; but neither my duty, nor the laws, prevent me from tempering with humanity the rigor necessary for the public safety. I pity this orphan sincerely; could I pronounce on his destiny, he would have no reason to complain. In order then to convince you both, that there is one man clothed with supreme authority, whose intoxication has not deprived him of an obliging sensibility, I shall order you to be confined in one apartment. Until you are presented to the commission, and until young Capet is sent back to Paris, you shall have the consolation to weep together. I am acquainted with the tears of gratitude and friendship; is there a wound so severe, that they will not aid in healing it?

I record this studied speech, which was delivered very methodically, to give you an idea of the justice

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and humanity of the day. You see it consists in requesting you politely to allow your throats to be cut. Who could be rude enough to complain, or refuse to comply ?

The son of Louis XVI. and myself were placed in a dungeon, which the urbanity of the president decorated with the name of an apartment. The unforeseen events, of which the unfortunate Charles was the hero, the severe trials, to which his soul had been reduced, plunged him again into that deplorable stupor and insensibility, at first, the effect of Simon's barbarous treatment. Hardly were we left alone in our new habitation, when the miserable child exhibited the horrid symptoms of the complicated disease, which attacked, at the same time, his intellectual faculties and physical organs. The sight of a dark low vault, barren walls, two miserable truckle beds provided for us, a faint light from a scuttle in the roof, piercing through a checkered iron grating, and every object, which surrounded us, renewed, in the weakened mind of the prince, the sensations of his past mis-

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fortunes. He began by staring vacantly on the miserable prison, in which we were confined ; then with a brisk gesture, pointing to each object, a vault, said he.....a wicket.....grates.....it is the Temple !.....Then reflecting a while, and addressing himself ; they have then taken me !.....I have then returned here !.....Oh ! papa ! Oh ! mama ! I shall die here as you have !..... I attempted to take his hand, and console him, but having looked at me attentively, he covered his eyes, and trembling ran to conceal himself under his bed clothes. I followed him in tears. I invited him to listen to me. At my approach, he uttered piercing cries ; in his agitation to endeavour to avoid me, he exclaimed incessantly, Simon ! Simon !

This first fit of delirium was succeeded by a long and distressing spasm, which was at last relieved by a flood of tears. How many have I shed myself? And who would not, in beholding the sad fulfilment of the queen's fatal prophecy, when she predicted to her son, as it is reported, that he would expire on a dunghill ?

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A burning fever soon inflamed his blood. In vain were the succours of art lavished on him by this feeling sex, who after having embellished the days of our existence, take pleasure in softening the pillow on which we die; in vain did I bestow all the cares, which friendship could suggest; the unfortunate boy, after six and thirty hours of a frightful delirium, expired in my arms, fixing his burning eyes on, and endeavouring to clasp, in his emaciated arms, the shades of his parents and relatives, which his disordered imagination saw grouped around his bed. He gave up with pain the breath of a life, each moment of which had been marked by a severe trial; almost descended into the tomb before it closed for ever upon him, he exclaimed repeatedly, clasping his hands forcibly; *My God! I thank thee, I shall at last be united with them.*

.....Some time after the death of the royal orphan, the peace was concluded between the Vendeans and the republicans. It is natural to suppose, that Charette, who was one of the first to accept it, did not adopt

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this measure but under a conviction of the inefficacy of his indefatigable efforts for a desperate cause. The greater had been the attachment, which he manifested for the son of the last king, the greater was his contempt for the king's brothers. The mean indolence of the one, the imprudence and follies of the other, appeared to him, with some propriety, the principal cause of the ruin of the kingdom. The government being rid of some of its worst tyrants seemed to be sincerely occupied in the restoration of order. The framing of the constitution enacted by the most celebrated legislators, equally eminent for their genius and virtue, prepared, if not fortune and happiness, at least, public order and tranquillity. Could more urgent motives be offered to restore, to the service of his country, the man, who had betrayed it, but to serve it best? In consequence of the arrangement, which the peace brought about, the dutchess was permitted to return to her island, which she had only abandoned for the sake of her interesting pupil; Felzac set at liberty hastened to go and enjoy its sweets

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with his friend Cyprien. Both in recalling to mind the stupendous catastrophe of the last royal family, that still more affecting of their lovely son, agreed in this sentiment, that fortune, in her caprices, never ingulphed in a more profound abyss mortals in a higher station, greater, more opulent, more powerful, and surrounded with more glory.

Deposuit potentes de sede,
Et divites dimisit inanes. LUKC.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST VOLUME.

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